

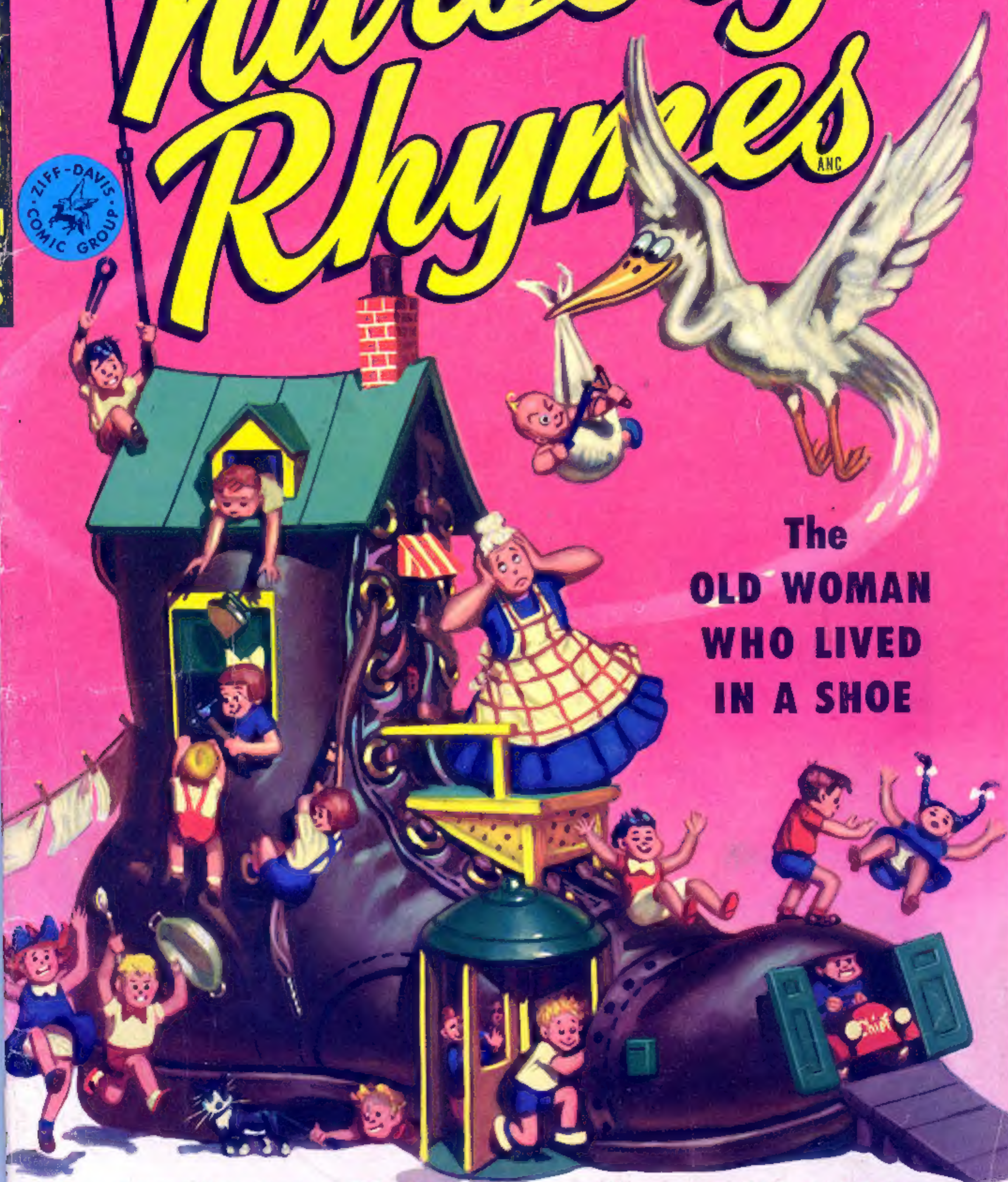
No. 2  
WINTER

10c

OLD FAVORITES!

NEW HITS!

# Nursery Rhymes



The  
**OLD WOMAN  
WHO LIVED  
IN A SHOE**

**The KING'S SHORT SUBJECT ★ The MAGIC CHEST**





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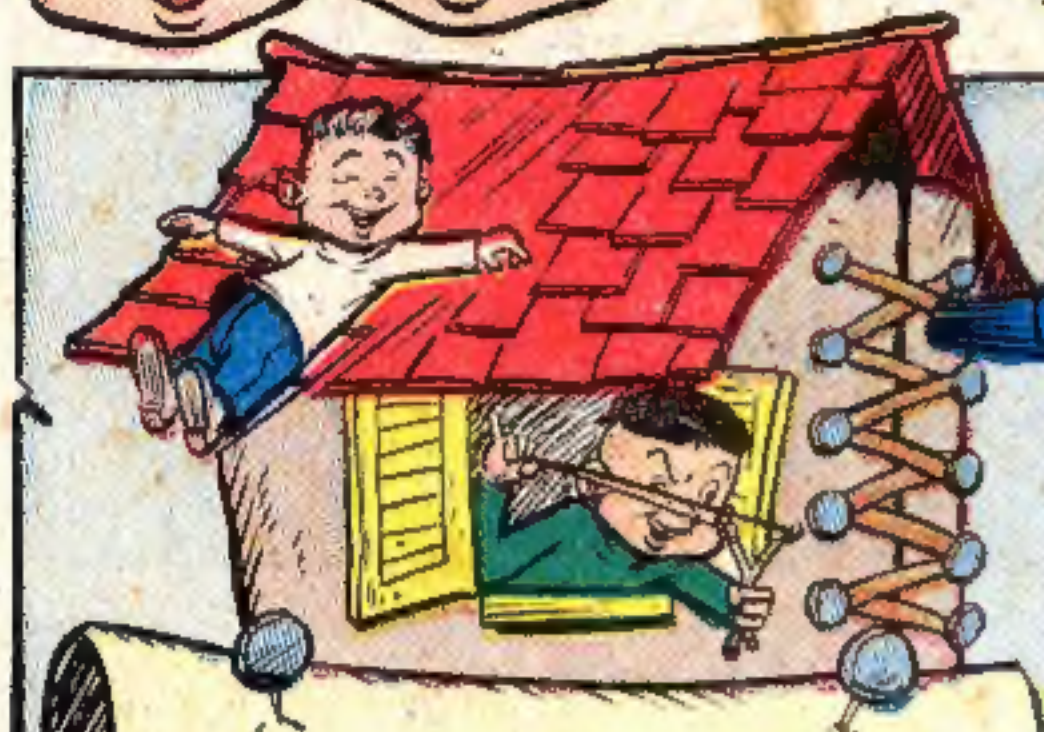
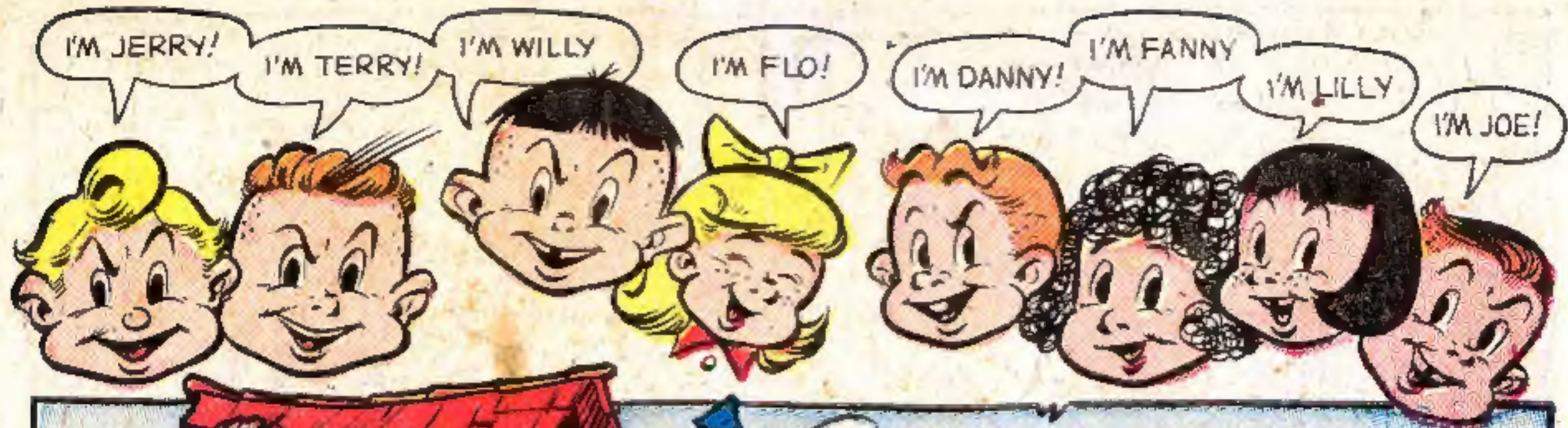


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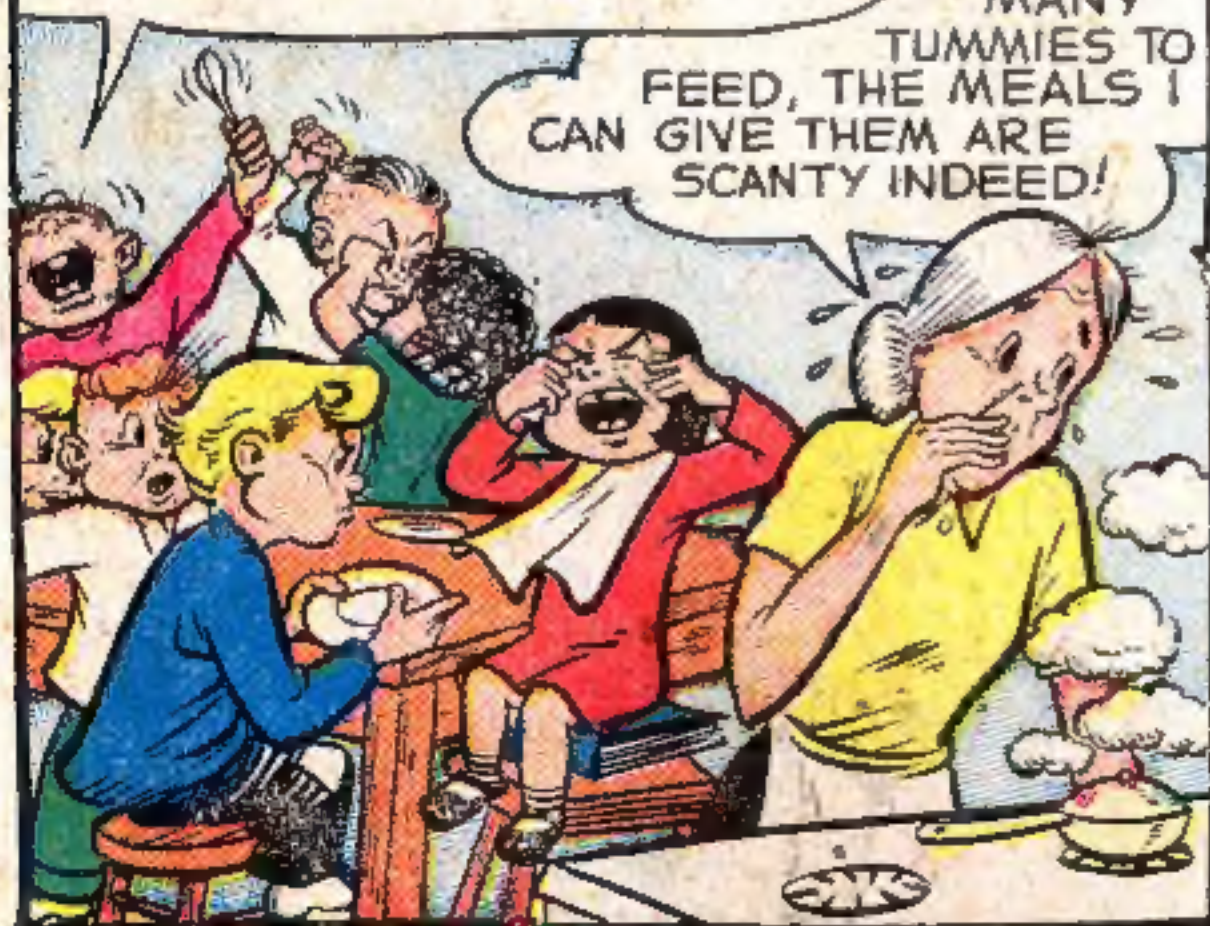
# The Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe

**T**HERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE - SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! THE NOISE THEY MADE AND THE PRANKS THEY PLAYED MADE EACH MOMENT LIKE A CIRCUS PARADE!



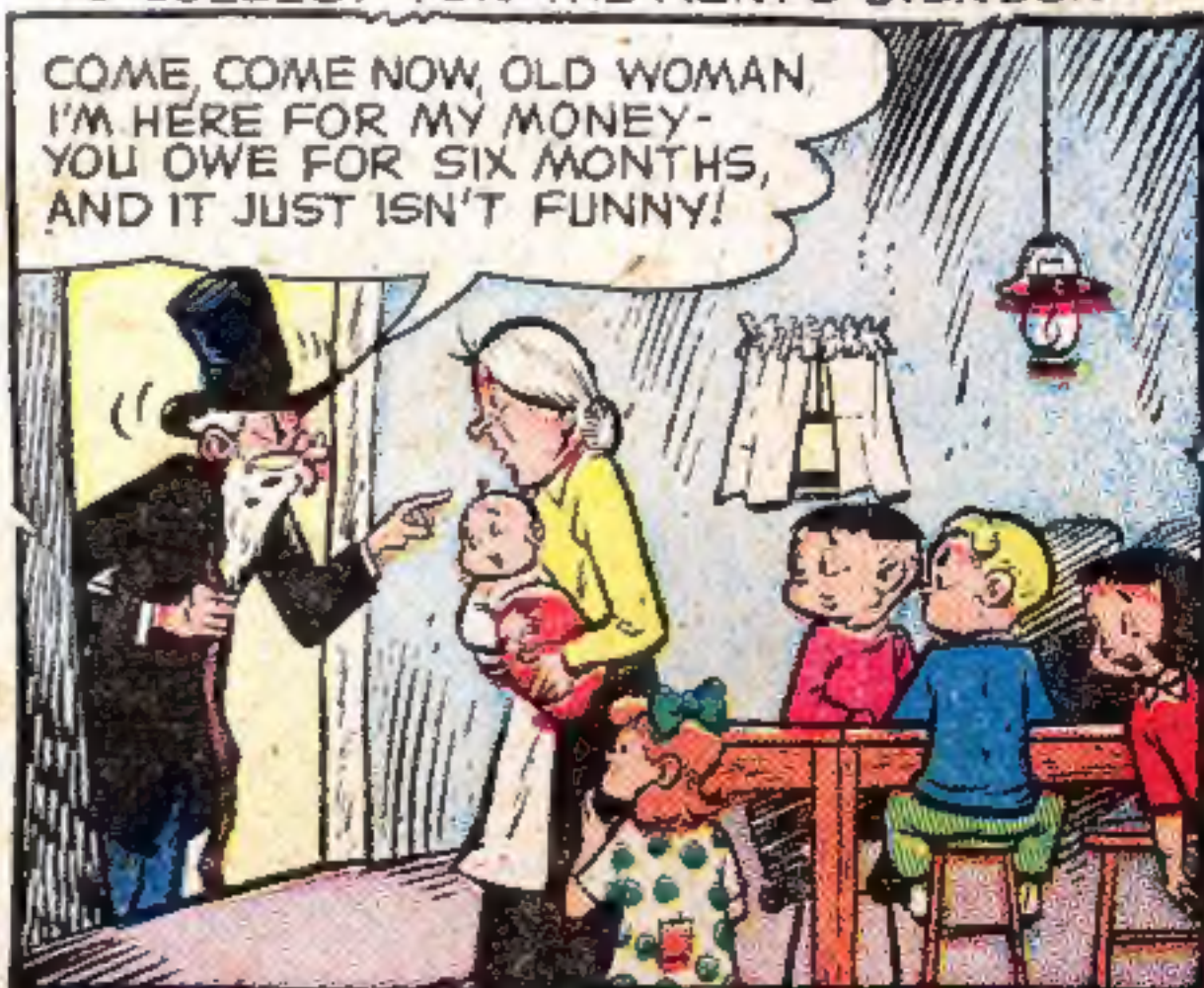
OUR APPETITES ARE SHARP, THOUGH OUR MANNERS ARE RUDE, PLEASE HURRY NOW, MOTHER, AND SERVE US SOME FOOD!

ALAS! WITH SO MANY TUMMIES TO FEED, THE MEALS I CAN GIVE THEM ARE SCANTY INDEED!

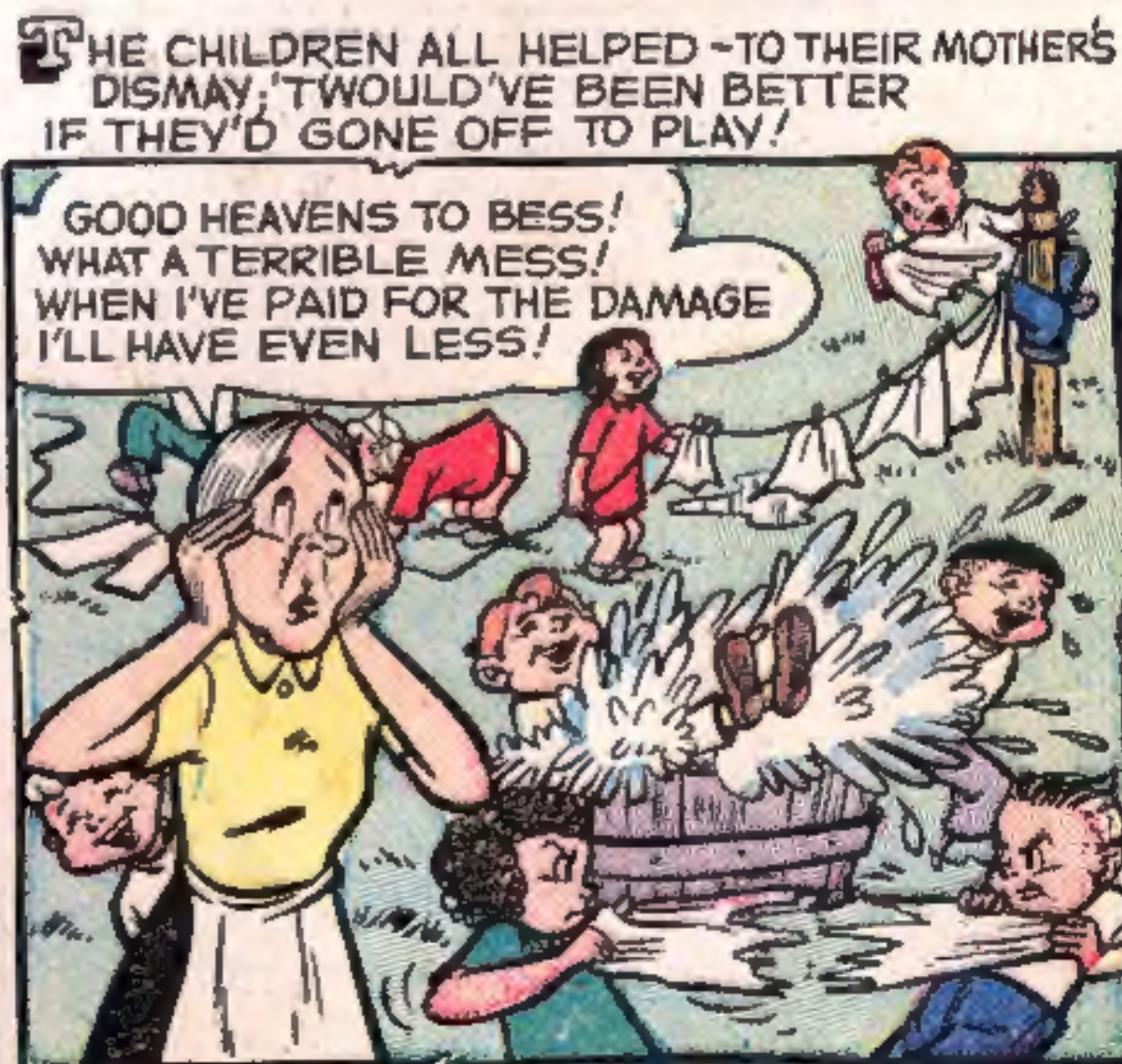
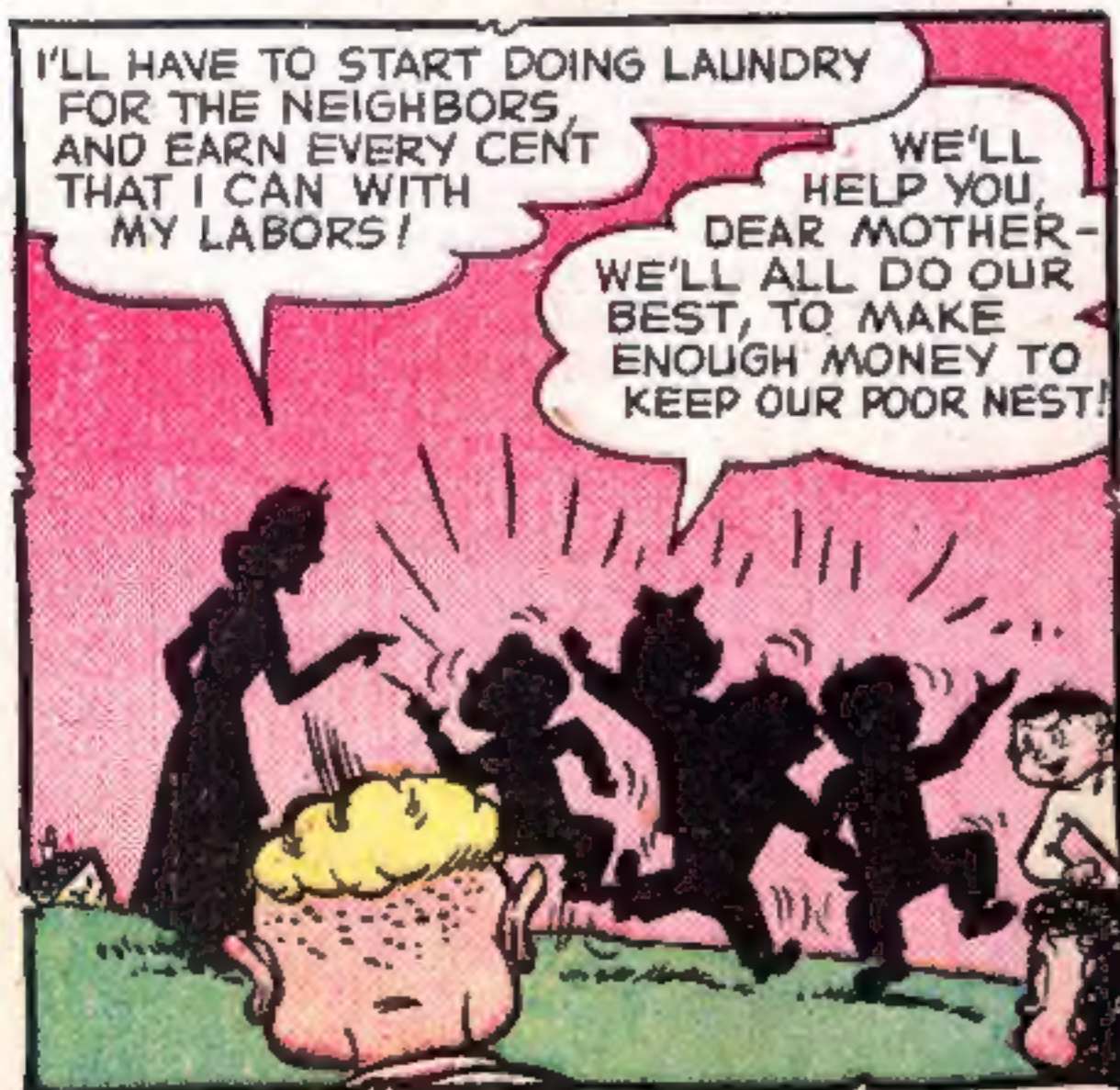
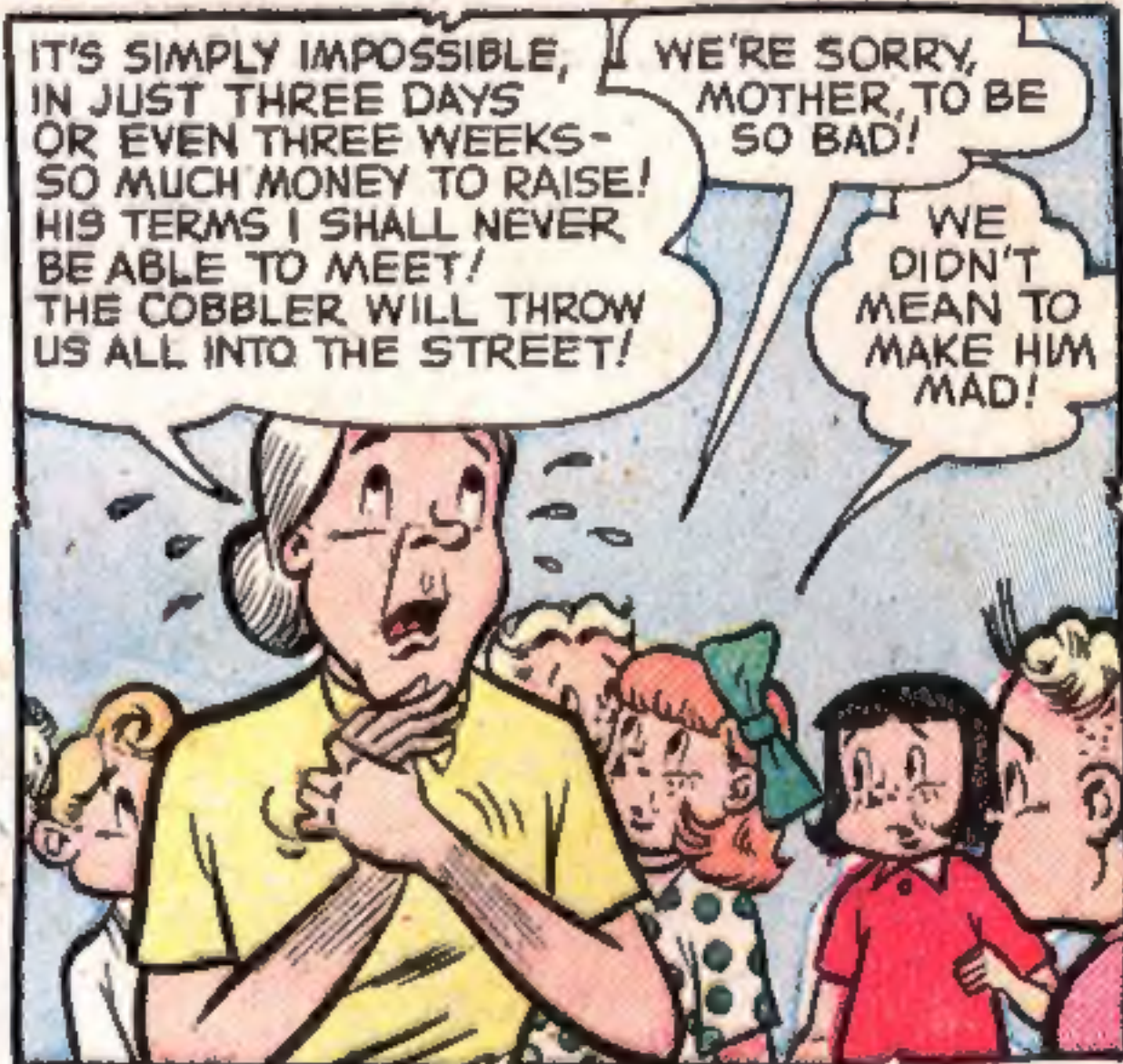
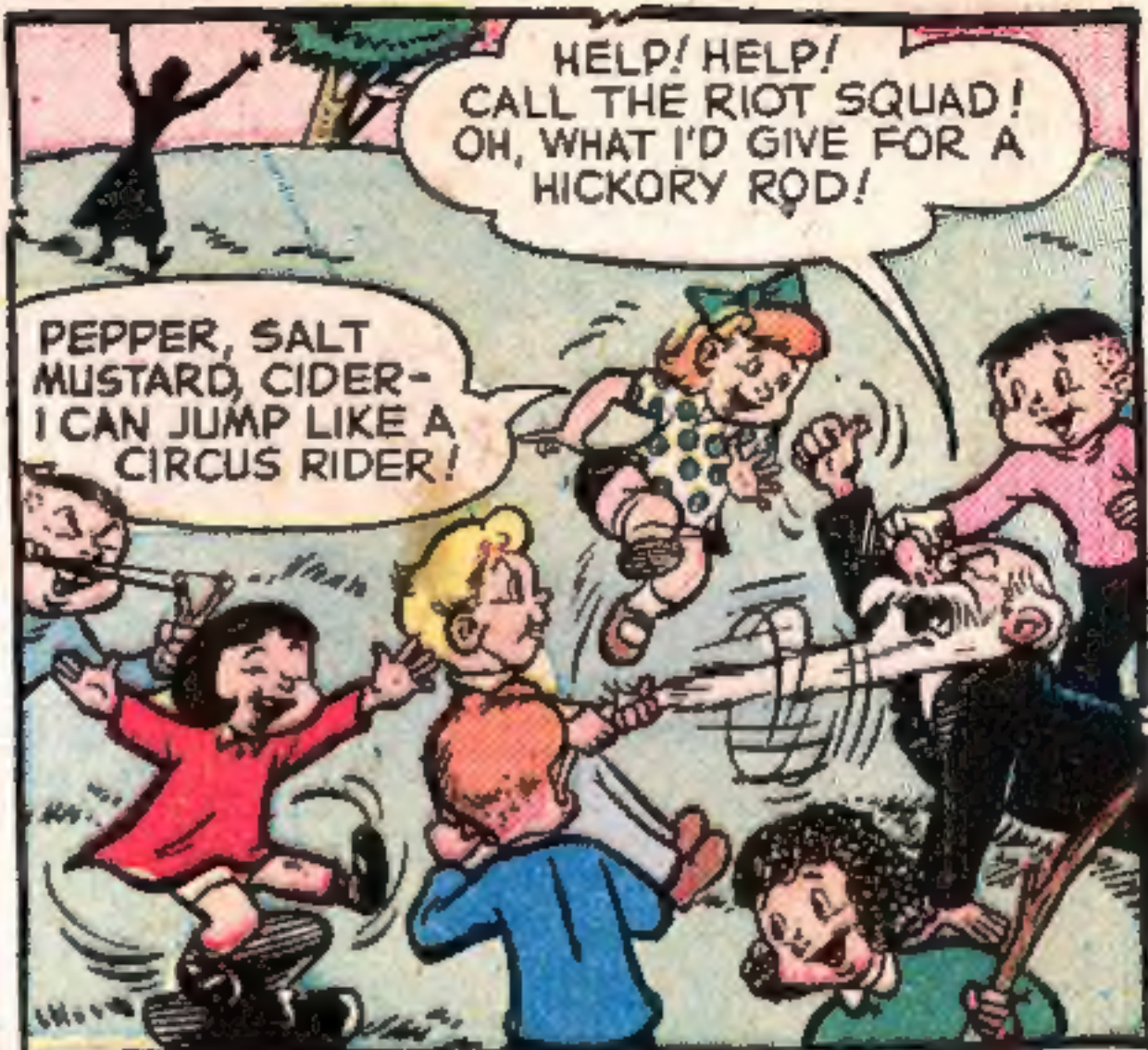
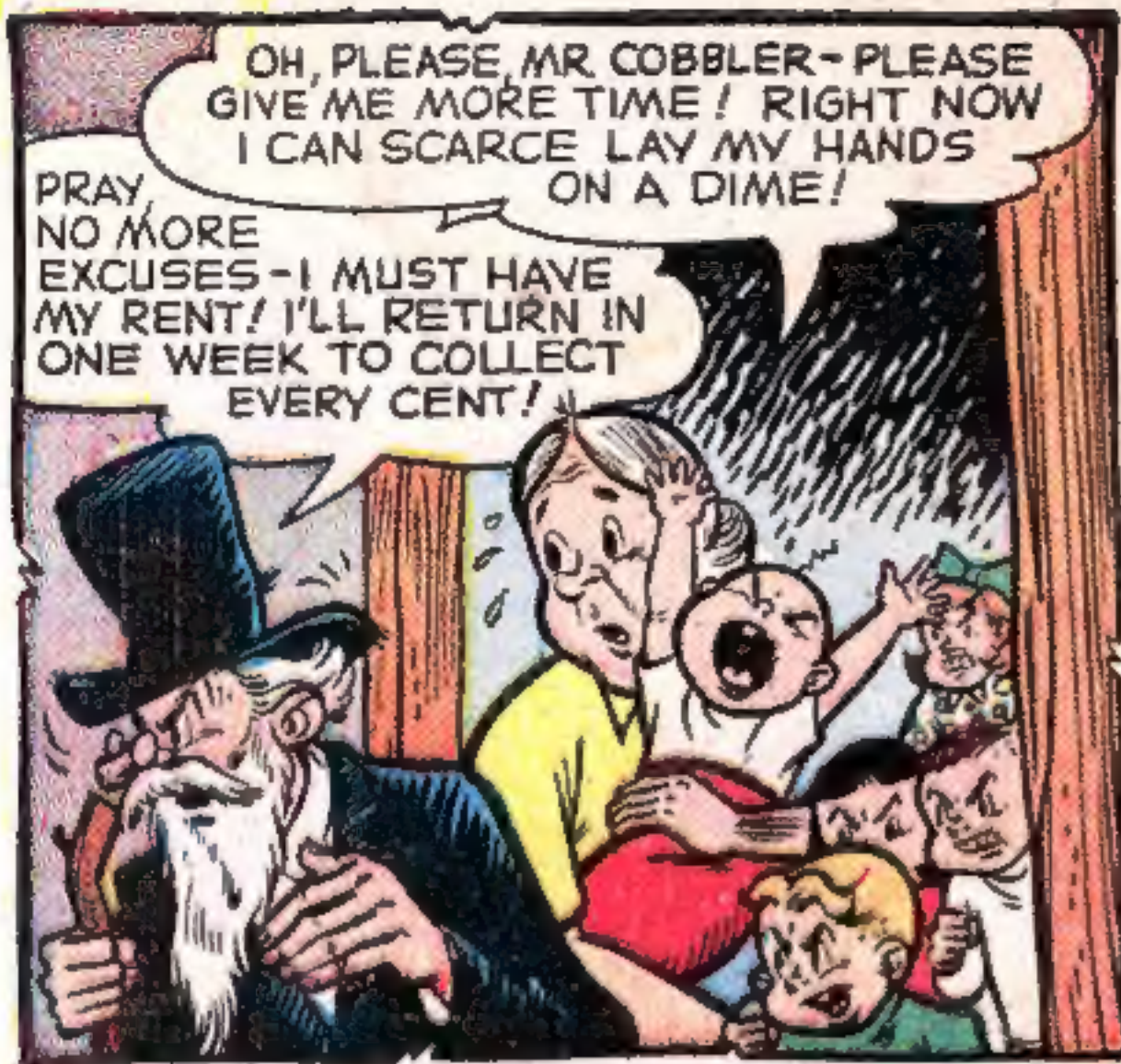


**M**R. HOBBLER, THE COBBLER WHO RENTS THEM THE SHOE, COMES AROUND TO COLLECT - FOR THE RENT'S OVER DUE!

COME, COME NOW, OLD WOMAN, I'M HERE FOR MY MONEY - YOU OWE FOR SIX MONTHS, AND IT JUST ISN'T FUNNY!



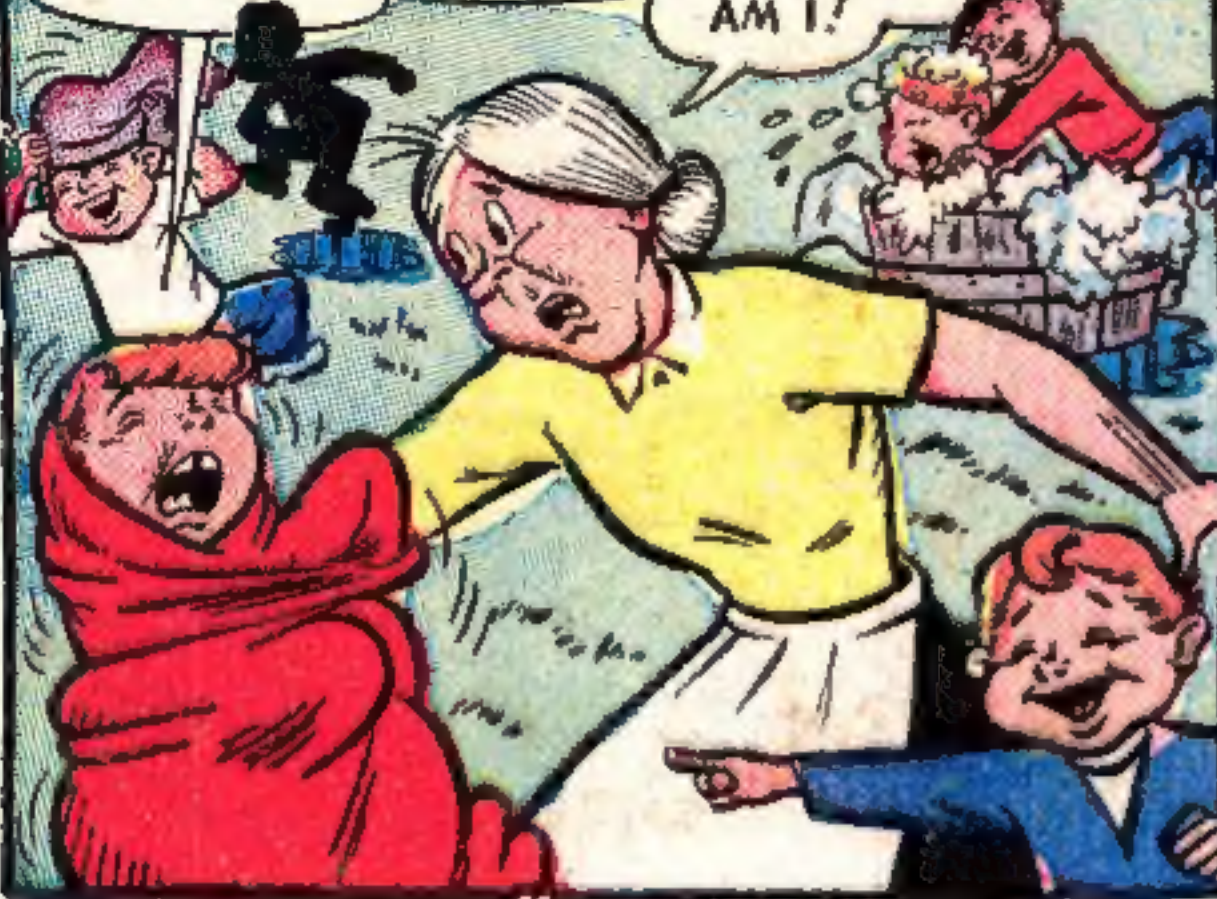




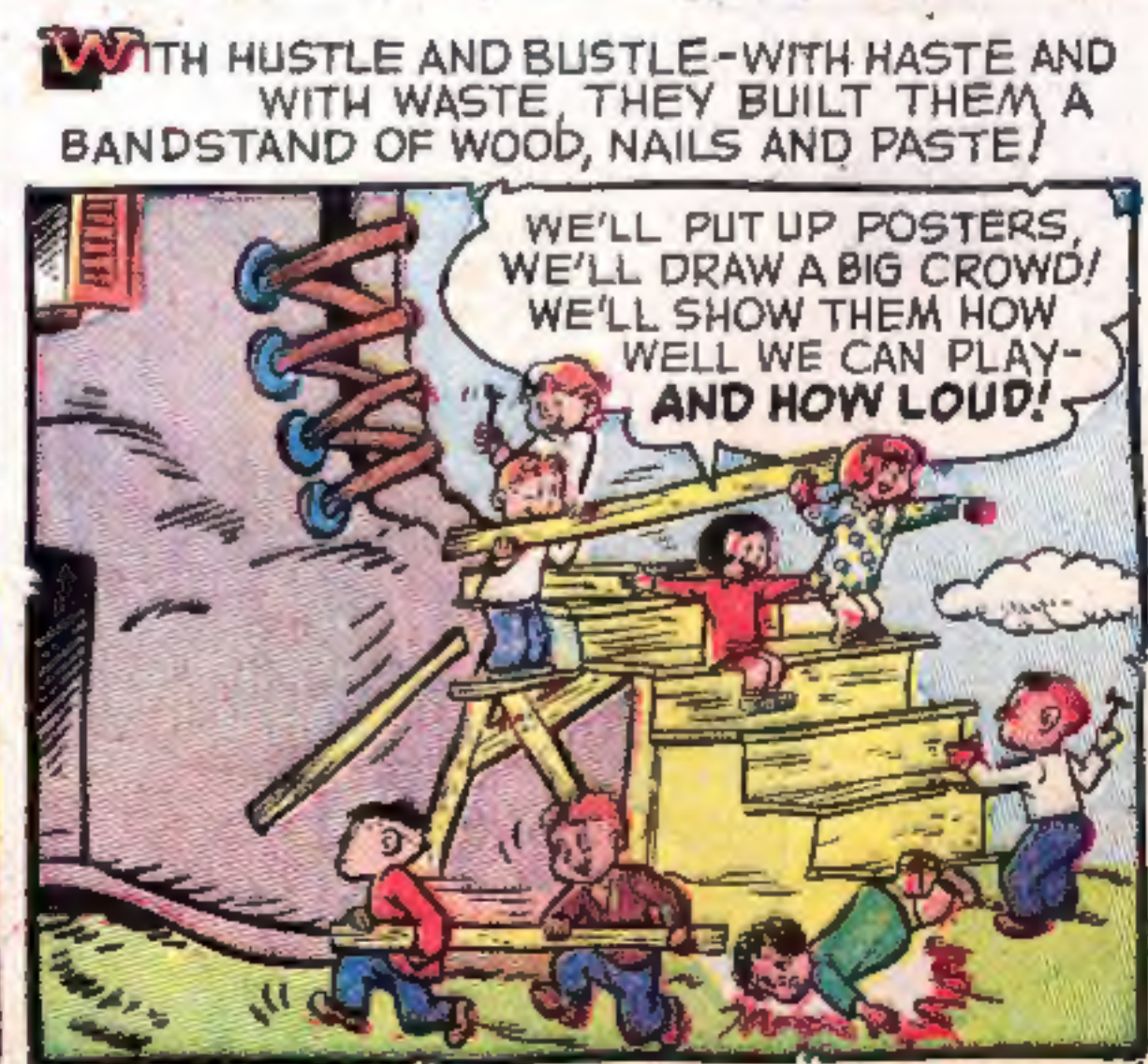
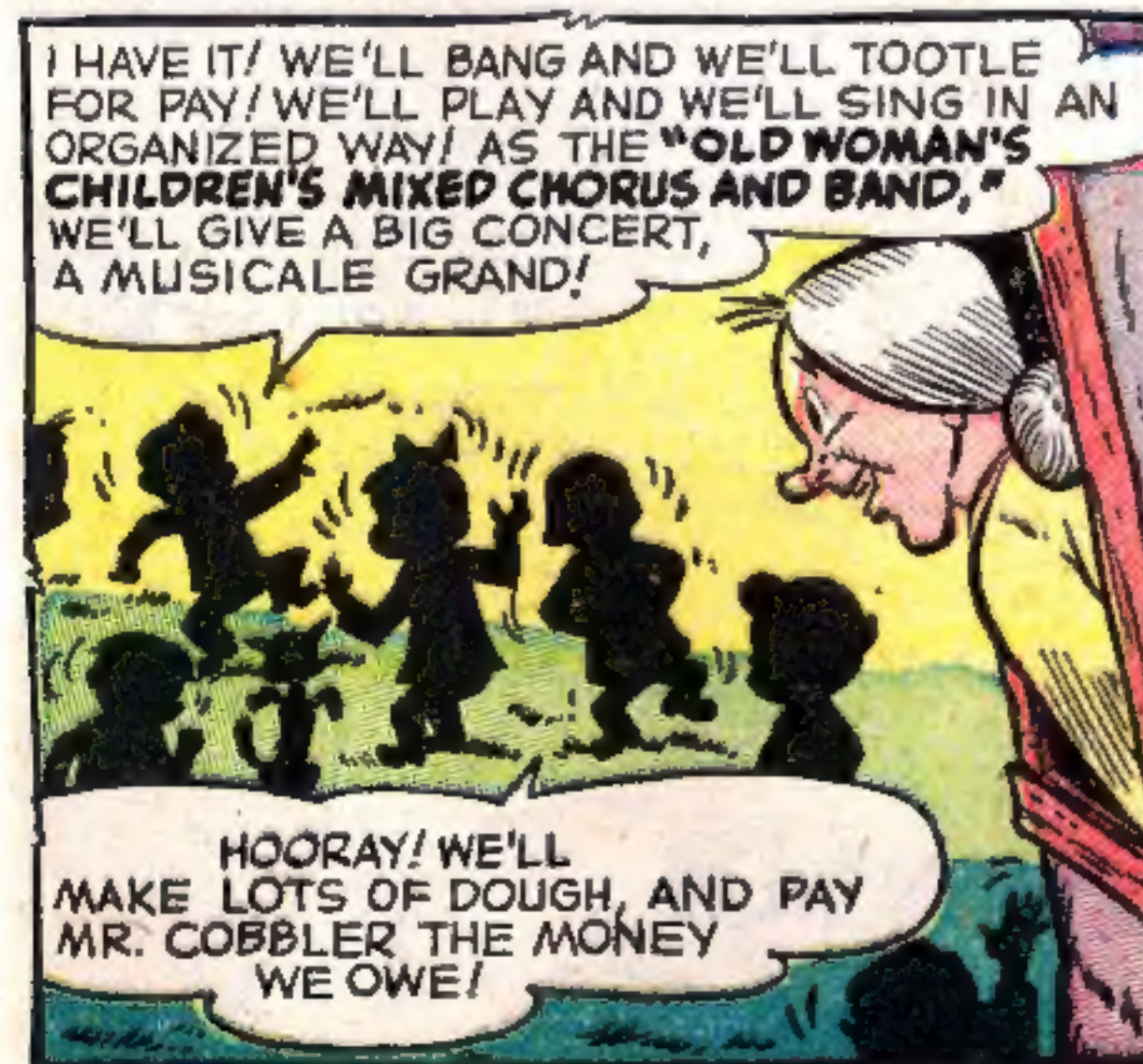
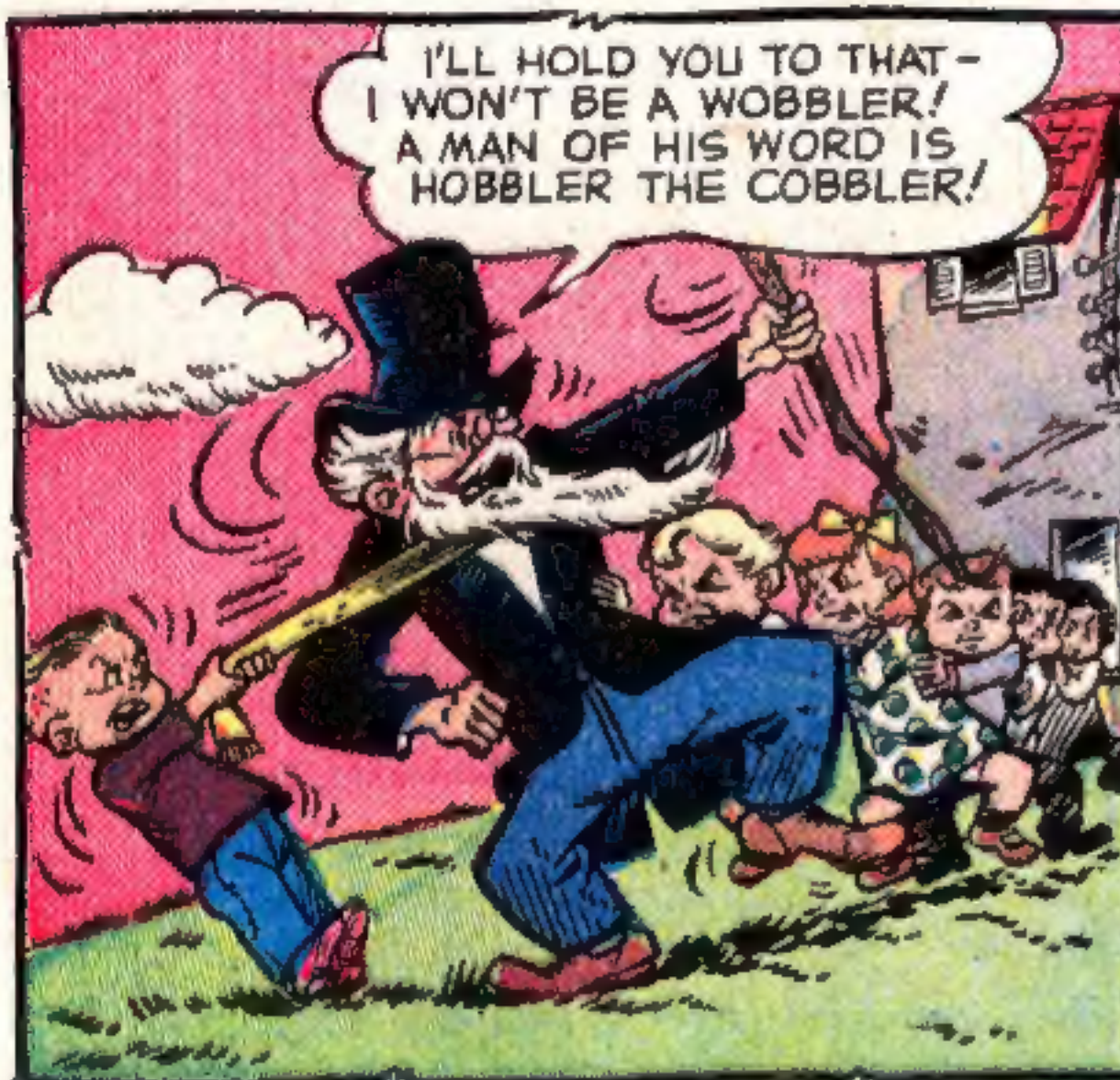
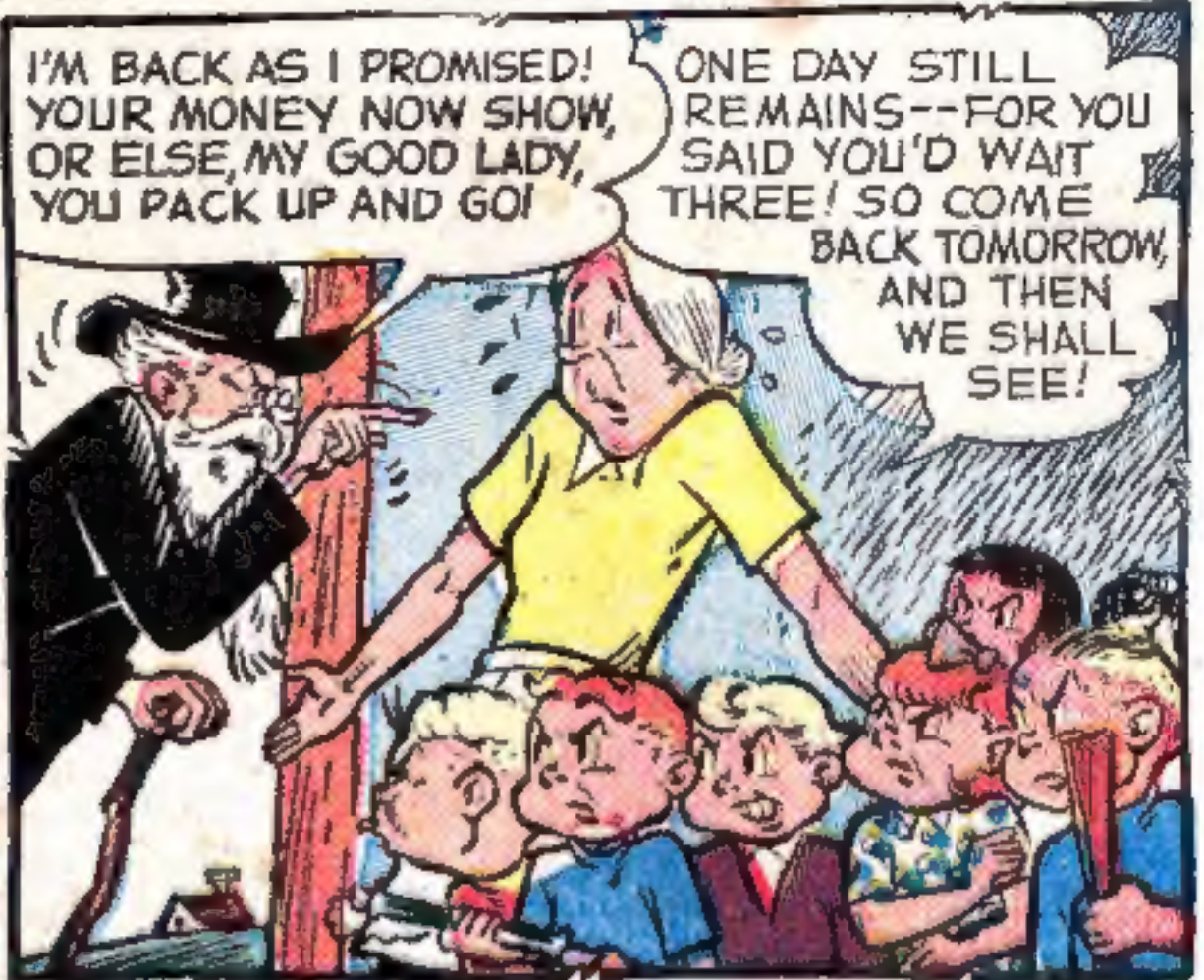


QUICK, MOTHER, THE SCISSORS-  
OR ELSE BRING A KNIFE!  
IF YOU DON'T CUT ME  
LOOSE, I'LL BE IN HERE  
FOR LIFE!

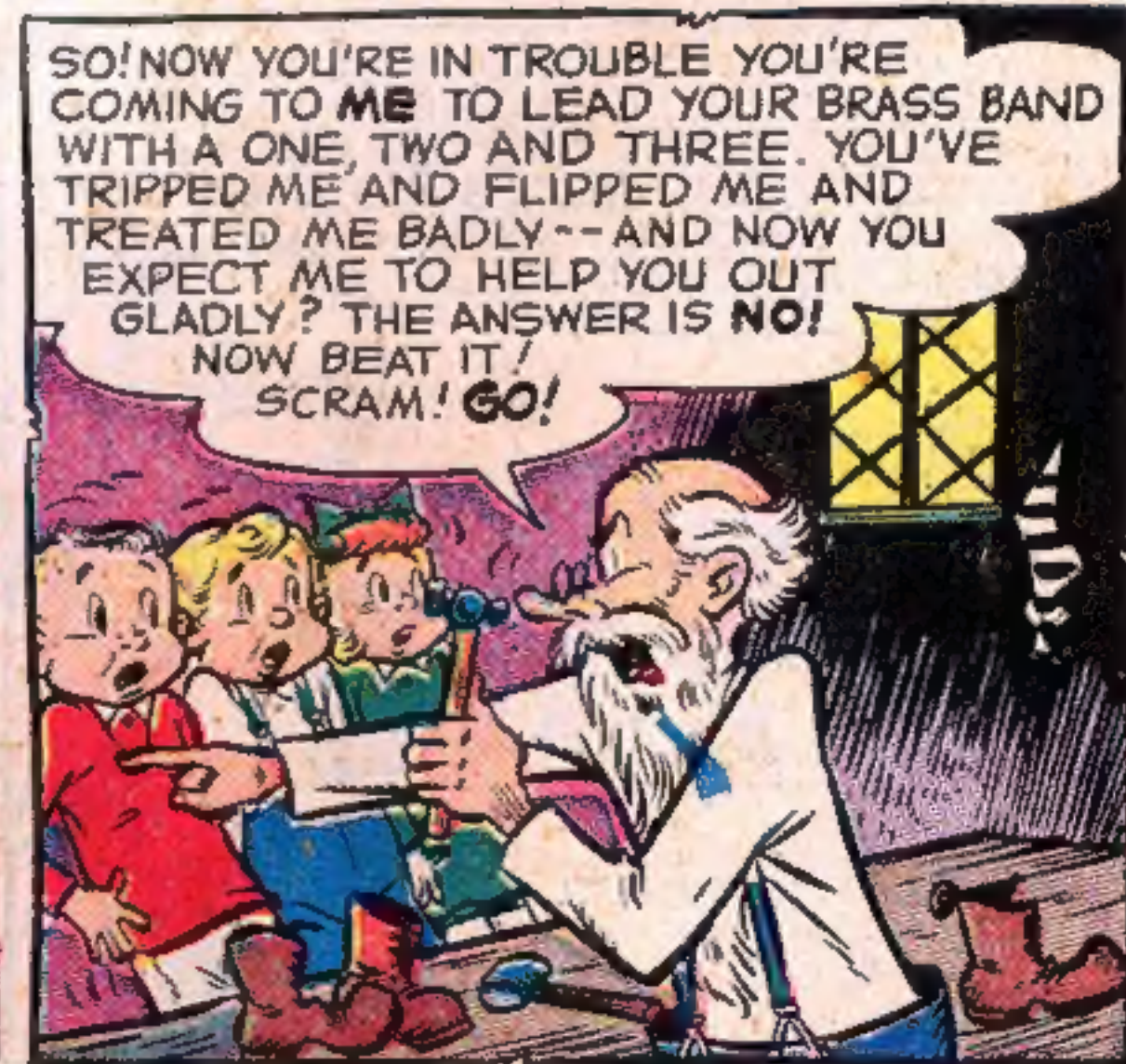
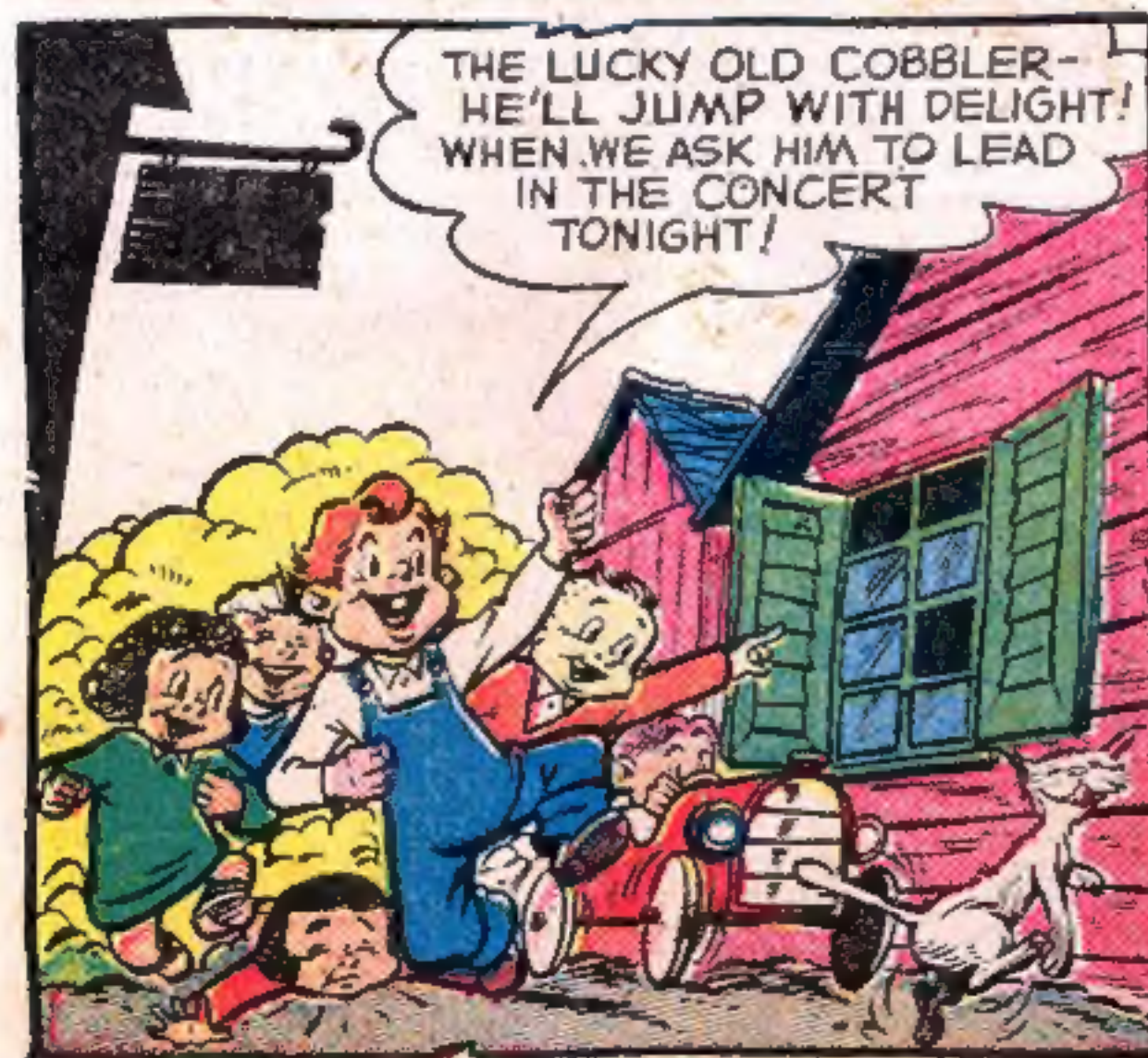
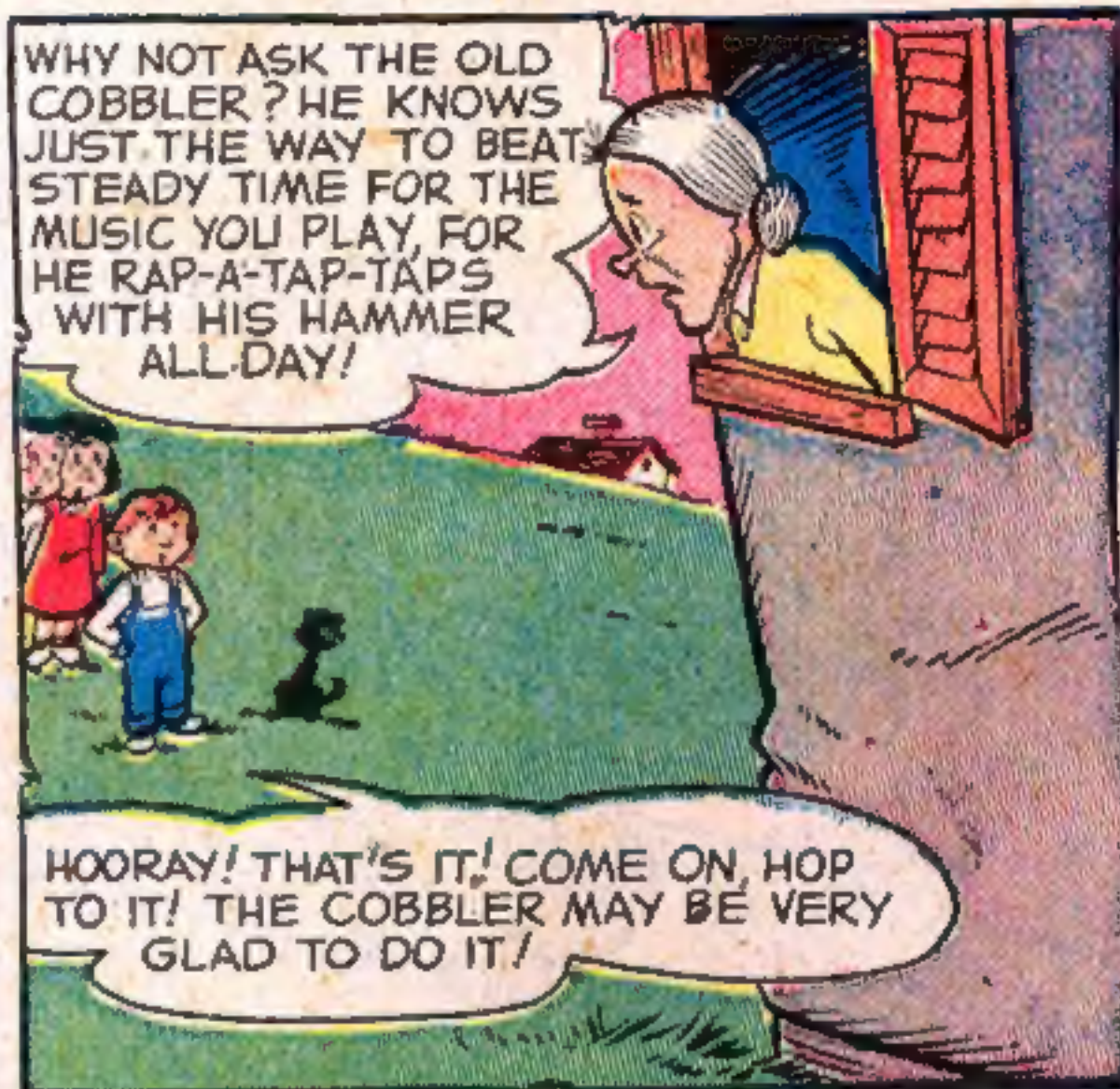
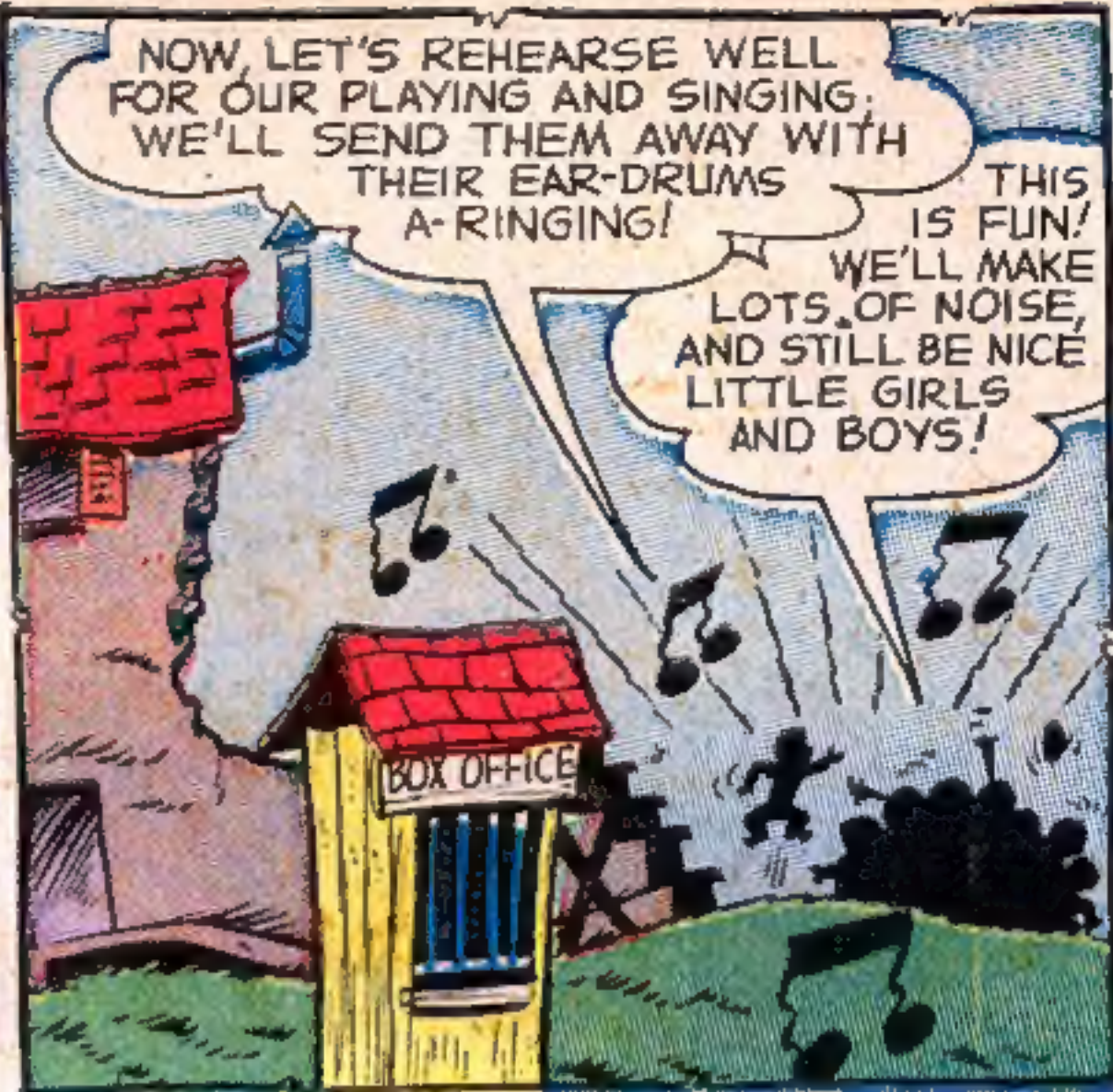
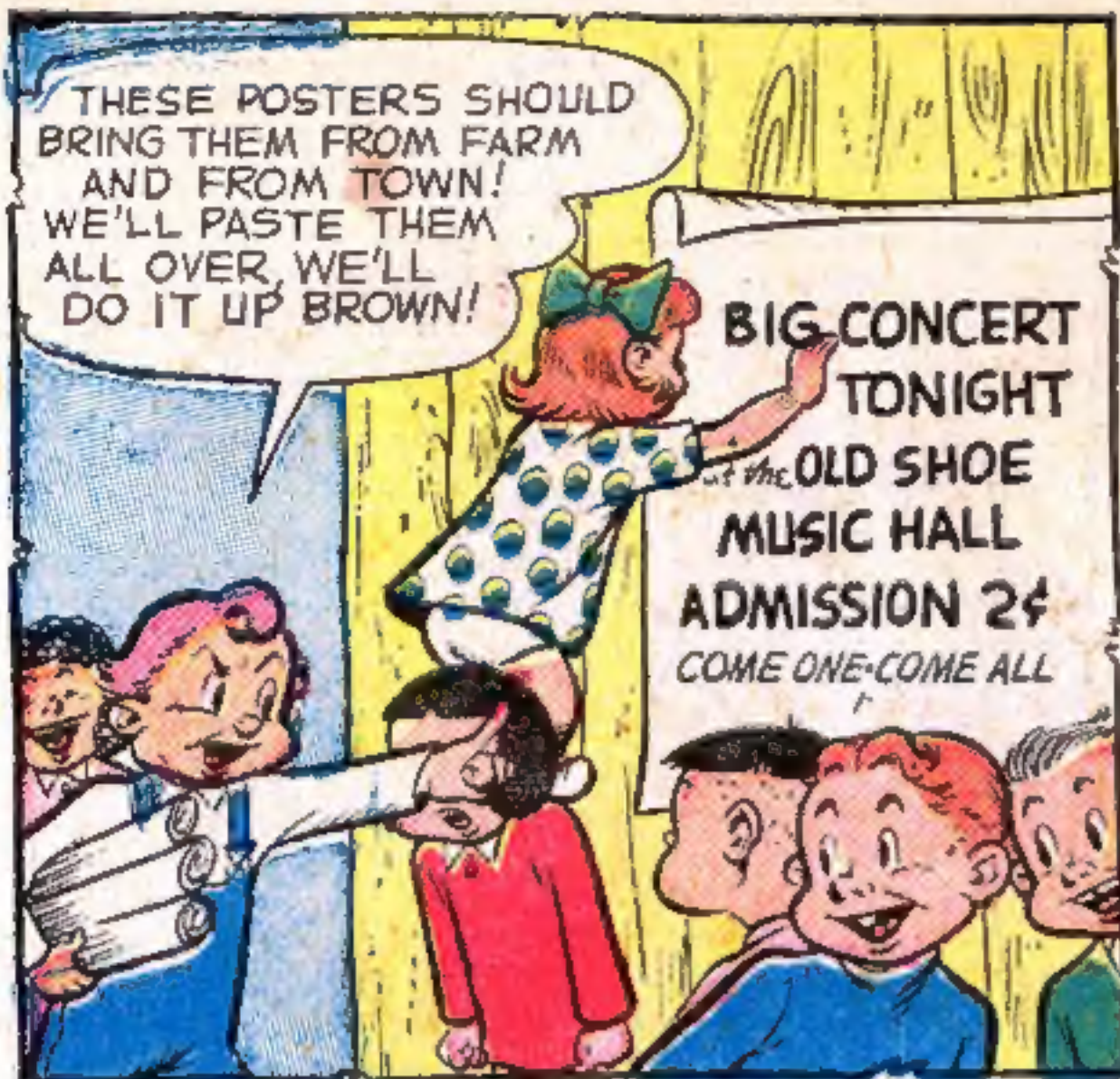
THEY TRIED TO  
HELP BUT, OH  
ME, OH MY! THE  
WASH IS RUINED  
AND SO  
AM I!



TWO DAYS WENT BY AND THE COBBLER  
RETURNED, BUT ON LAUNDRY NOT EVEN  
ONE CENT HAD BEEN EARNED.



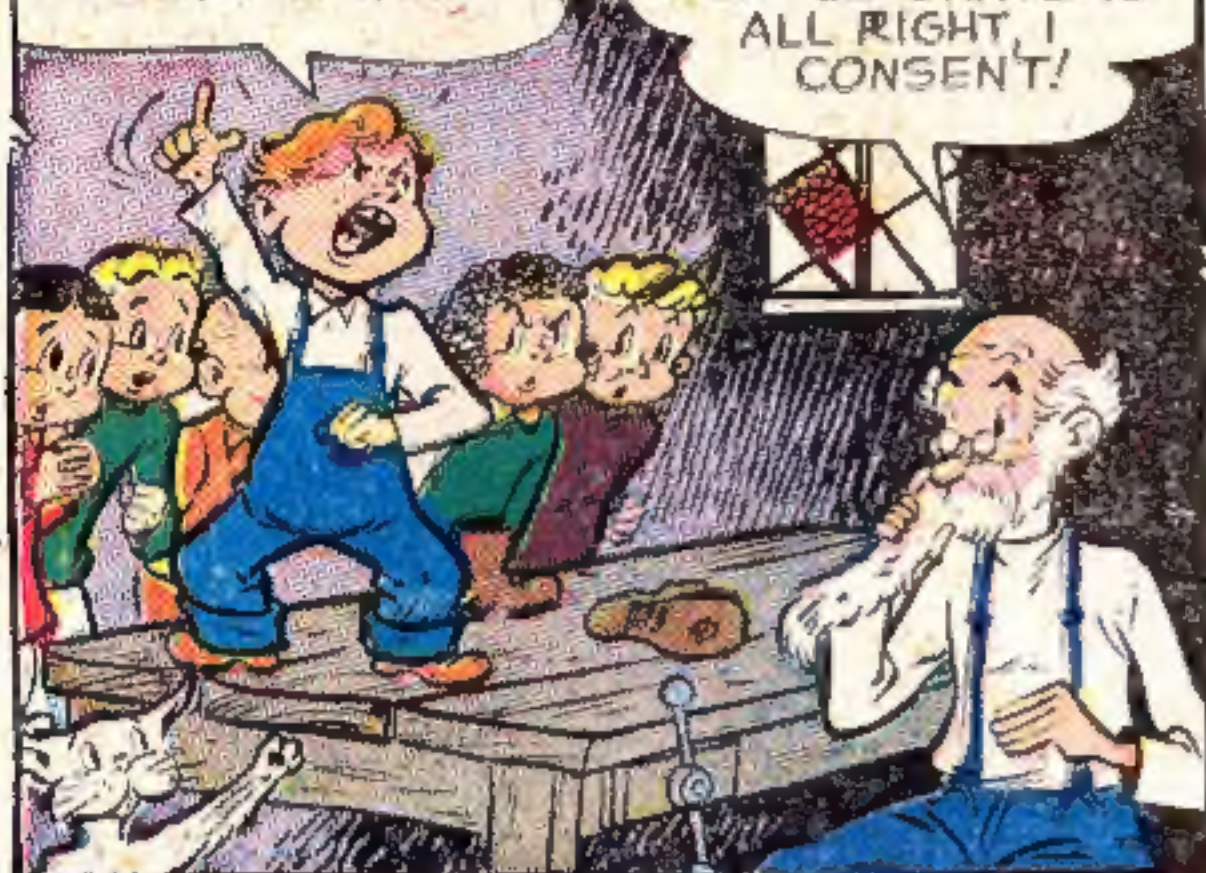




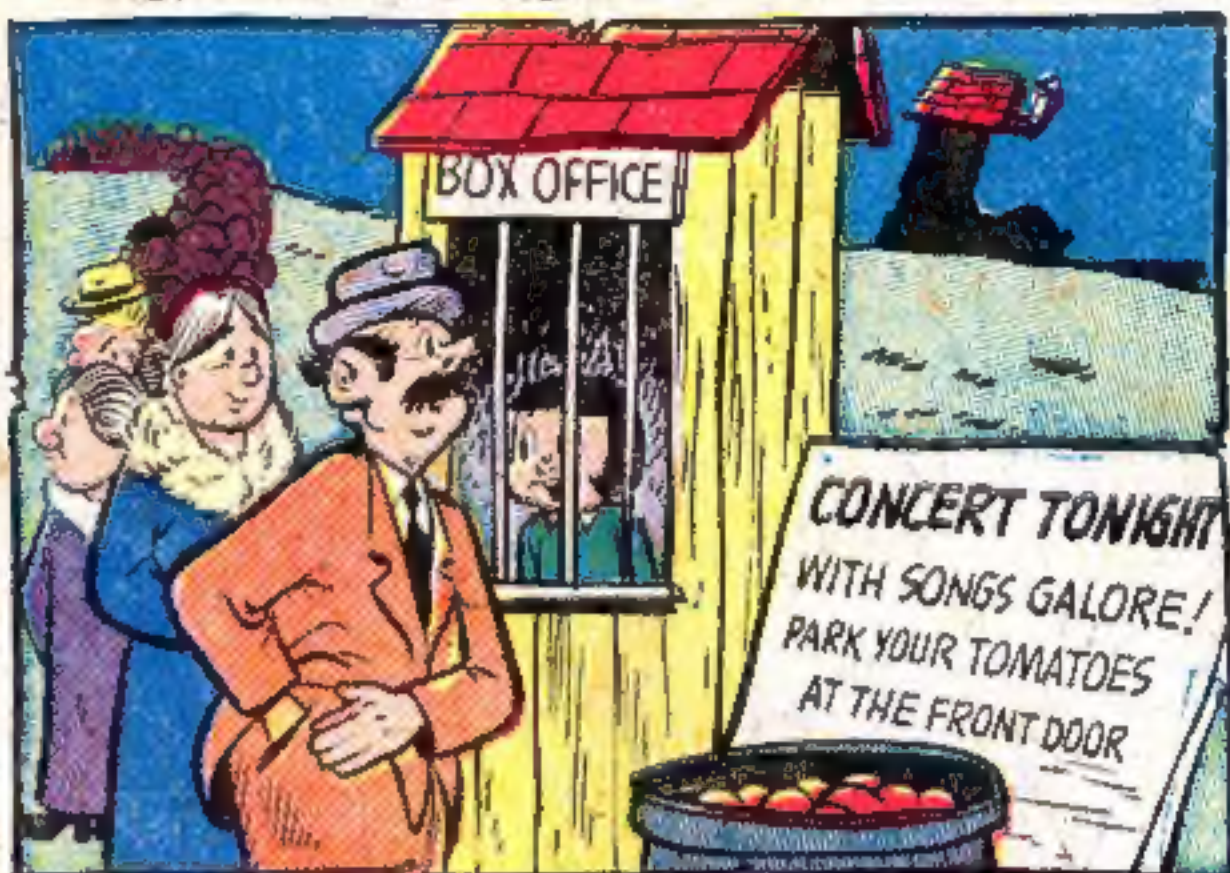


WE DIDN'T COME HERE JUST TO ASK A GOOD TURN. WE'LL PAY YOU YOUR RENT WITH THE MONEY WE EARN!

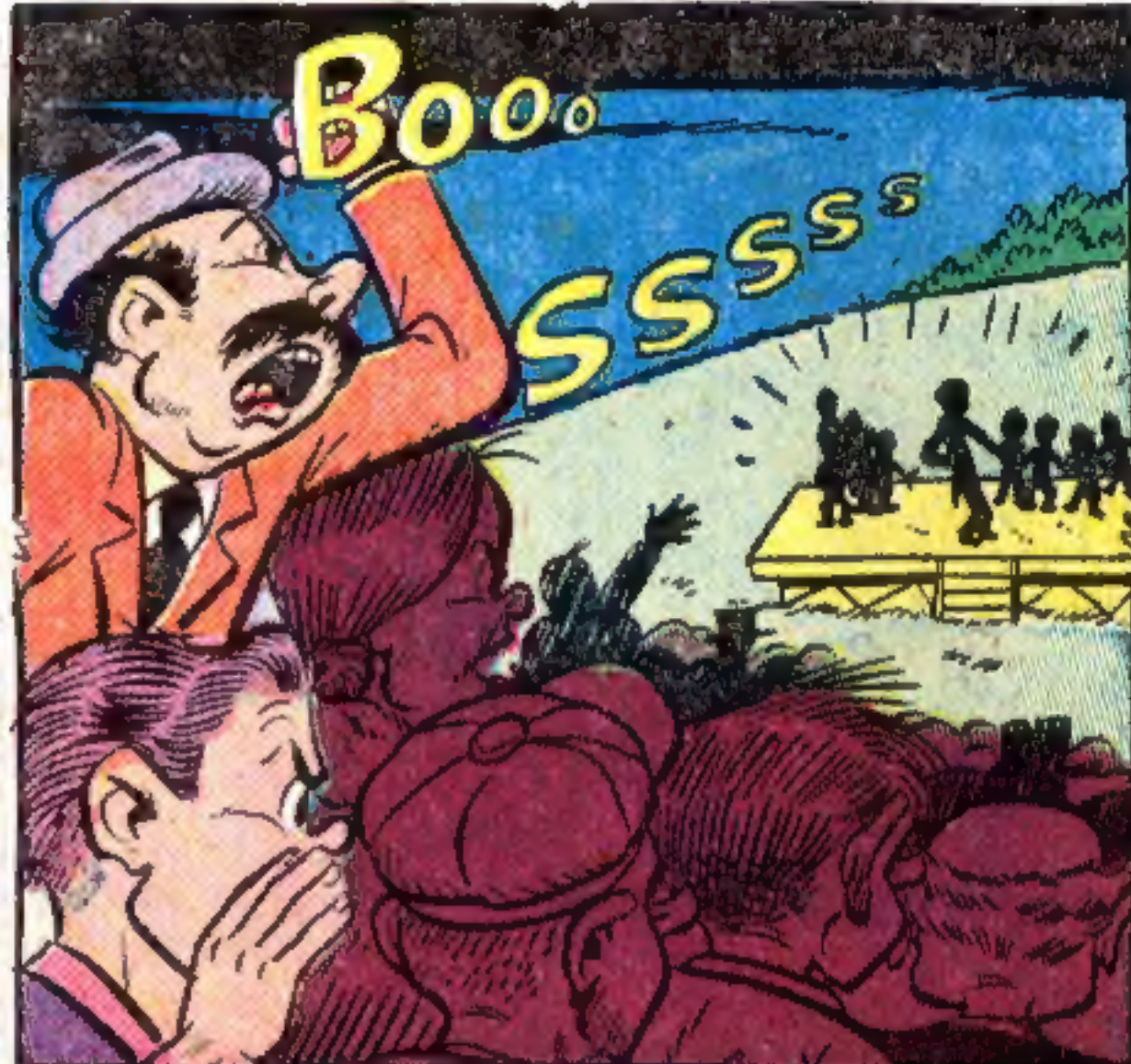
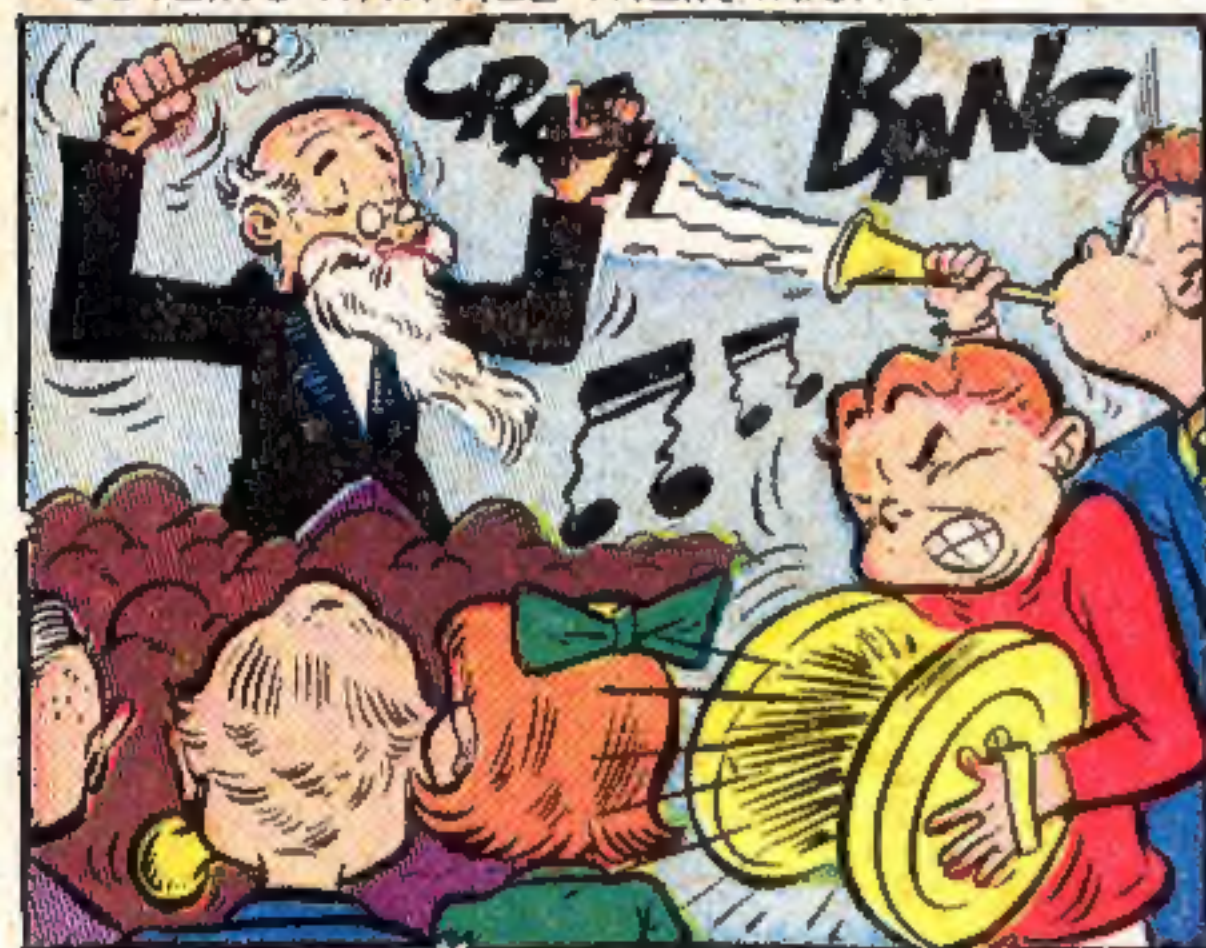
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, AND I DO WANT MY RENT! YOU'RE SMART LITTLE SHAVERS - ALL RIGHT, I CONSENT!



MEANWHILE THE NEWS SPREAD AROUND OF MUSIC BY A BAND RENOWNED. THE PEOPLE ALL FLOCKED IN CROWDS TO HEAR - FROM HILL AND DALE, FROM FAR AND NEAR!



THE CONCERT BEGINS! WHAT A BAND! WHAT A NIGHT! THE COBBLER CONDUCTS WITH HIS LEFT AND HIS RIGHT! THEY'RE BANGING AND TOOTLING WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT!



WAIT, WAIT, GENTLE PEOPLE! THEY'RE NOT AT THEIR BEST IN BANGING AND TOOTLING. BUT HERE'S THE REAL TEST! A VOCAL SELECTION THE KIDS WILL NOW SING - THAT'S WHERE THEY SHINE, SO PLEASE GIVE THEM THEIR FLING!



NOW, CHILDREN GIVE IT EVERYTHING! IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOU, SO SING!

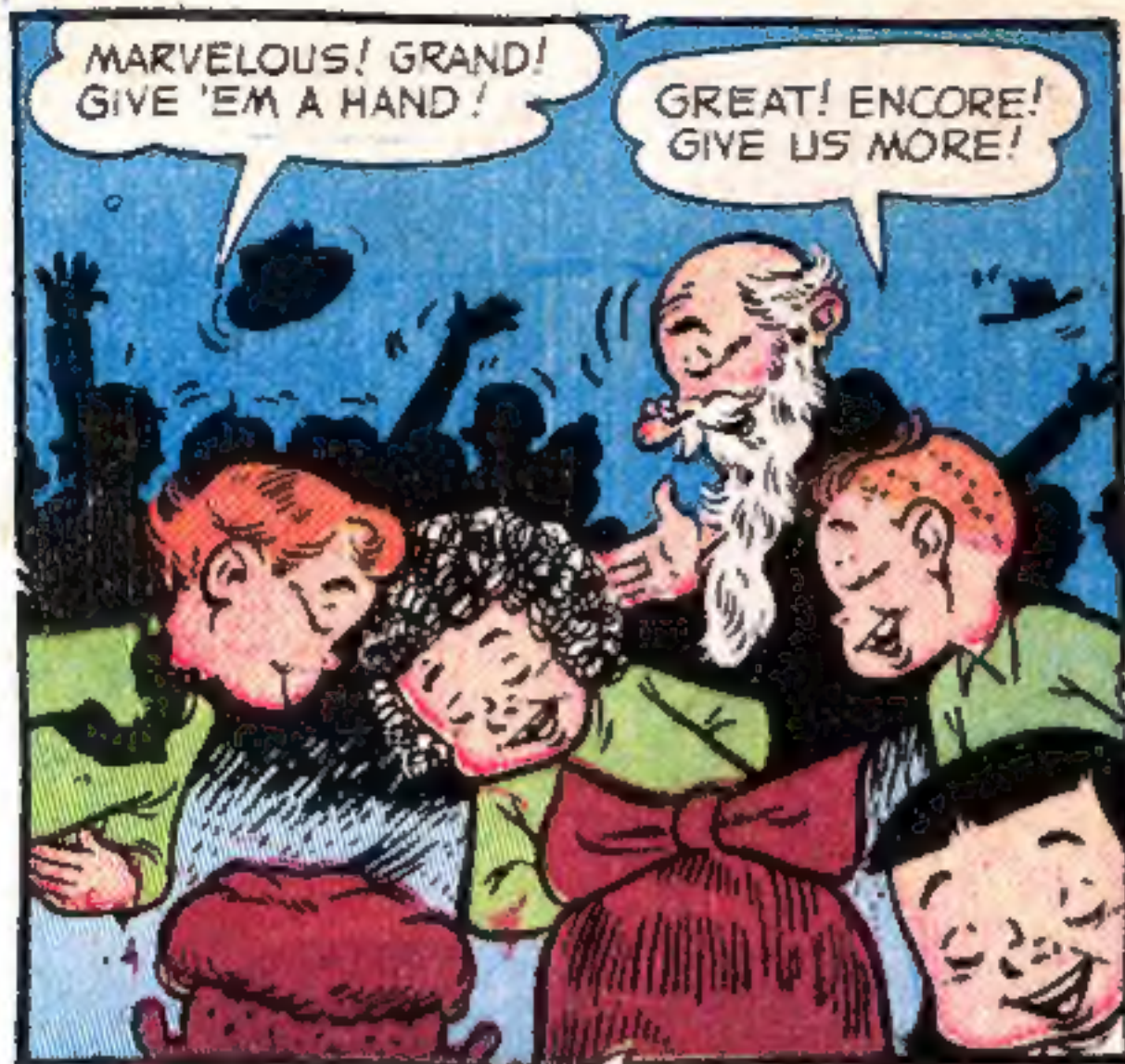
OH, WE'RE THE FAMOUS CHILDREN WHO LIVE INSIDE THE SHOE! OUR MOTHER HAS SO MANY, SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



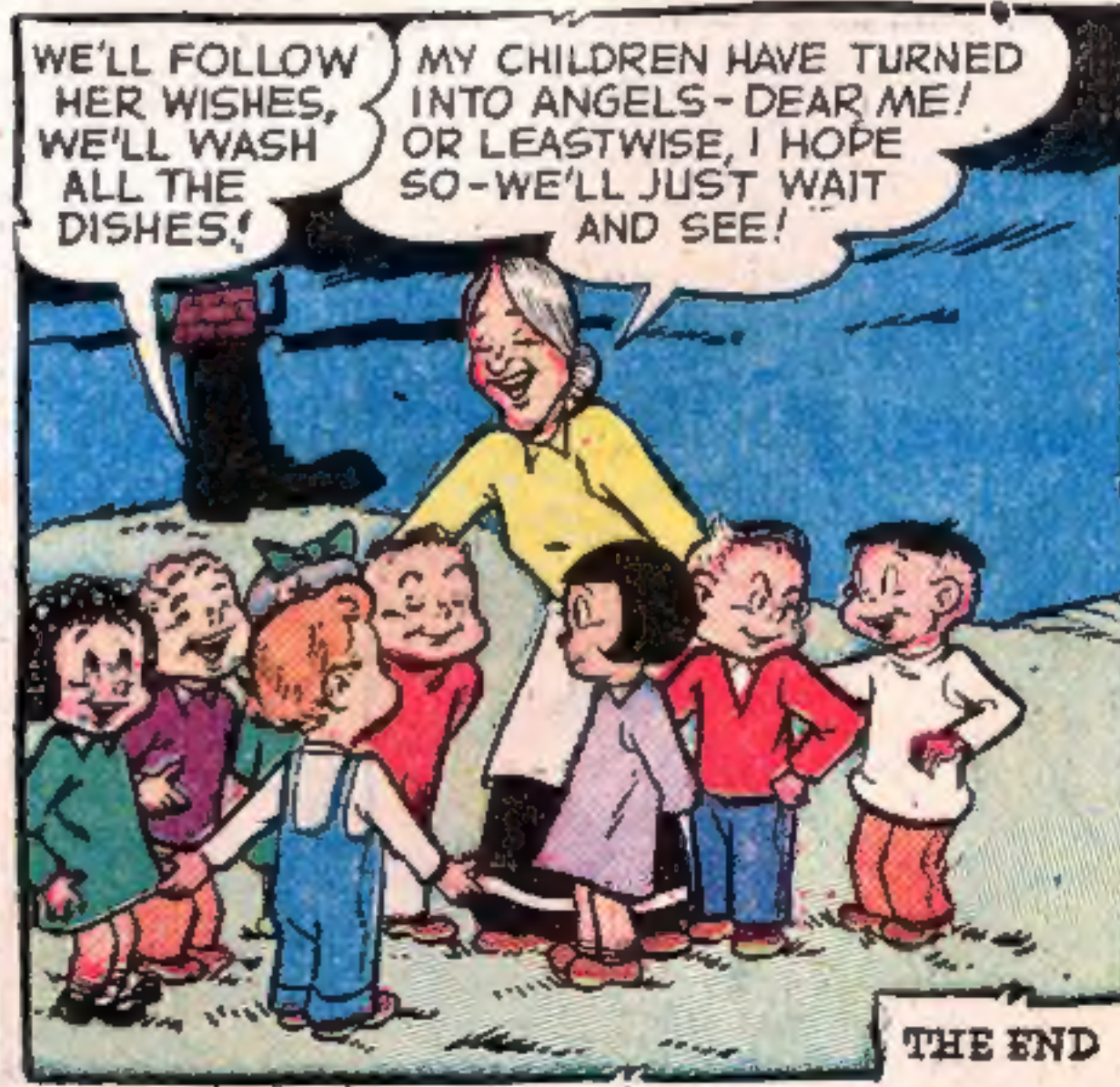
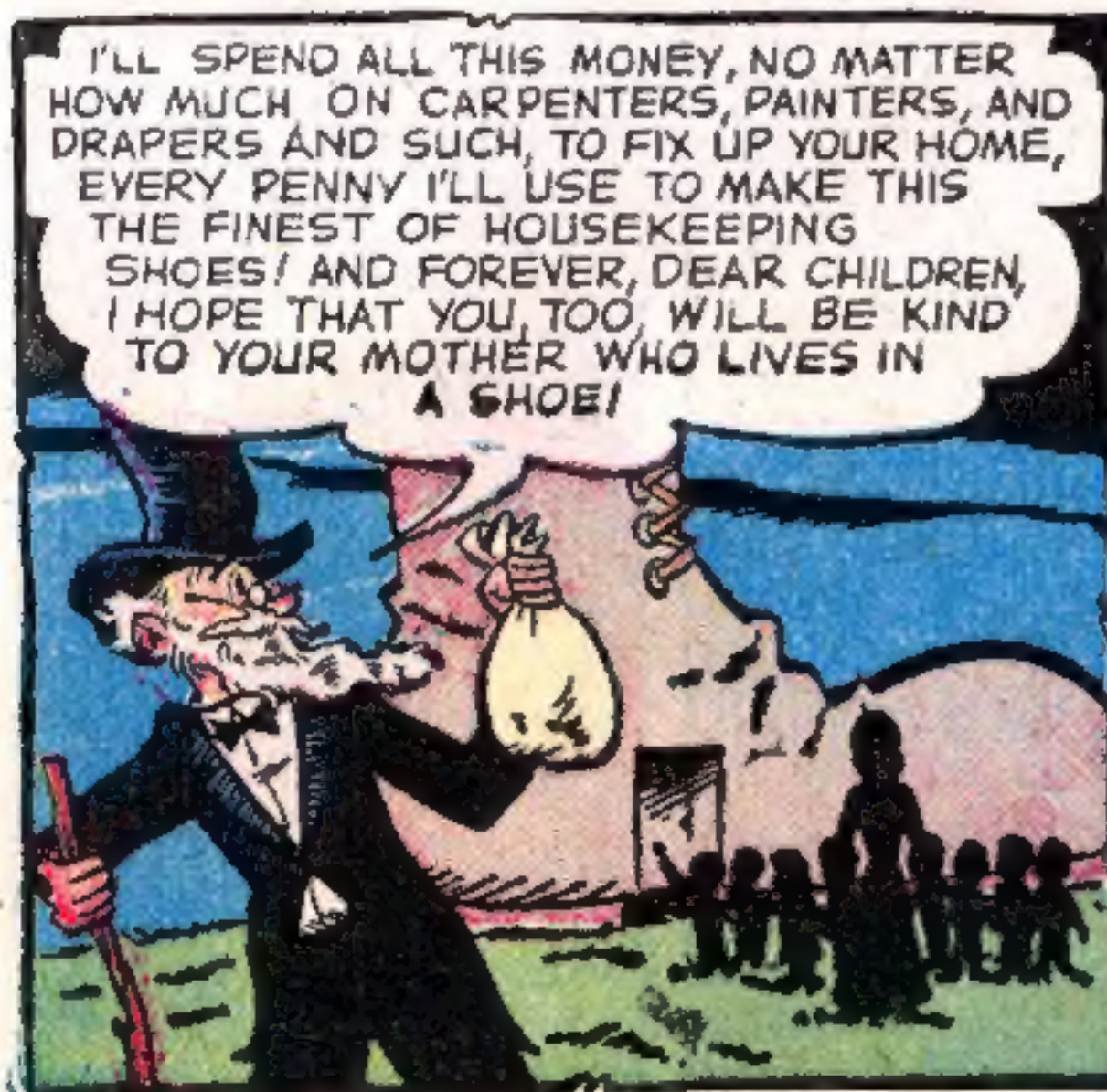
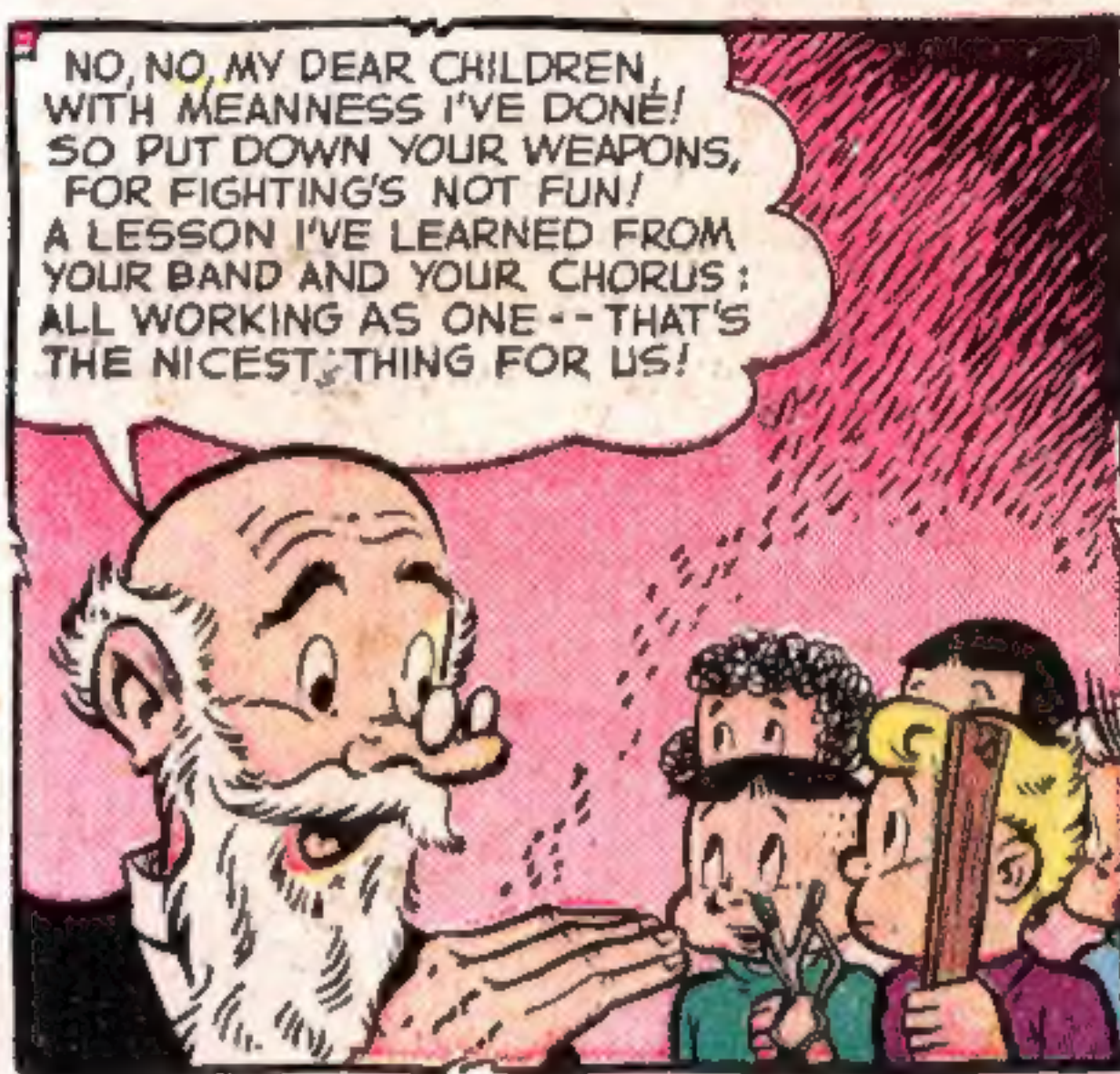
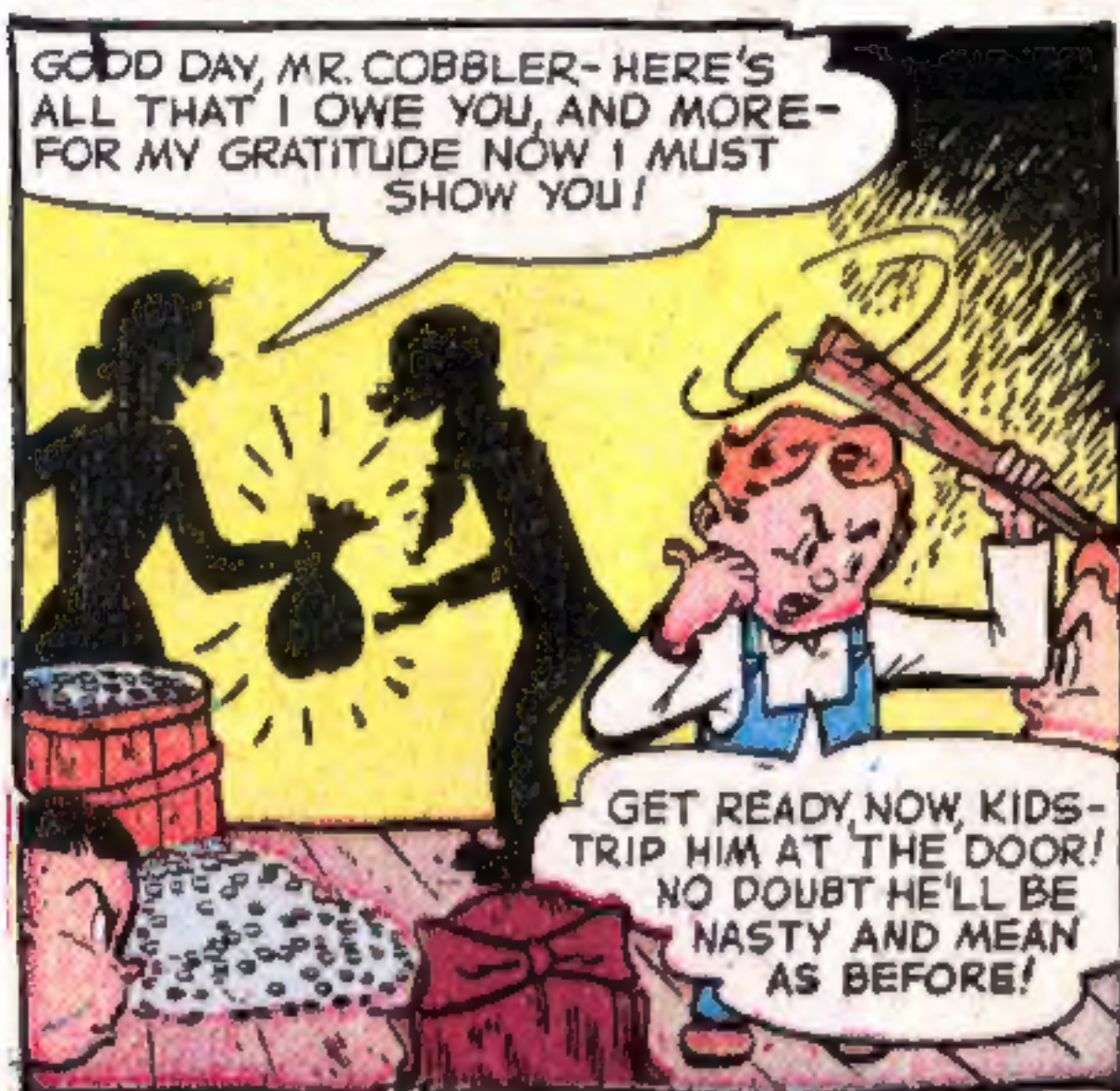
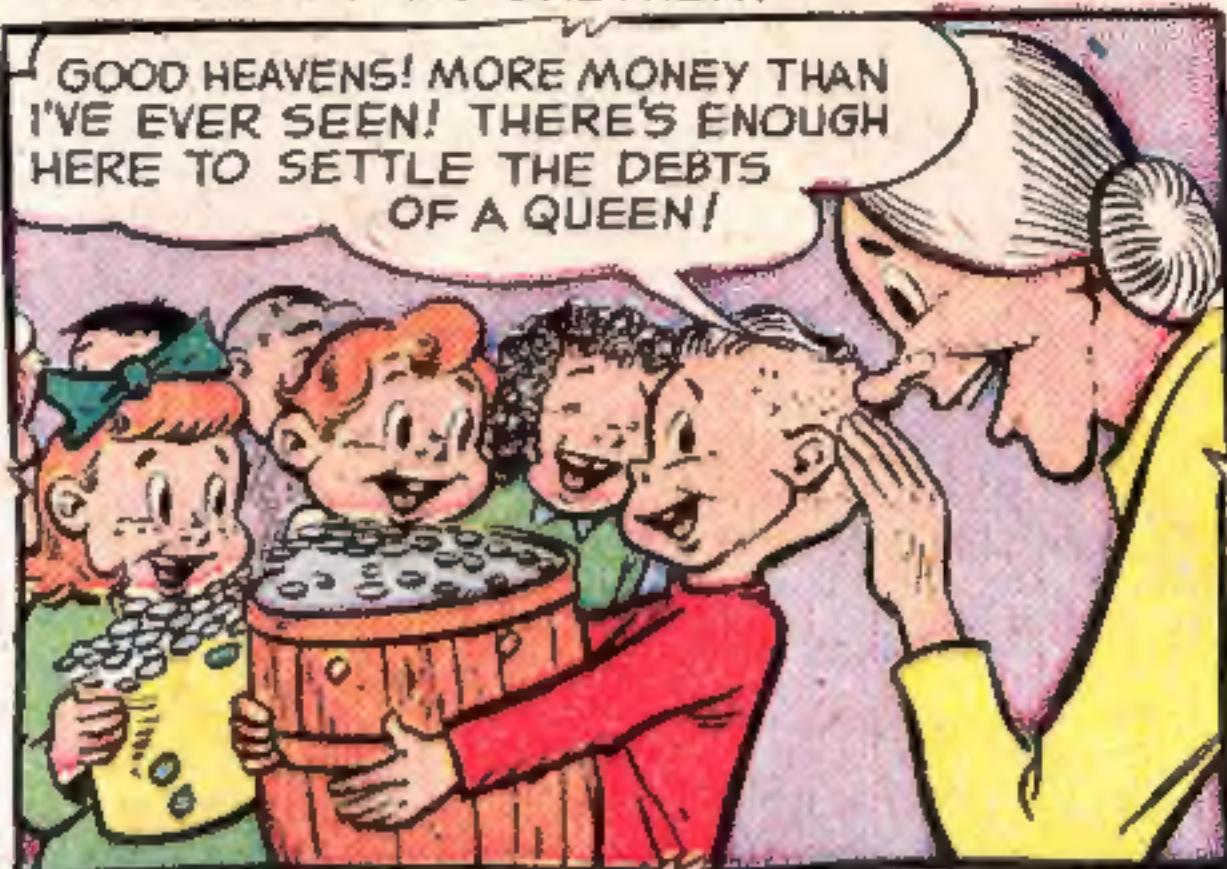
WE'RE REALLY NOT SUCH GOOFS, OUR HEARTS ARE KIND AND TRUE! SOMETIMES WE RAISE THE ROOF! PERHAPS YOU'VE RAISED IT TOO!







THE CONCERT IS OVER, THE PEOPLE DELIGHTED; THE MONEY IS COUNTED, THE KIDS ARE EXCITED! FOR NOW THEY HAVE REALLY DONE WELL BY THEIR MOTHER, AND ALL OF THEM DID IT - EACH SISTER AND BROTHER!



THE END



# THE KING'S SHORT SUBJECT



**D**OWN IN KILLCUT BAY,  
NEXT TO KENNICOTT COVE,  
NEAR THE KELLYGREEN PATH,  
IN THE KRANBERRY GROVE,



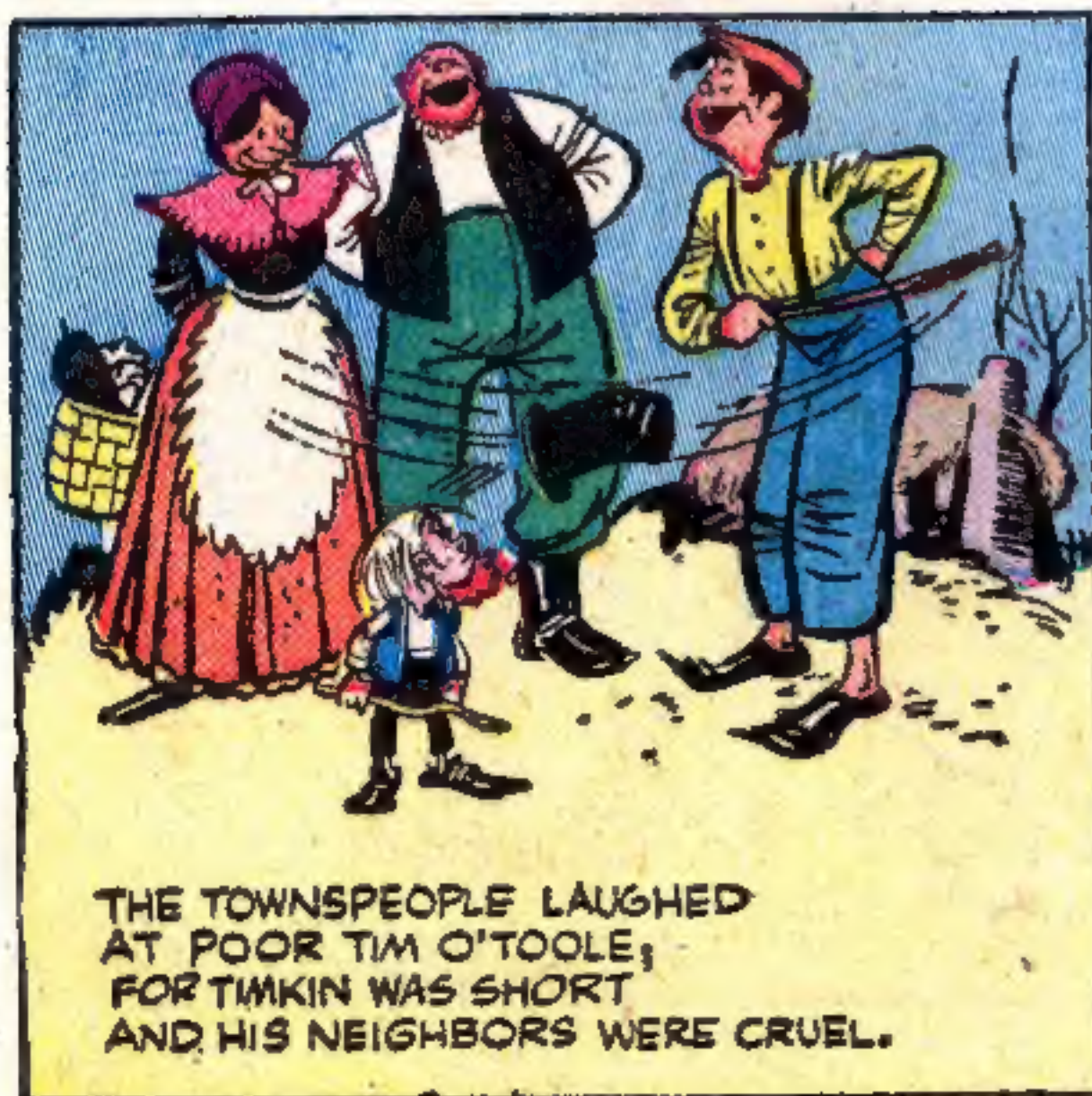
BY THE KILLGERRY KAVE  
DOWN NEAR KILLPENNY POOL,  
LIVED A KINDLY OLD SOUL  
NAME OF TIMKIN O'TOOLE.



NOW TIMKIN WAS SHORT  
A MERE TWO FEET TEN,  
AND HE LIVED IN KILLKENNY--  
A DWARF AMONGST MEN.



HE HARDLY CAME UP  
TO HIS LANDLADY'S KNEE;  
WHY EVEN THE CHILDREN  
WERE TALLER THAN HE.

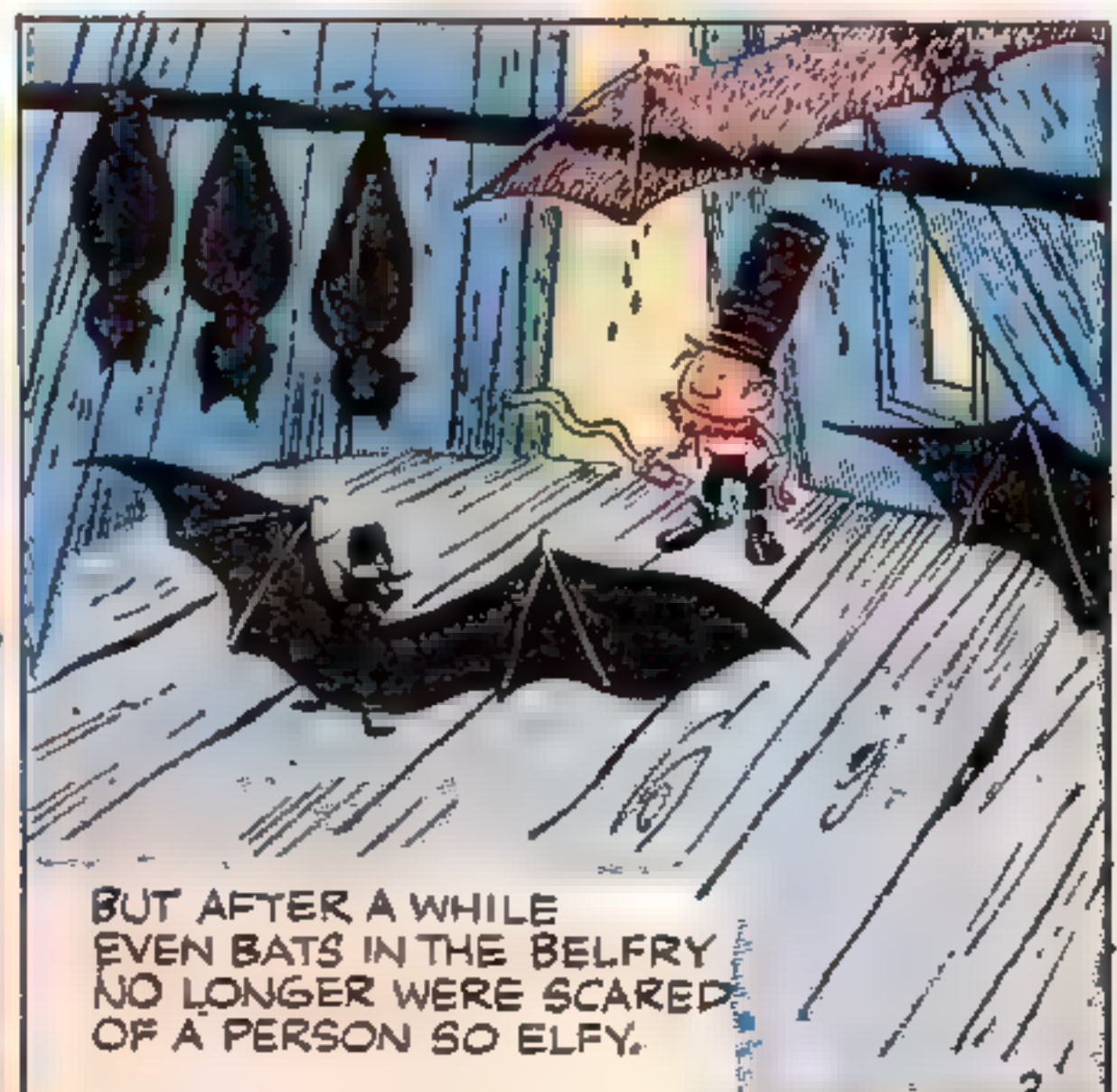
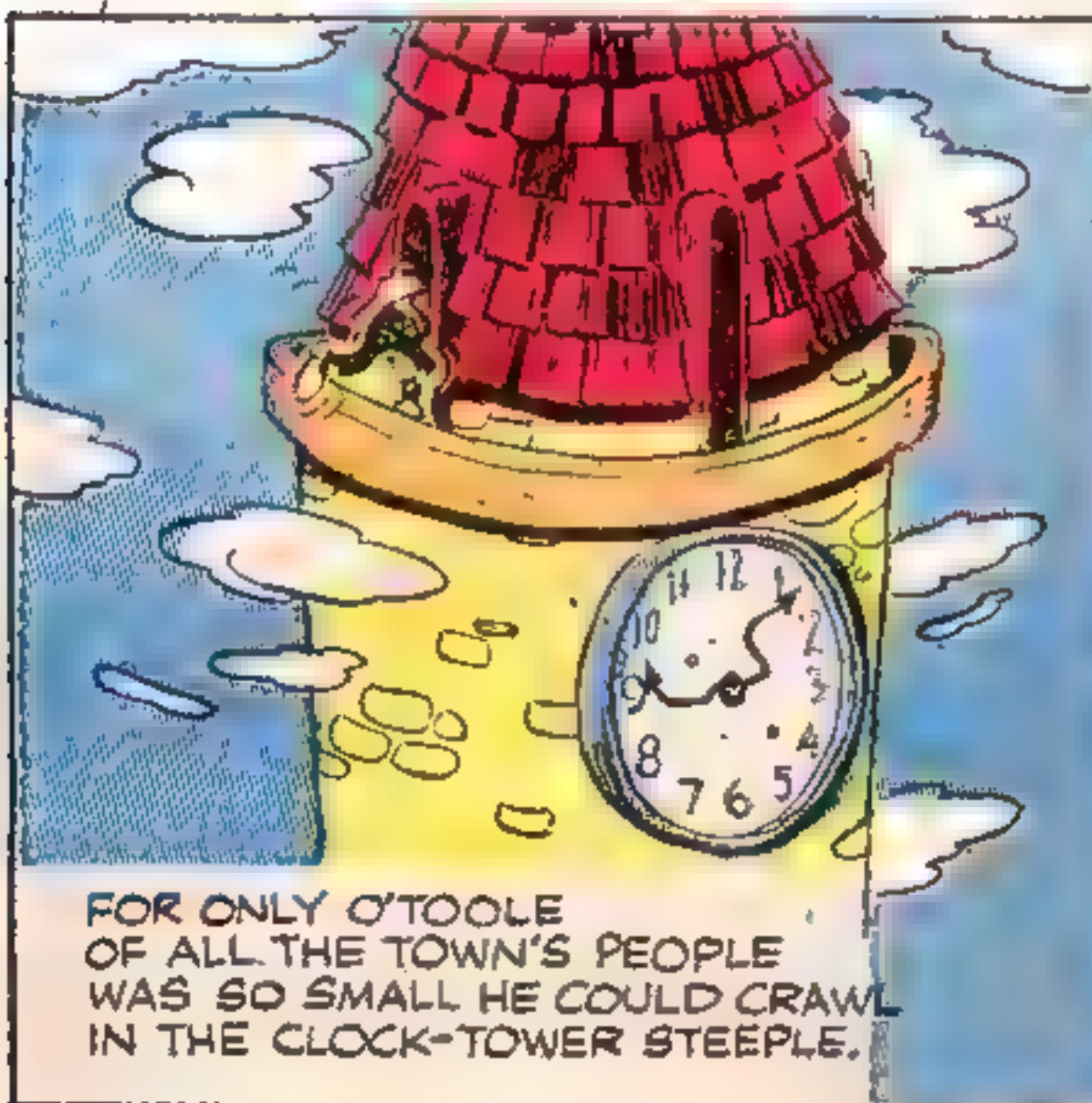
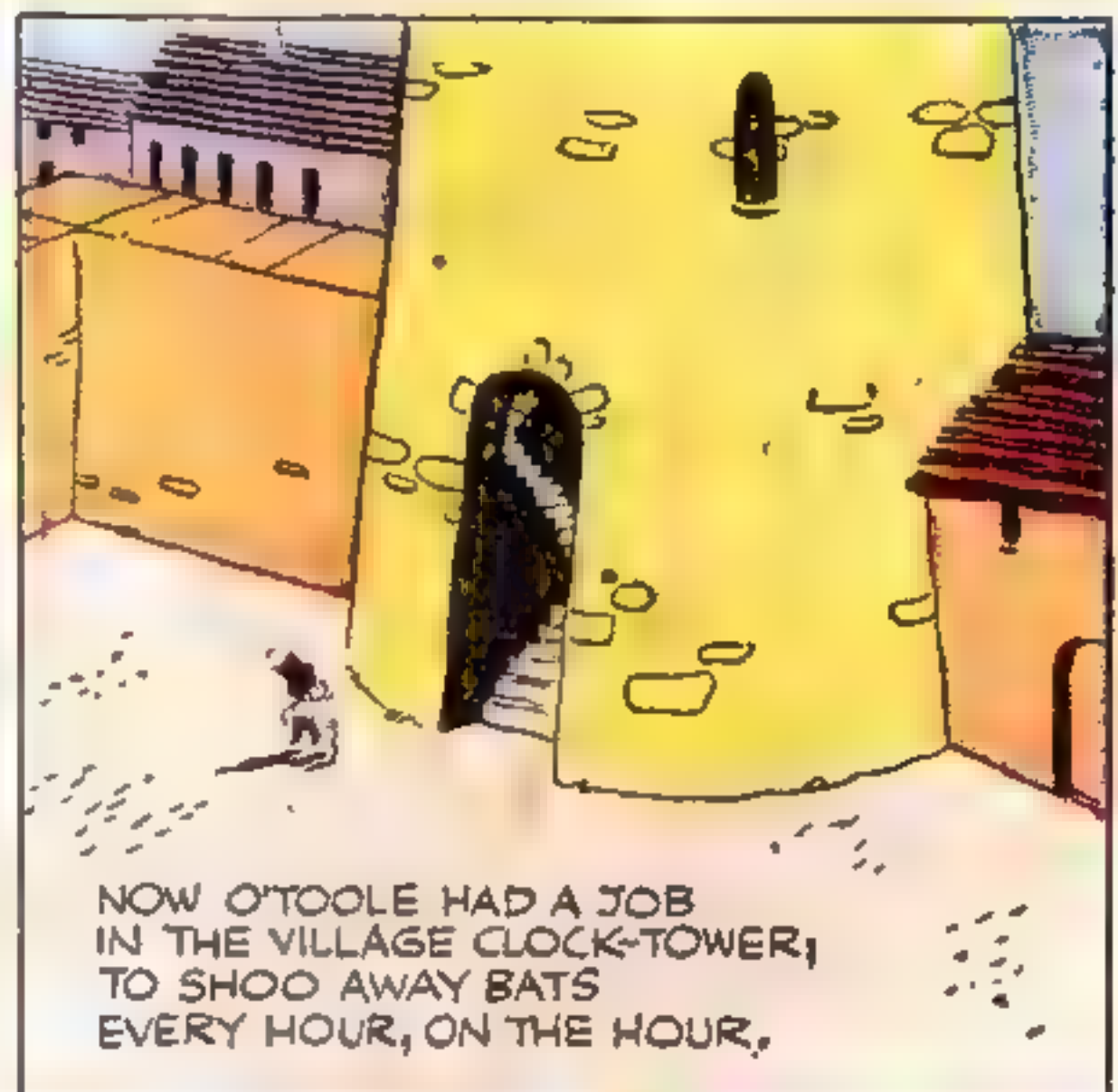
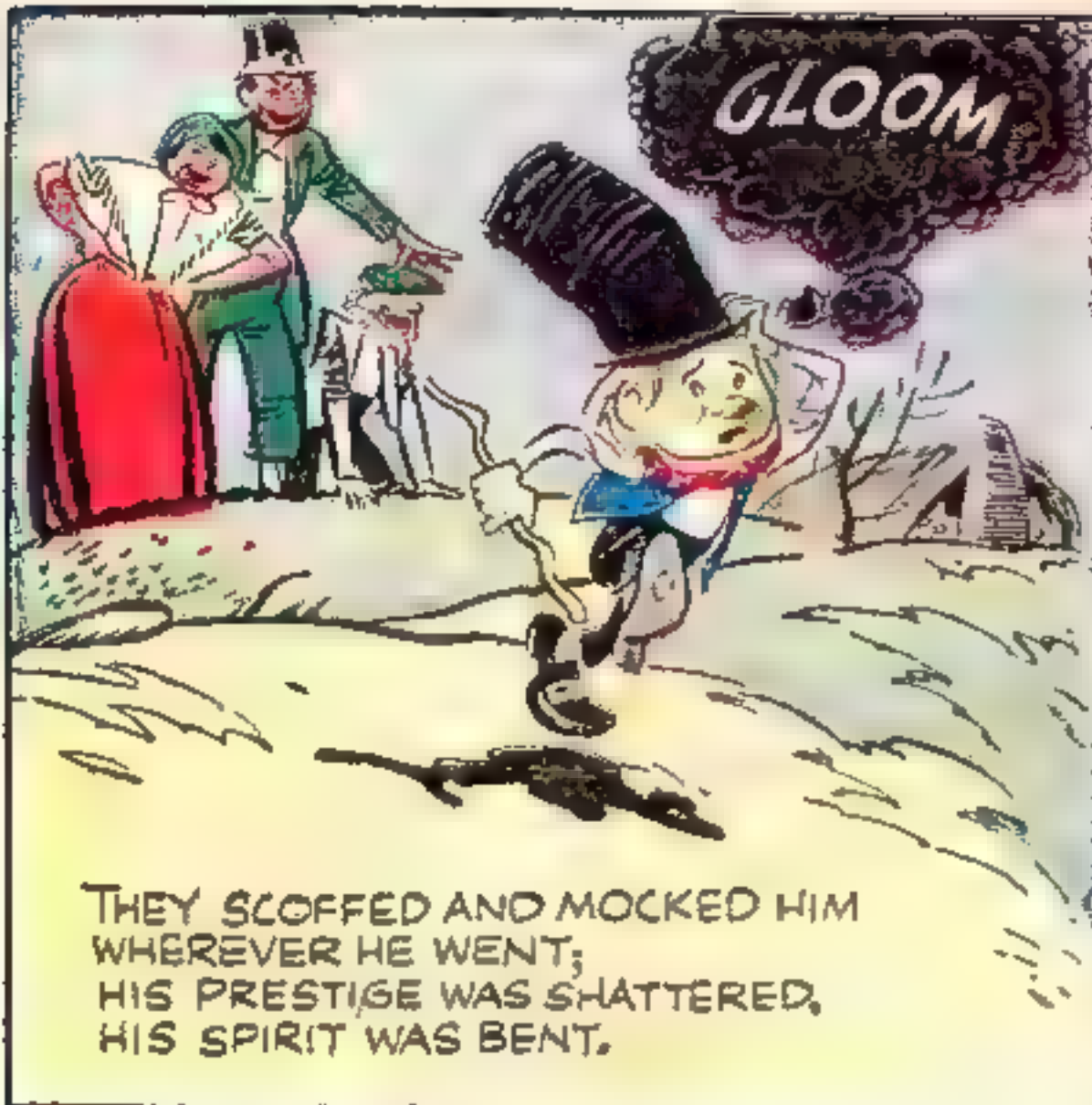


THE TOWNSPEOPLE LAUGHED  
AT POOR TIM O'TOOLE;  
FOR TIMKIN WAS SHORT  
AND HIS NEIGHBORS WERE CRUEL.



"LOOK OUT!" THEY WOULD SHOUT  
AS HE'D LEAVE HIS SMALL HOUSE,  
"SOME CAT MAY MISTAKE YOU  
FOR A WEE LITTLE MOUSE!"









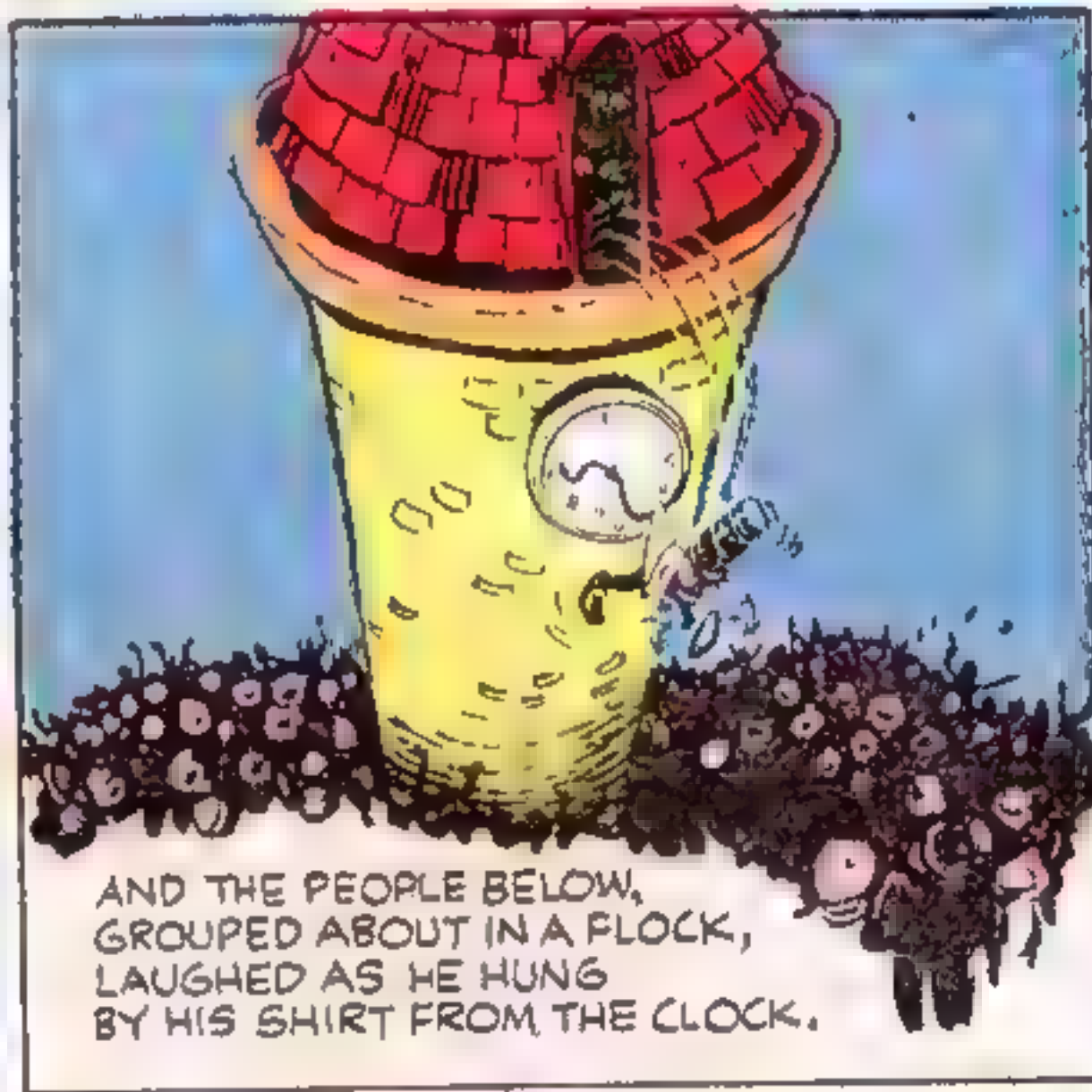
"HERE'S TIMKIN", THEY'D SAY,  
AND THEY'D ROLL THEIR BIG EYES,  
"NO BAT SHOULD BE SCARED  
OF A DWARF OF HIS SIZE!"



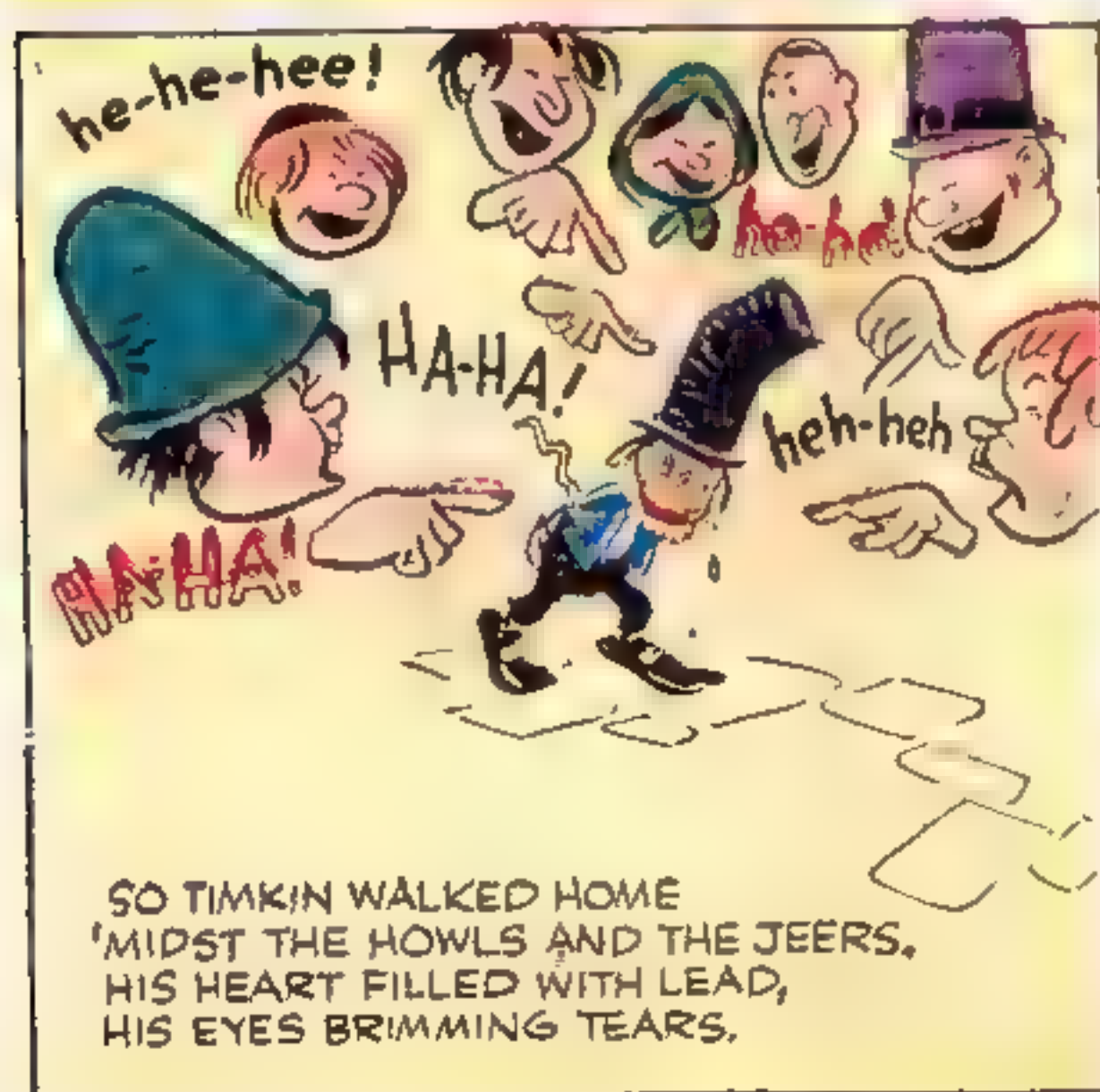
"SCRAM!" HE WOULD SHOUT,  
"FLY AWAY FROM THIS RAFTER!"  
AND THE CLOCK FAIRLY SHOOK  
WITH THE LITTLE BAT'S LAUGHTER.



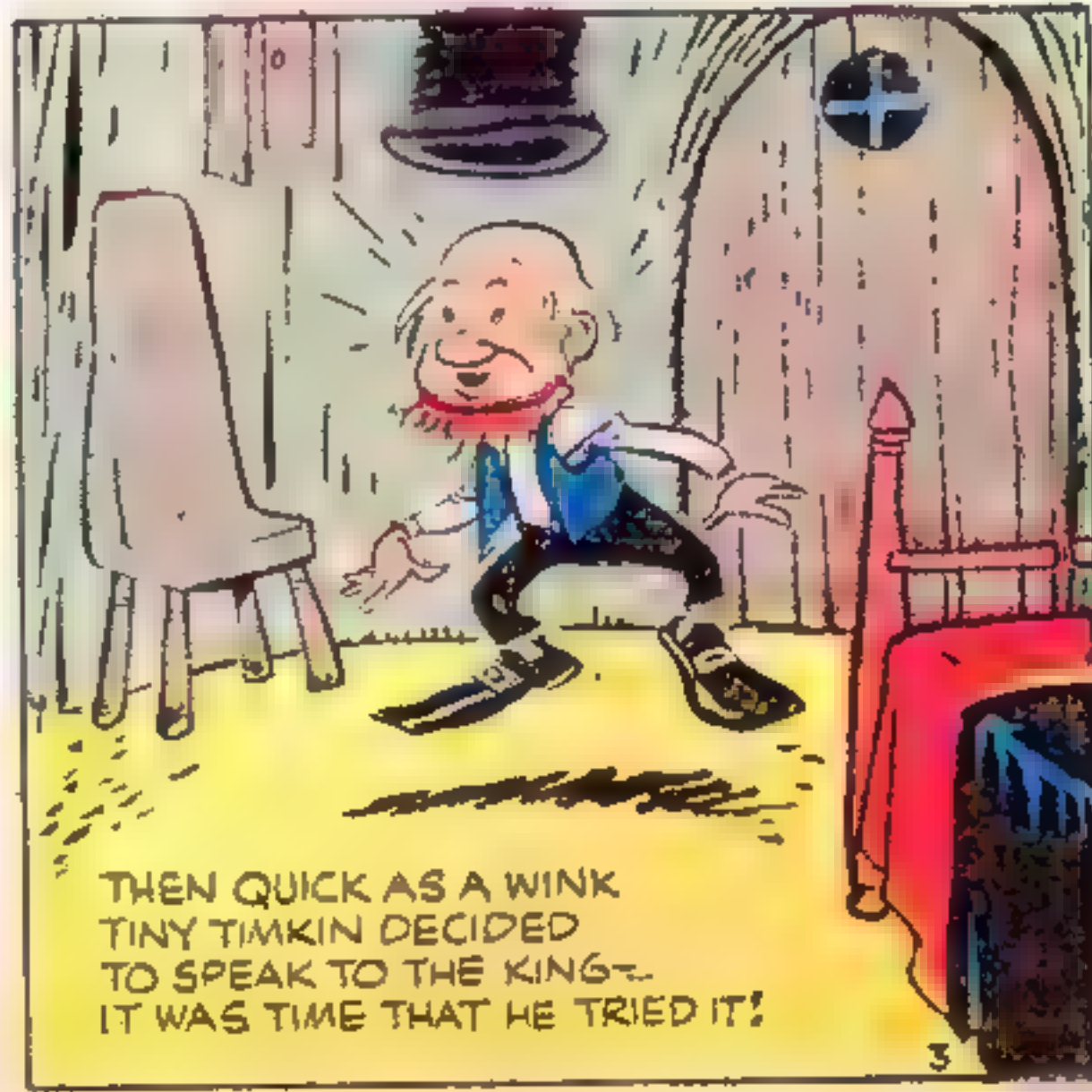
"THIS JOB," SAID THE BAT,  
"IS NO TASK FOR AN ELF!"  
AND THEY BOOTED HIM OUT,  
SHOUTING "FLY OFF YOURSELF!"



AND THE PEOPLE BELOW,  
GROUPED ABOUT IN A FLOCK,  
LAUGHED AS HE HUNG  
BY HIS SHIRT FROM THE CLOCK.



SO TIMKIN WALKED HOME  
'MIDST THE HOWLS AND THE JEERS,  
HIS HEART FILLED WITH LEAD,  
HIS EYES BRIMMING TEARS.



THEN QUICK AS A WINK  
TINY TIMKIN DECIDED  
TO SPEAK TO THE KING—  
IT WAS TIME THAT HE TRIED IT!

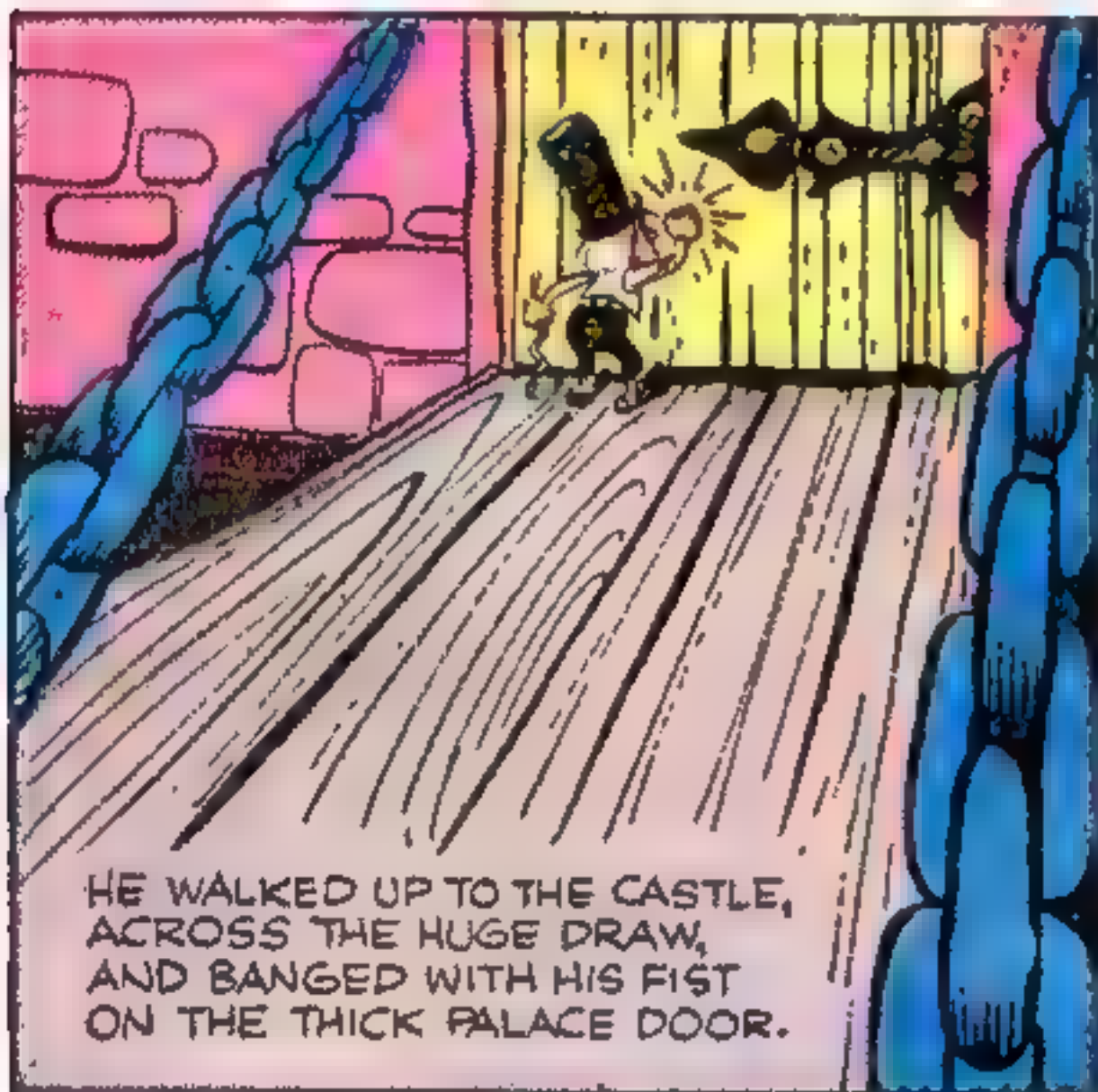




"THE KING," HE DECLARED,  
"SHALL HAVE A SMALL CALLER.  
"AFTER ALL," HE REFLECTED,  
"I'M NOT GETTING ANY TALLER!"



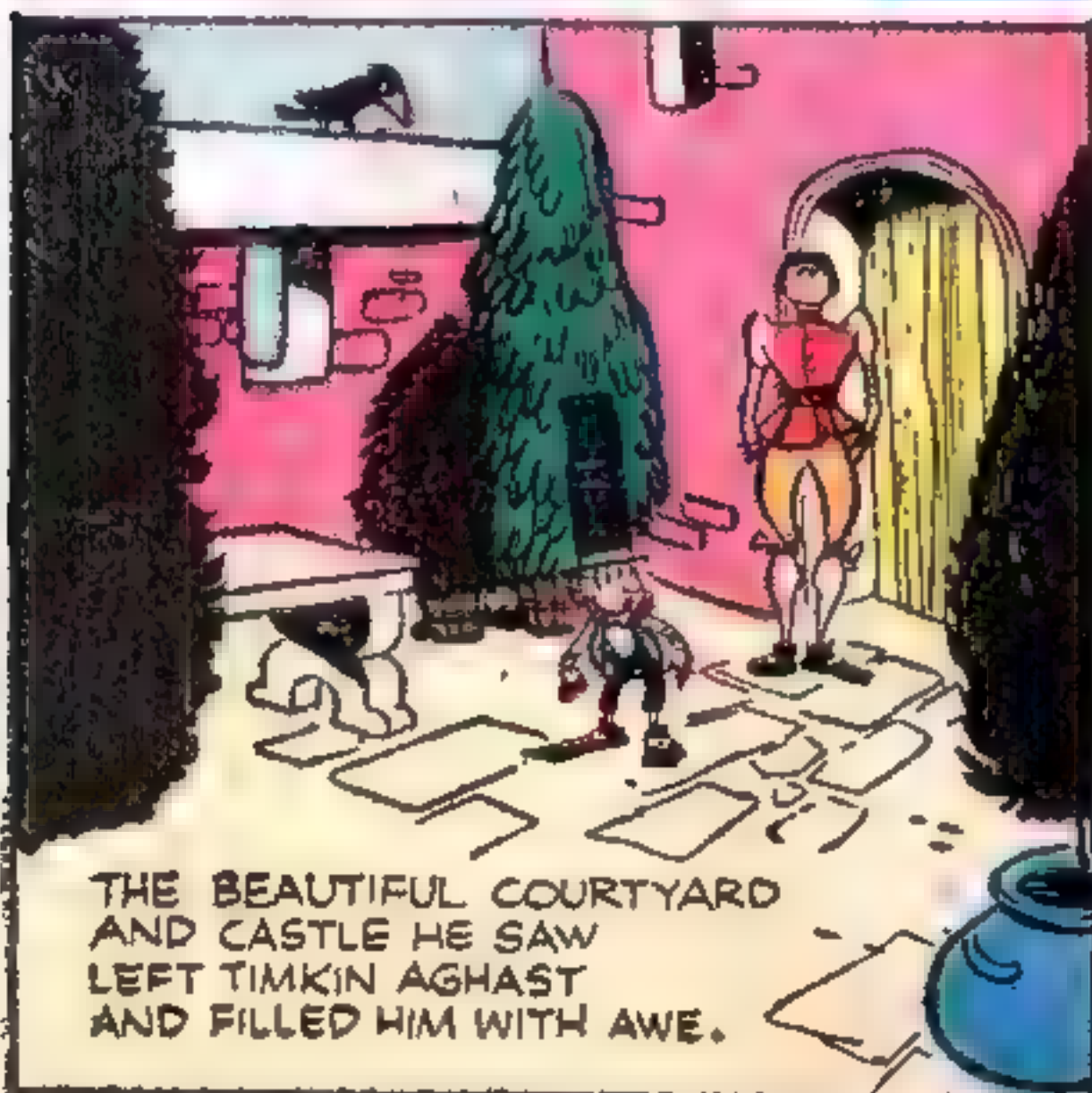
AND SO SPEAKING THUS  
TIMKIN STARTED TO BLUSTER,  
WHILE GATHERING ALL OF THE  
PRIDE HE COULD MUSTER!



HE WALKED UP TO THE CASTLE,  
ACROSS THE HUGE DRAW,  
AND BANGED WITH HIS FIST  
ON THE THICK PALACE DOOR.



WITH CREAKING AND GRATING,  
THE DOOR OPENED WIDE,  
AND WITH TRUMPET AND HORN  
HE WAS USHERED INSIDE.



THE BEAUTIFUL COURTYARD  
AND CASTLE HE SAW  
LEFT TIMKIN AGHAST  
AND FILLED HIM WITH AWE.



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"  
THE KING BELLOWS IN GREETING.  
AND WITH ONE GULP DEVoured  
THE PIE HE WAS EATING.





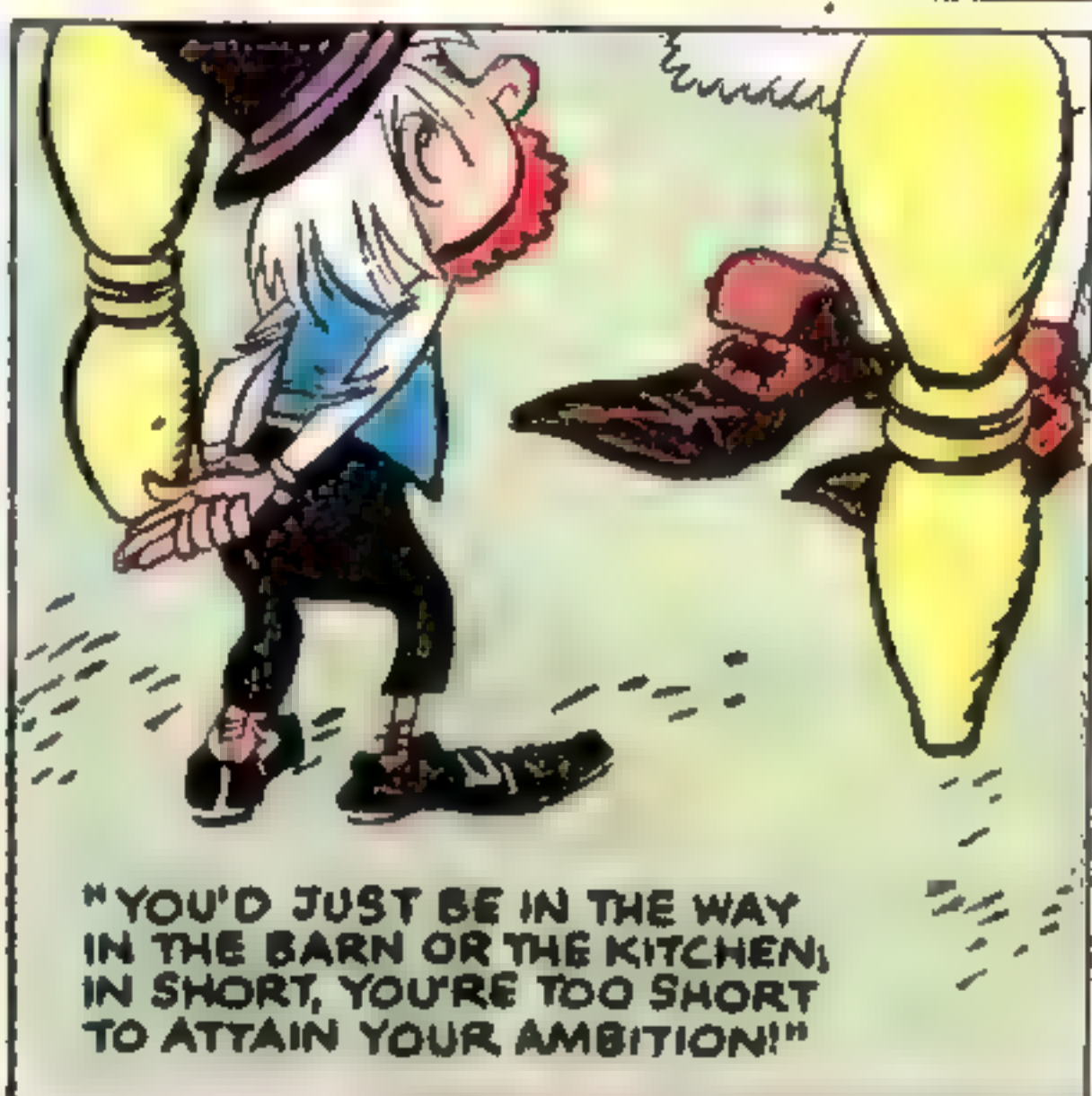
THE KING'S MIGHTY VOICE  
LEFT HIM SHAKY AND WEAK,  
SO NERVOUS AND QUAKY  
HE HARDLY COULD SPEAK.



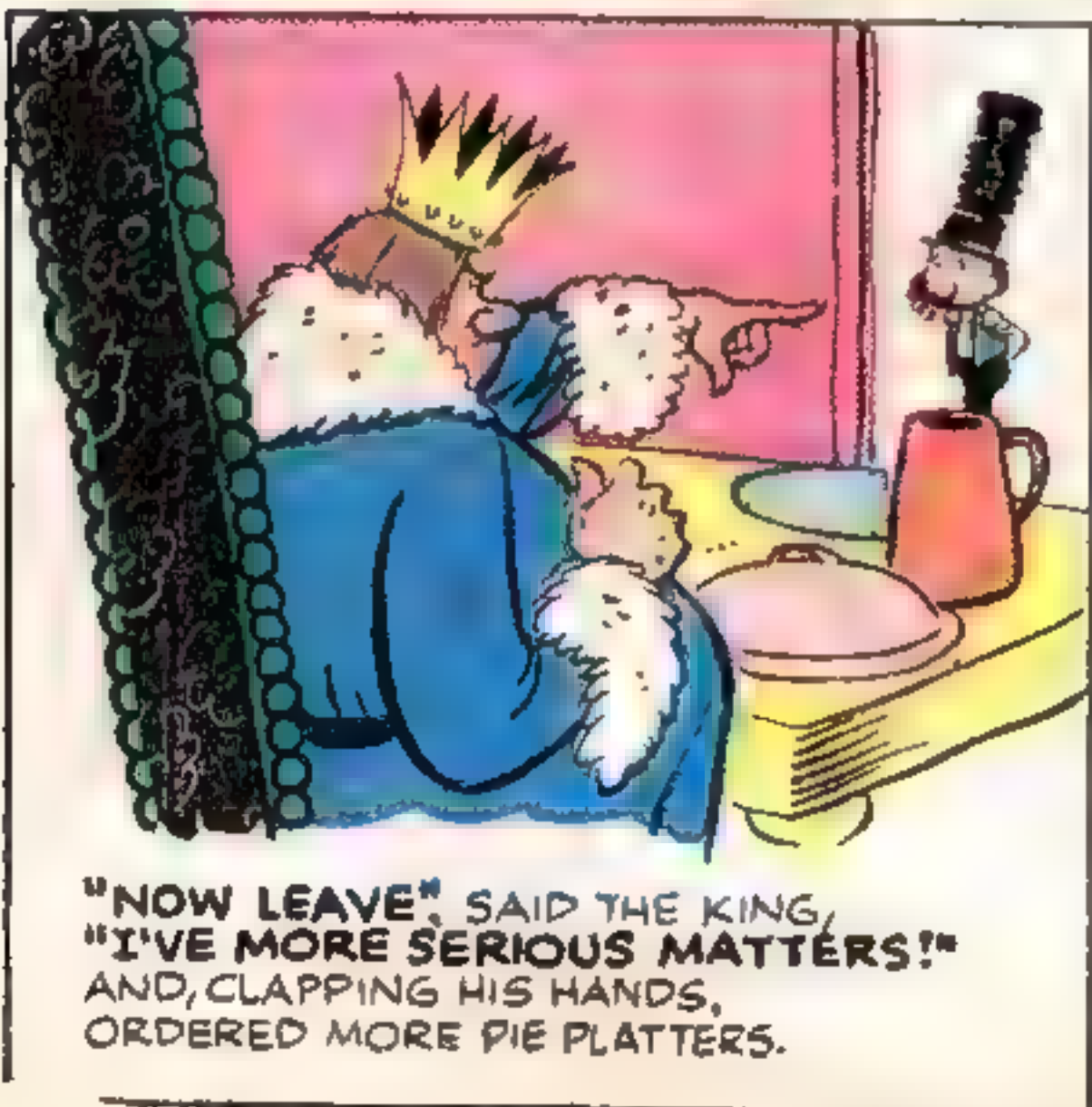
"I-I-VE COME FOR A JOB  
WITH YOUR MAJESTY, SIRE.  
TO WORK FOR THE KING'S  
BEEN MY LIFE-LONG DESIRE!"



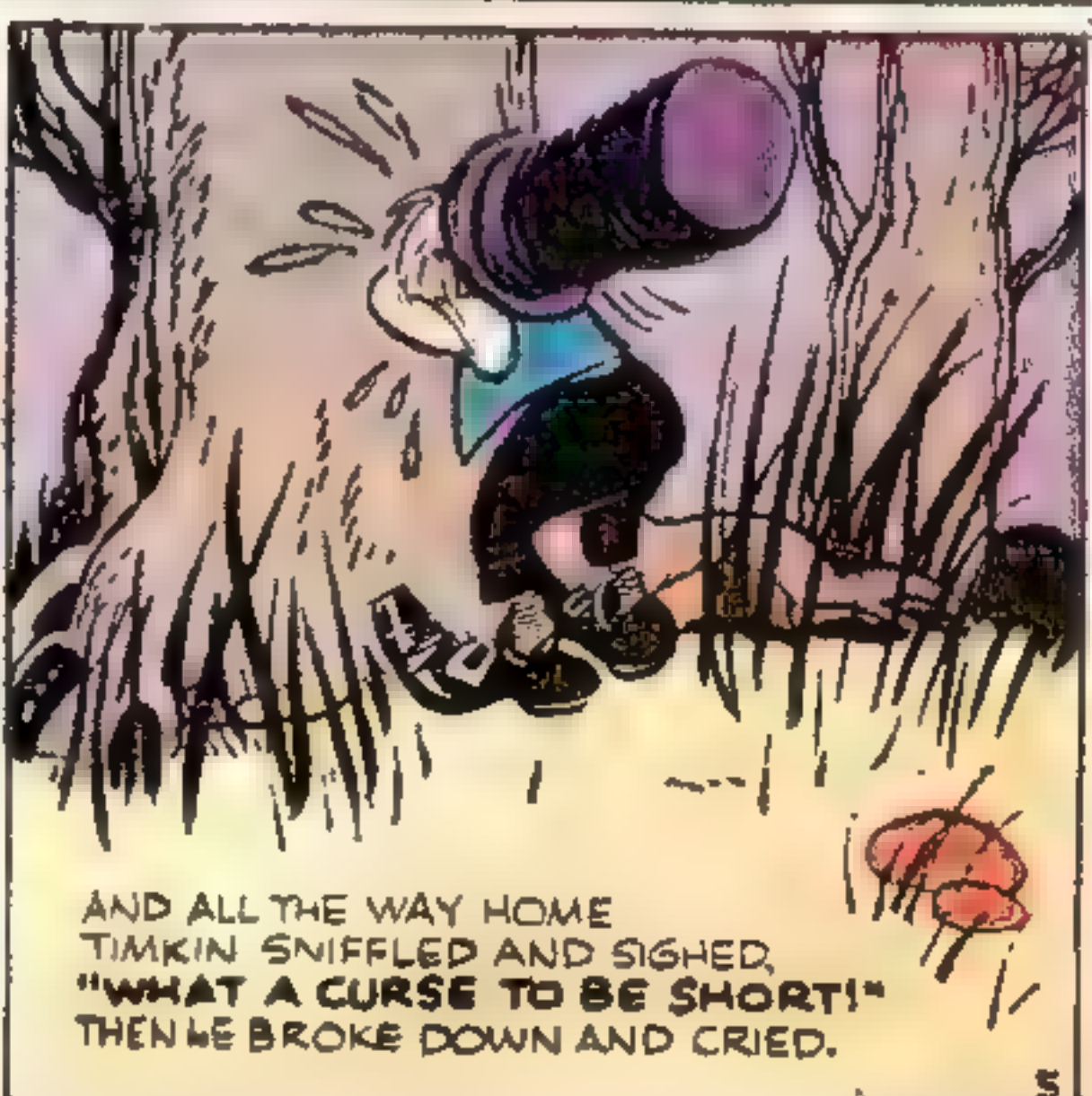
"WHAT GOOD WOULD YOU BE?"  
ASKED THE KING BETWEEN COURSES,  
"YOU'RE TOO SHORT TO CLEAN WALLS,  
AND TOO SMALL TO GROOM HORSES!"



"YOU'D JUST BE IN THE WAY  
IN THE BARN OR THE KITCHEN,  
IN SHORT, YOU'RE TOO SHORT  
TO ATTAIN YOUR AMBITION!"

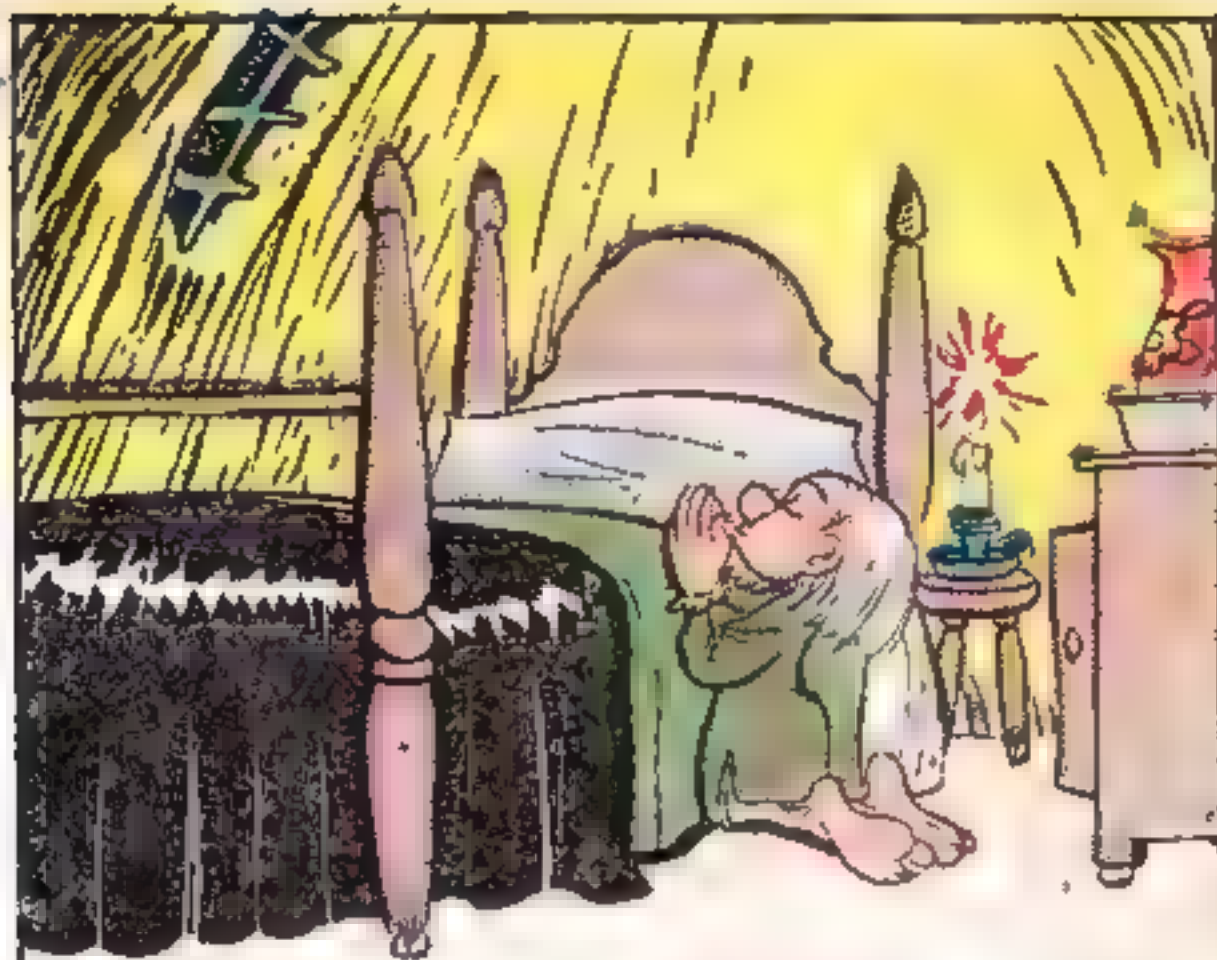


"NOW LEAVE," SAID THE KING,  
"I'VE MORE SERIOUS MATTERS!"  
AND, CLAPPING HIS HANDS,  
ORDERED MORE PIE PLATTERS.

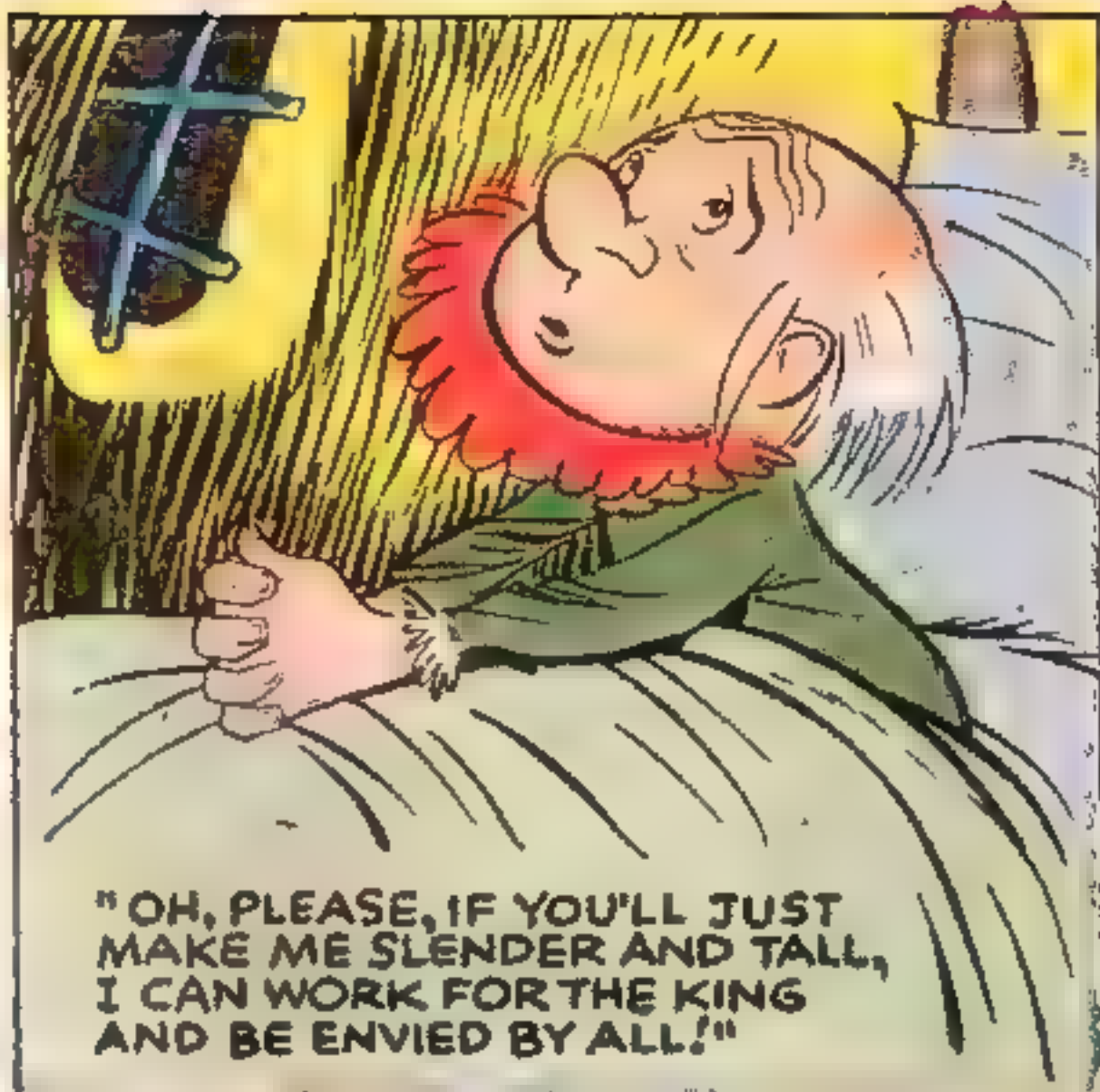


AND ALL THE WAY HOME  
TIMKIN SNIFFLED AND SIGHED,  
"WHAT A CURSE TO BE SHORT!"  
THEN HE BROKE DOWN AND CRIED.

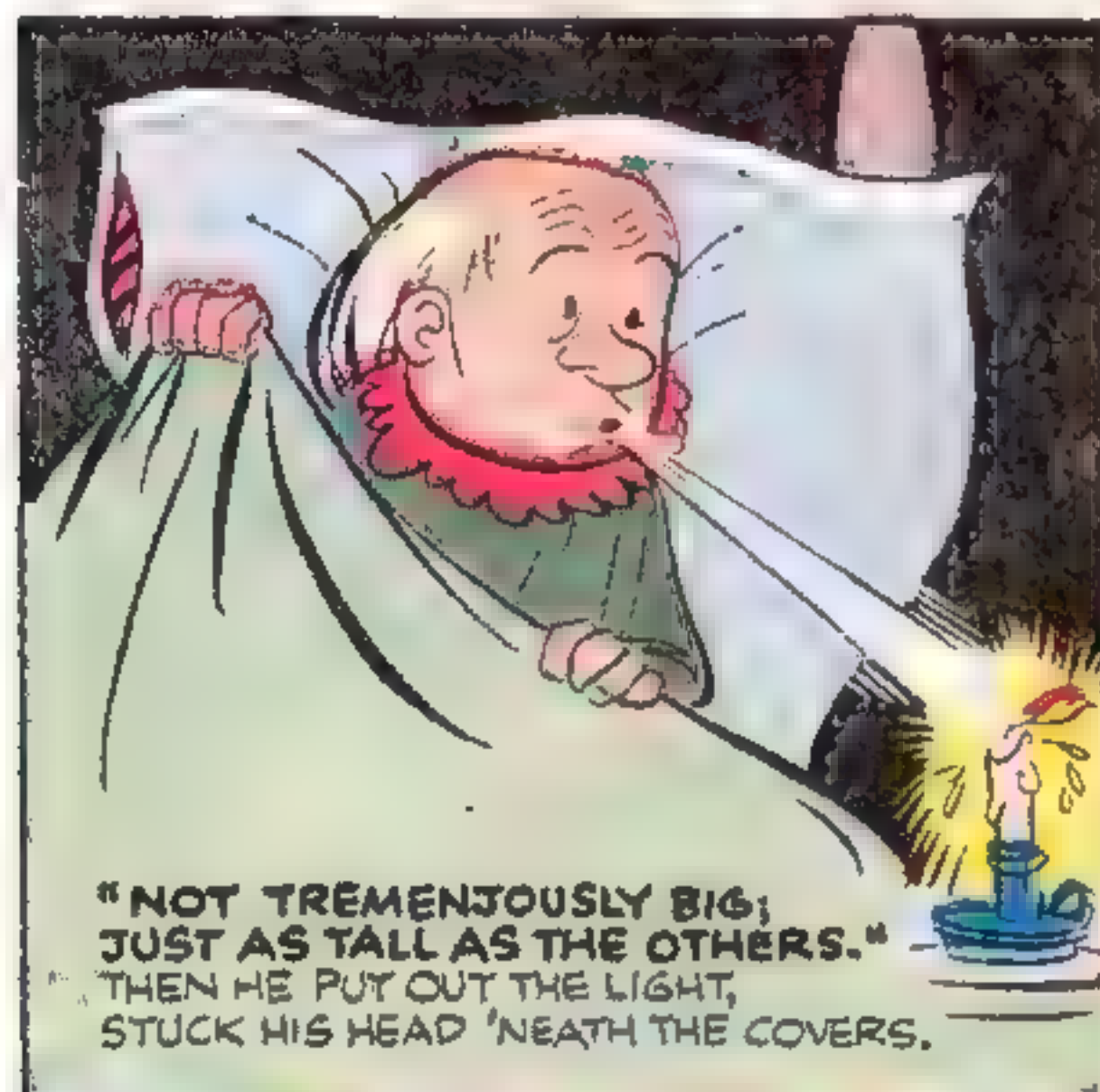




THEN O'TOOLE KNELT AND PRAYED  
EXTRA HARD THAT SAME NIGHT,  
THAT WHEN HE AWOKE  
HE'D BE BLESSED WITH NEW HEIGHT,



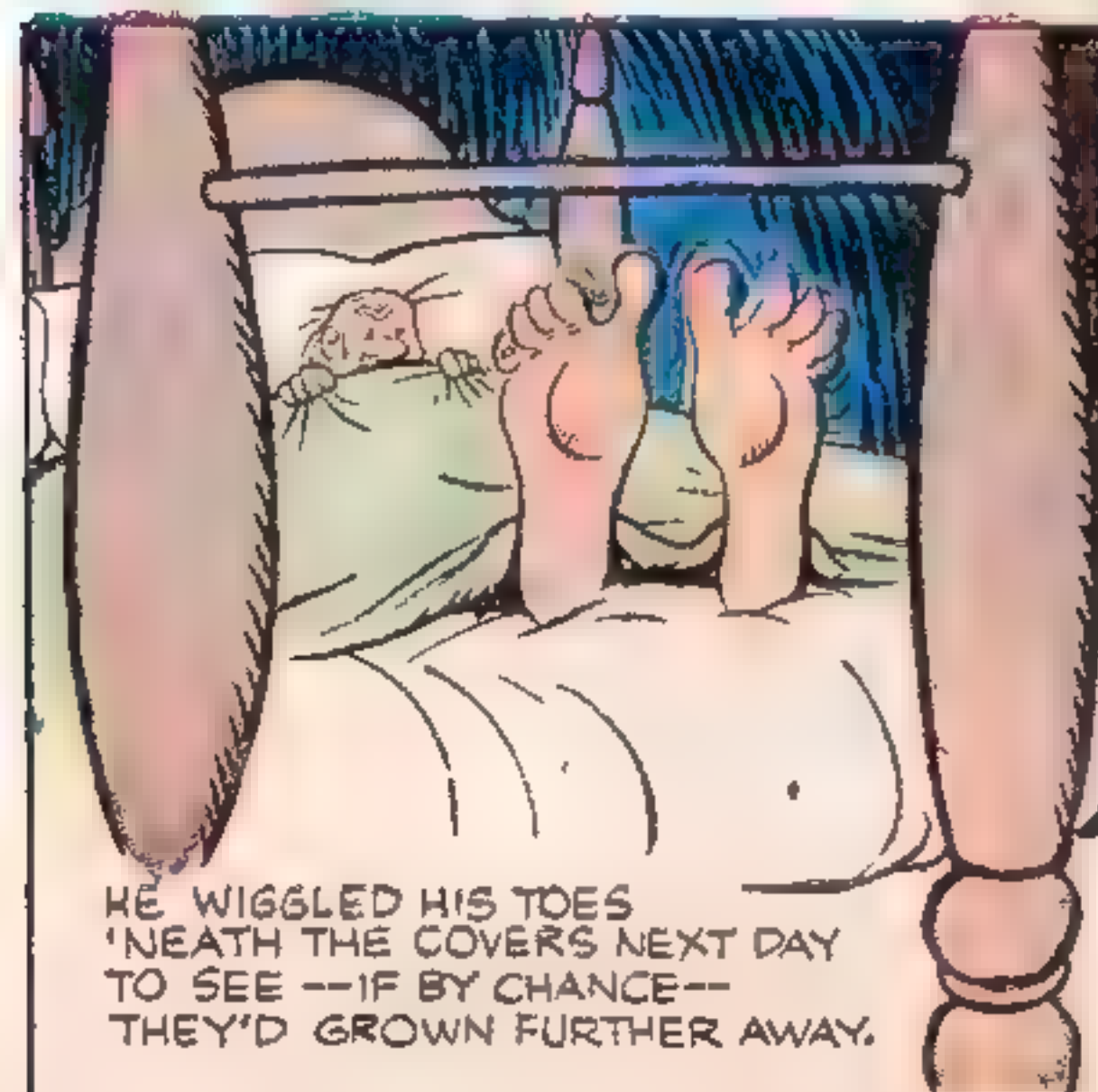
"OH, PLEASE, IF YOU'LL JUST  
MAKE ME SLENDER AND TALL,  
I CAN WORK FOR THE KING  
AND BE ENVIED BY ALL!"



"NOT TREMENJOUSLY BIG;  
JUST AS TALL AS THE OTHERS."  
THEN HE PUT OUT THE LIGHT,  
STUCK HIS HEAD 'NEATH THE COVERS.



AND THAT NIGHT HE DREAMT  
IN A DREAM SWEET AND TENDER,  
HE WAS WORKING IN THE MIDST OF  
THE GREAT PALACE'S SPLENDOR.

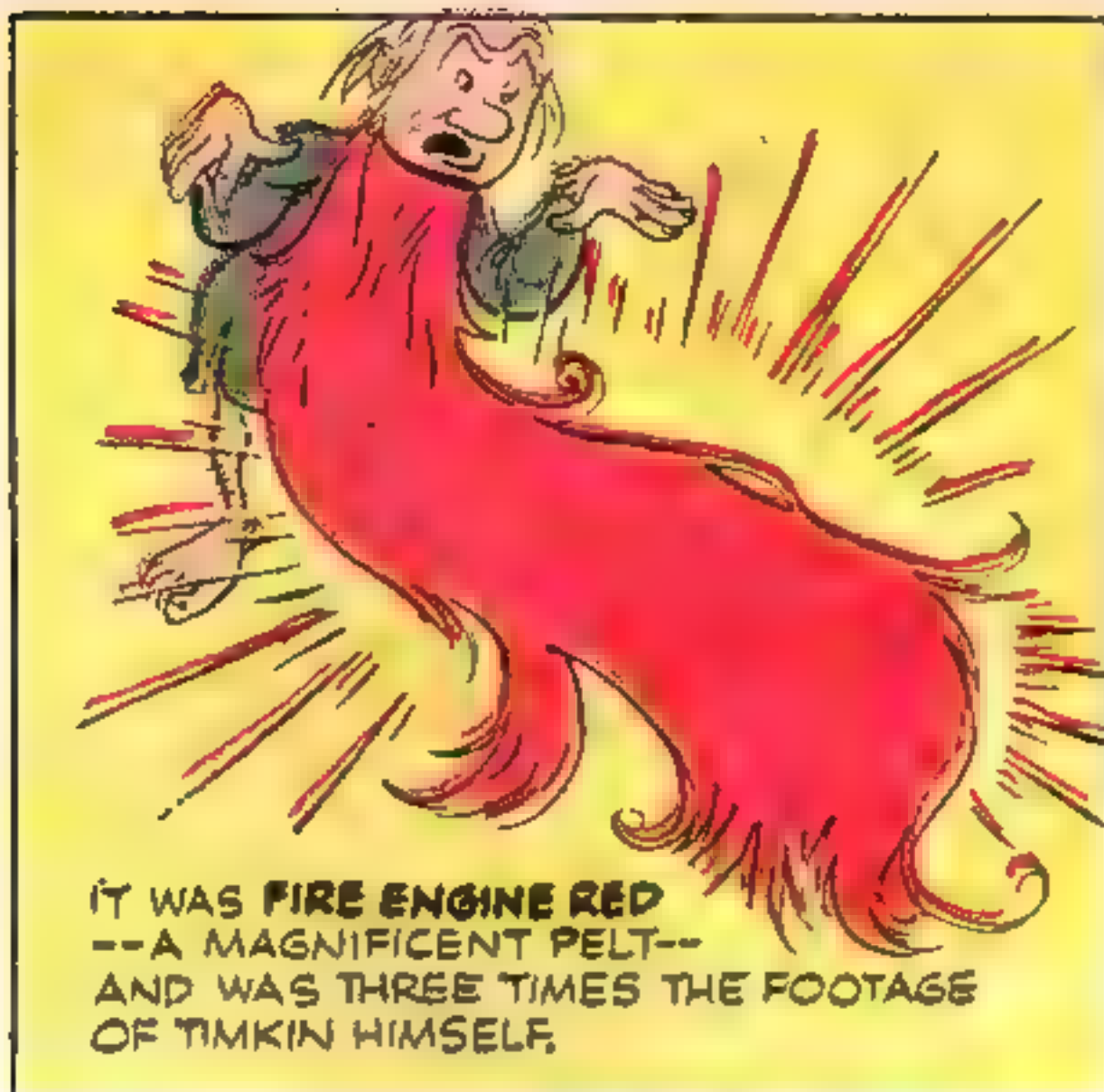


HE WIGGLED HIS TOES  
'NEATH THE COVERS NEXT DAY  
TO SEE --IF BY CHANCE--  
THEY'D GROWN FURTHER AWAY.

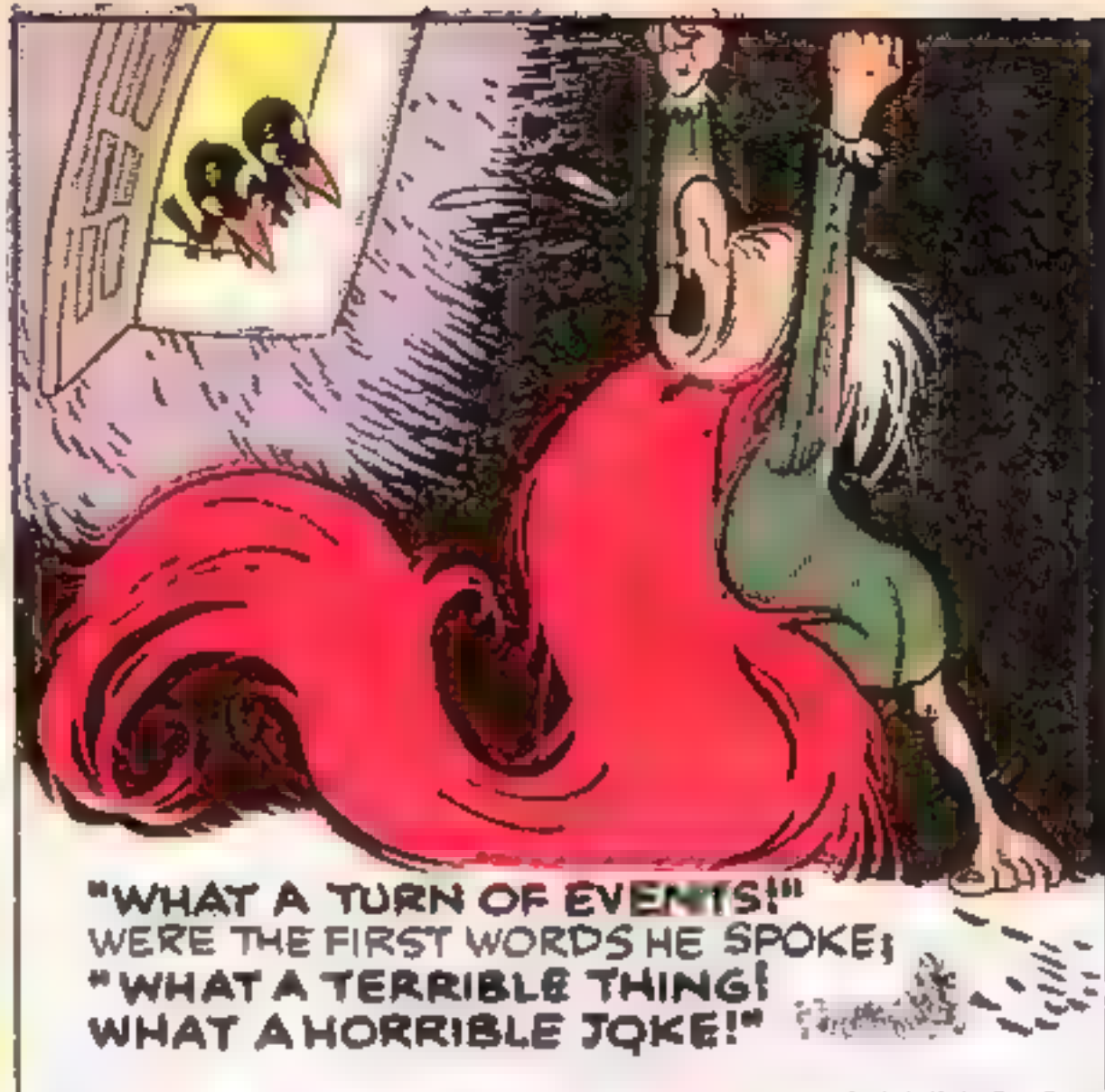


AS HE HOPPED OUT OF BED  
A STRANGE SIGHT MET HIS EYES:  
HIS **BEARD**, NOT HIS **BODY**,  
HAD EXTENDED IN SIZE!





IT WAS FIRE ENGINE RED  
--A MAGNIFICENT PELT--  
AND WAS THREE TIMES THE FOOTAGE  
OF TIMKIN HIMSELF.



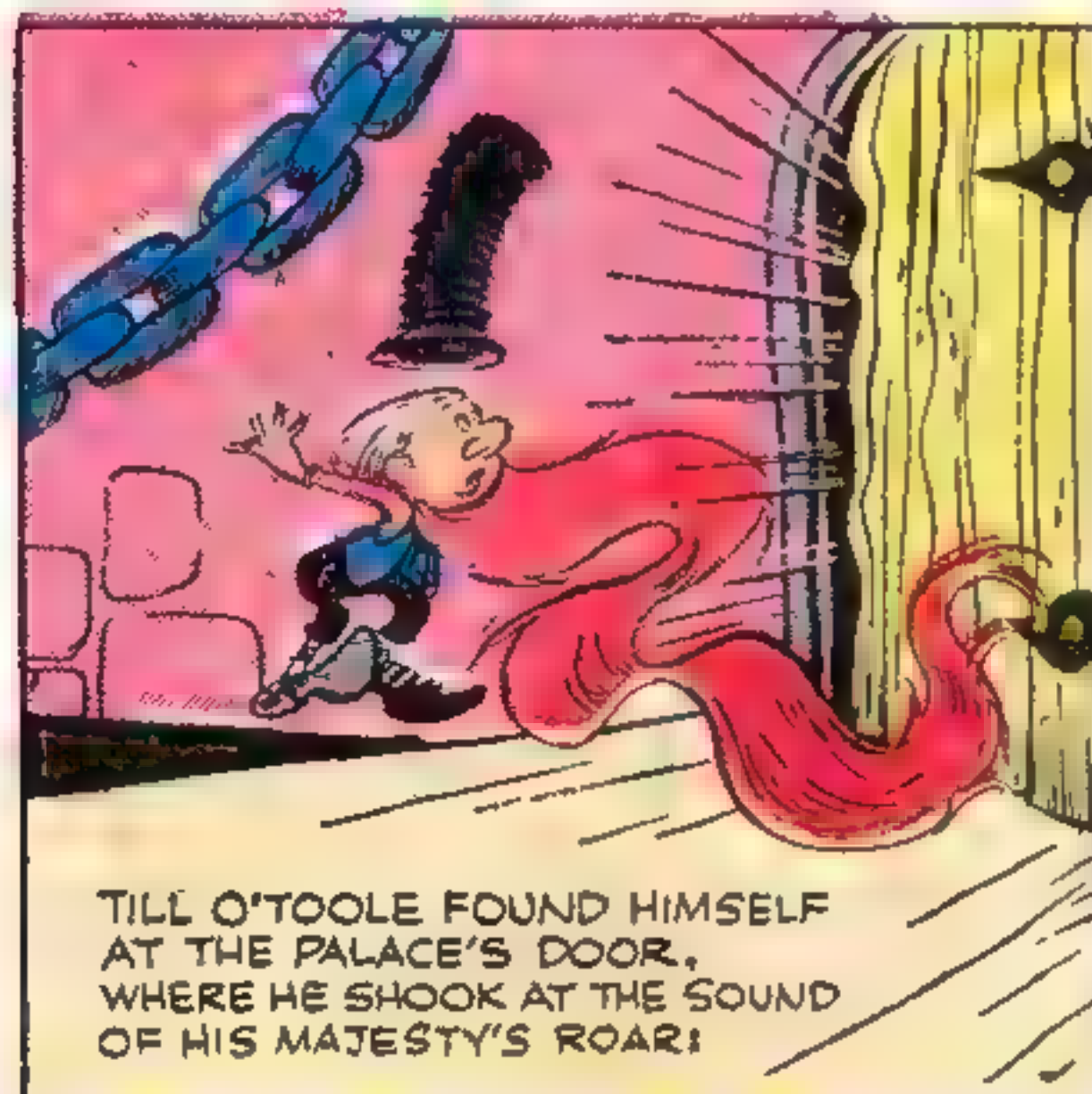
"WHAT A TURN OF EVENTS!"  
WERE THE FIRST WORDS HE SPOKE;  
"WHAT A TERRIBLE THING!"  
WHAT A HORRIBLE JOKE!"



WITH THIS LATEST MISFORTUNE  
HIS SHAME WAS COMPLETE;  
PEOPLE LAUGHED AT HIS BEARD  
AS IT DRAGGED THROUGH THE STREET.



LITTLE BOYS HOPPED ABOARD  
AS O'TOOLE WALKED DEJECTED;  
THE GREATEST THING YET  
SINCE THE SLED WAS PERFECTED!

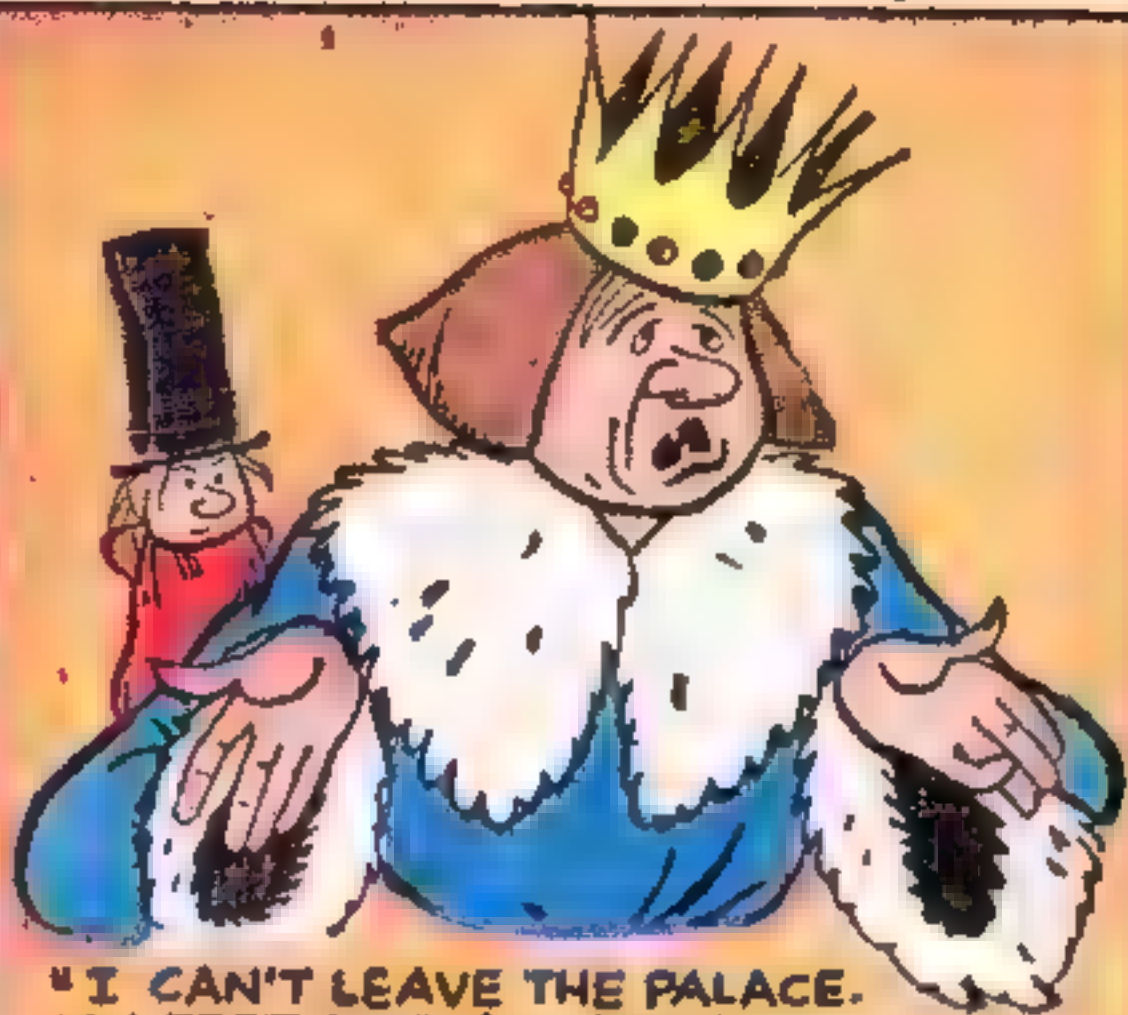


TILL O'TOOLE FOUND HIMSELF  
AT THE PALACE'S DOOR,  
WHERE HE SHOOK AT THE SOUND  
OF HIS MAJESTY'S ROAR!

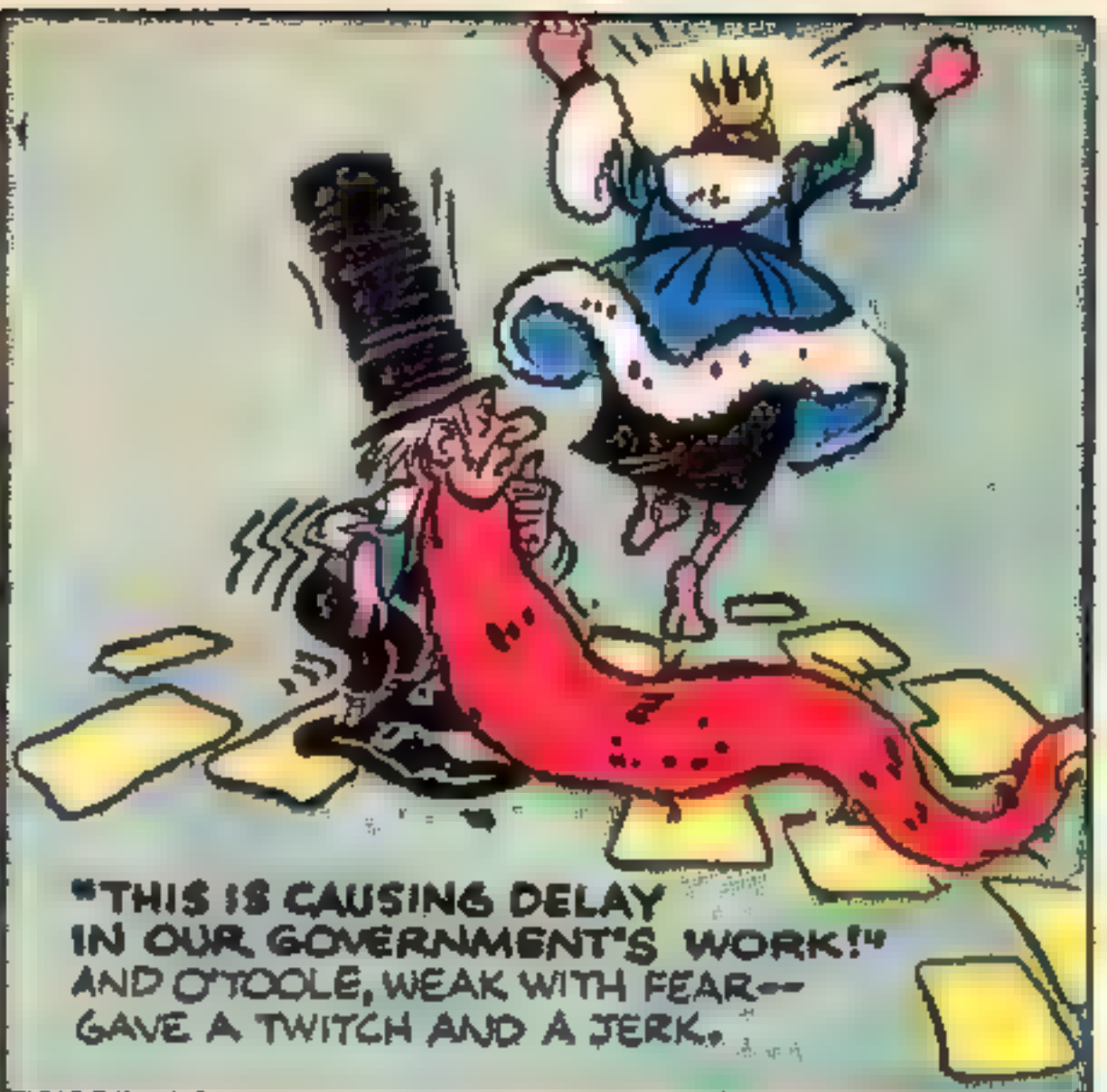


"THE CUR WHO HAS STOLEN  
MY CARPET OF RED,  
WILL PAY FOR THE DEED  
WITH THE LOSS OF HIS HEAD!"

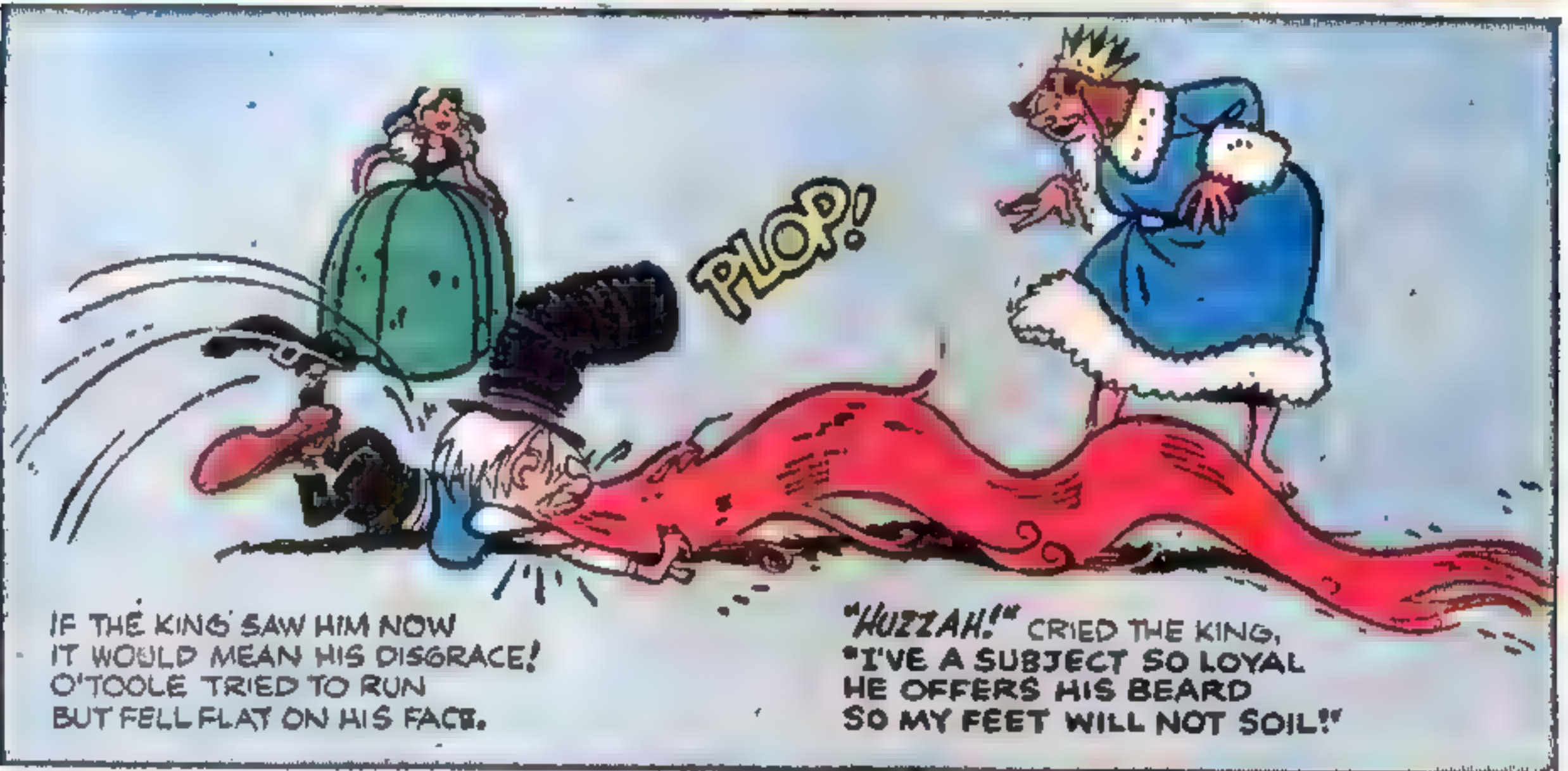




"I CAN'T LEAVE THE PALACE.  
MY FEET ARE TOO ROYAL;  
MY TOES ARE TOO TENDER  
TO WALK ON THE SOIL!"



"THIS IS CAUSING DELAY  
IN OUR GOVERNMENT'S WORK!"  
AND O'TOOLE, WEAK WITH FEAR--  
GAVE A TWITCH AND A JERK.

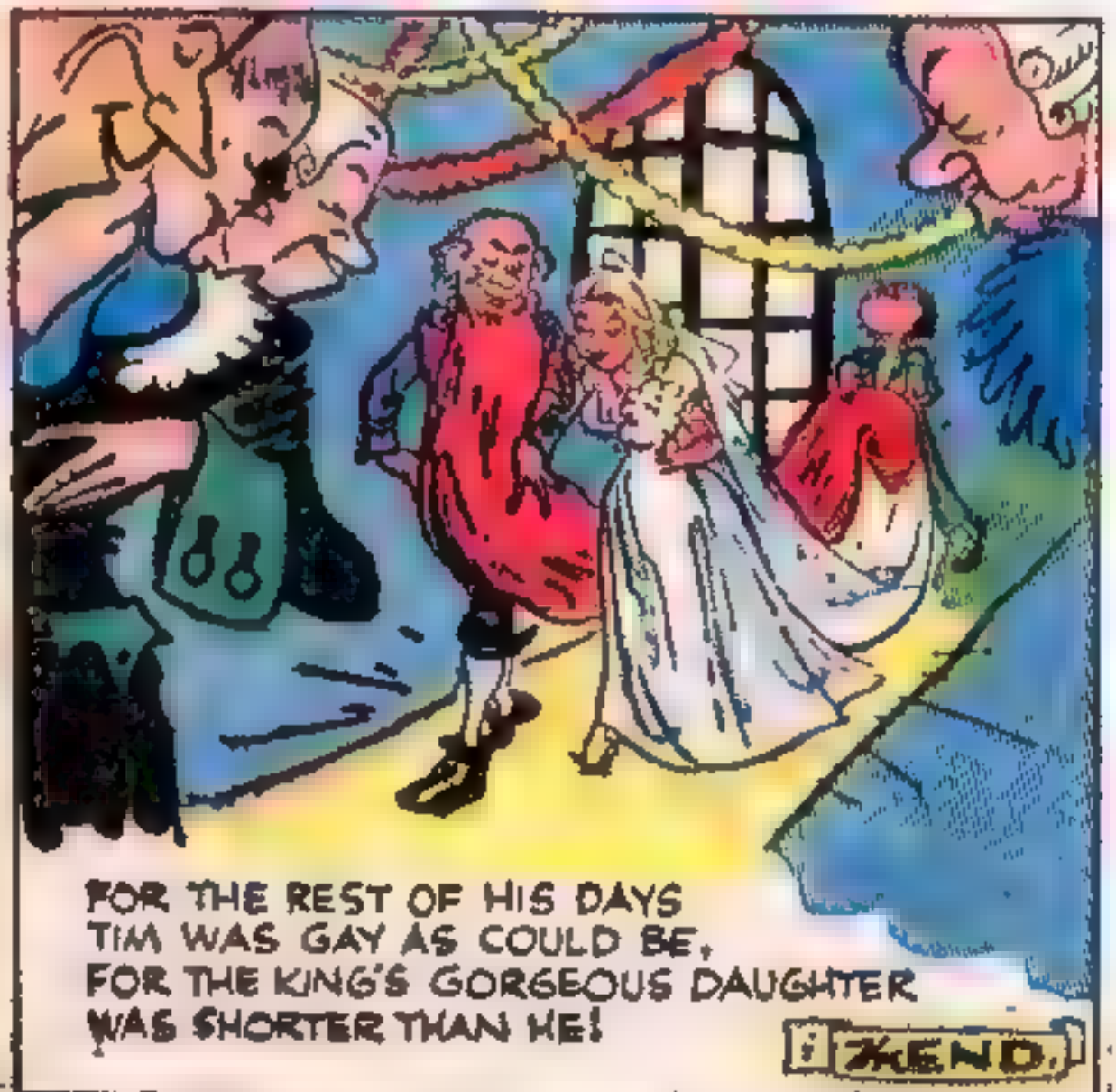


IF THE KING SAW HIM NOW  
IT WOULD MEAN HIS DISGRACE!  
O'TOOLE TRIED TO RUN  
BUT FELL FLAT ON HIS FACE.

"HUZZAH!" CRIED THE KING,  
"I'VE A SUBJECT SO LOYAL  
HE OFFERS HIS BEARD  
SO MY FEET WILL NOT SOIL!"



"IN RETURN," SAID THE KING,  
AS HE WALKED ON TIM'S BEAVER,  
"YOU MAY MARRY MY DAUGHTER,  
THE YOUNG PRINCESS EVA!"



FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS  
TIM WAS GAY AS COULD BE,  
FOR THE KING'S GORGEOUS DAUGHTER  
WAS SHORTER THAN HE!

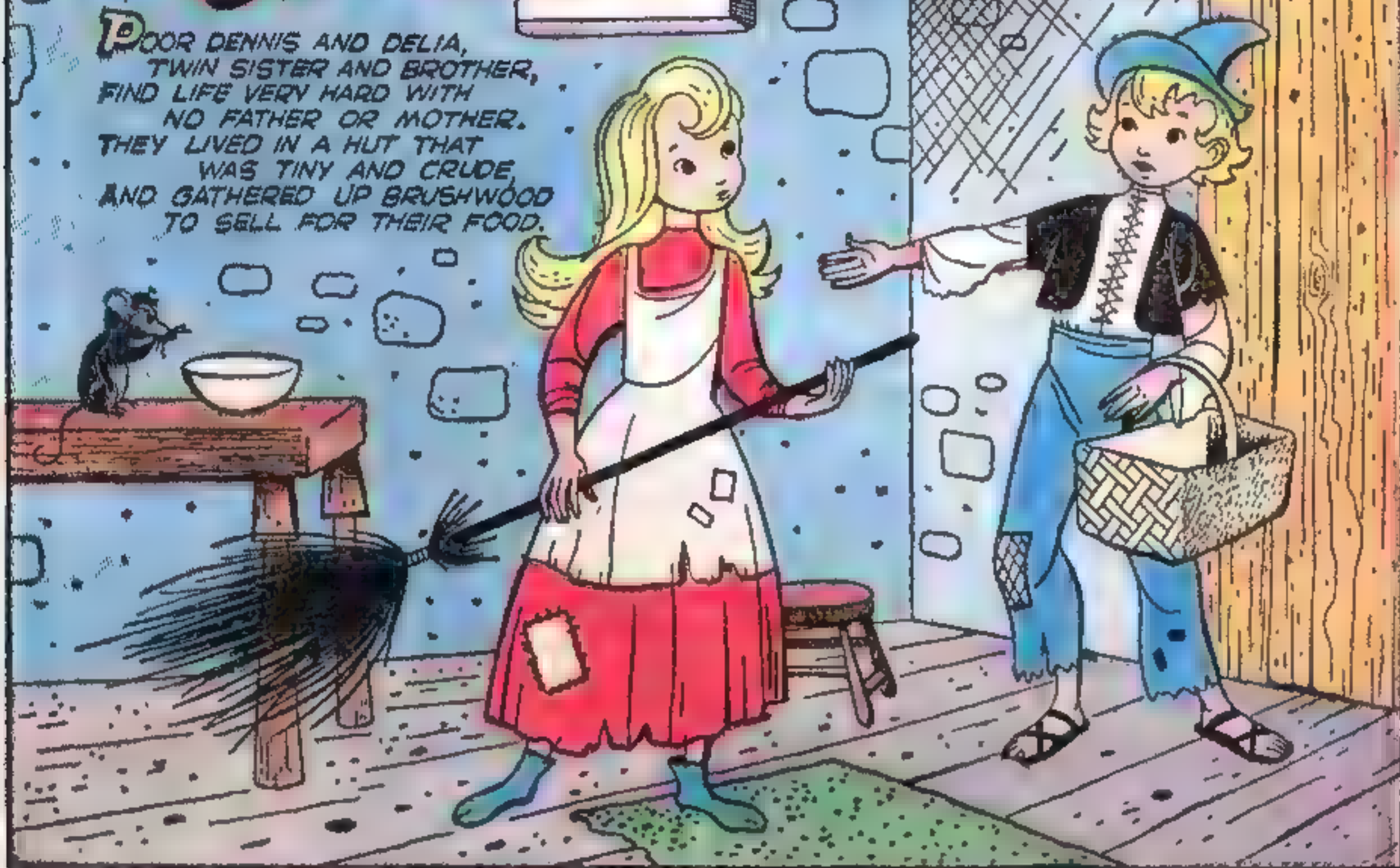
**THE END**



# The MAGIC CHEST

POOR DENNIS AND DELIA,  
TWIN SISTER AND BROTHER,  
FIND LIFE VERY HARD WITH  
NO FATHER OR MOTHER.  
THEY LIVED IN A HUT THAT  
WAS TINY AND CRUDE,  
AND GATHERED UP BRUSHWOOD  
TO SELL FOR THEIR FOOD.

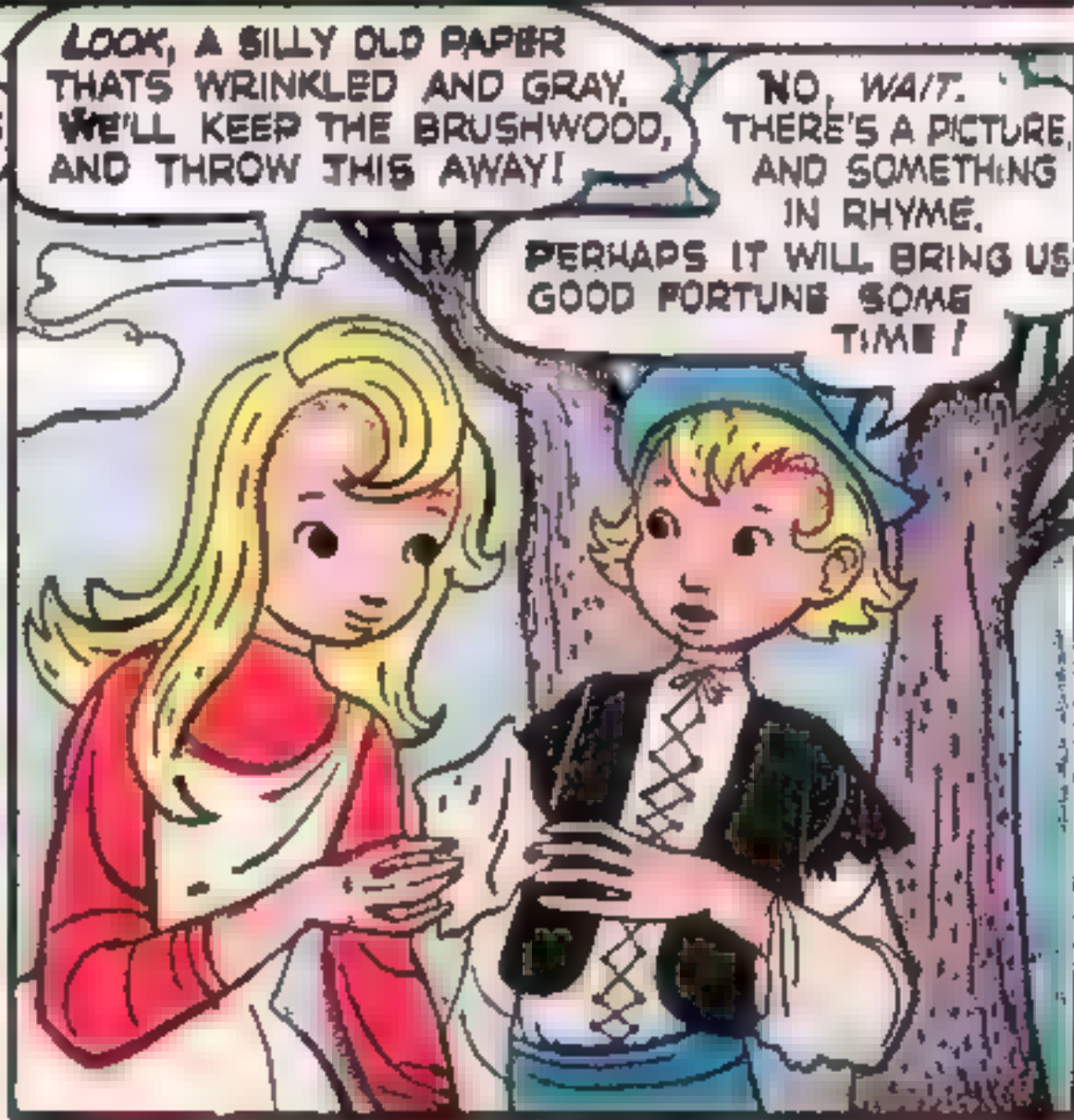
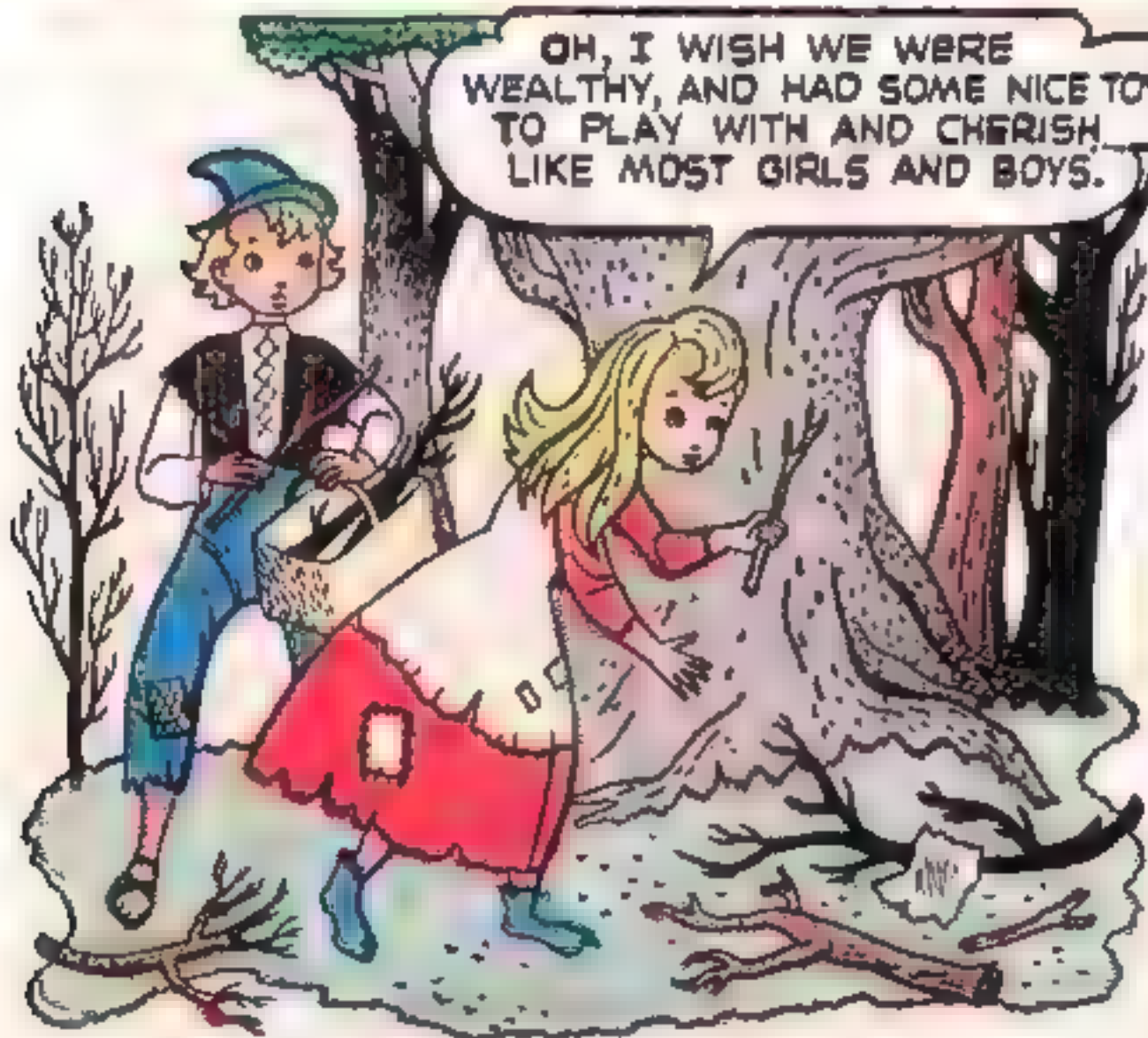
COME DELIA, I'M HUNGRY!  
BEFORE WE GROW THINNER  
LET'S GATHER SOME WOOD  
TO GET MONEY FOR DINNER!



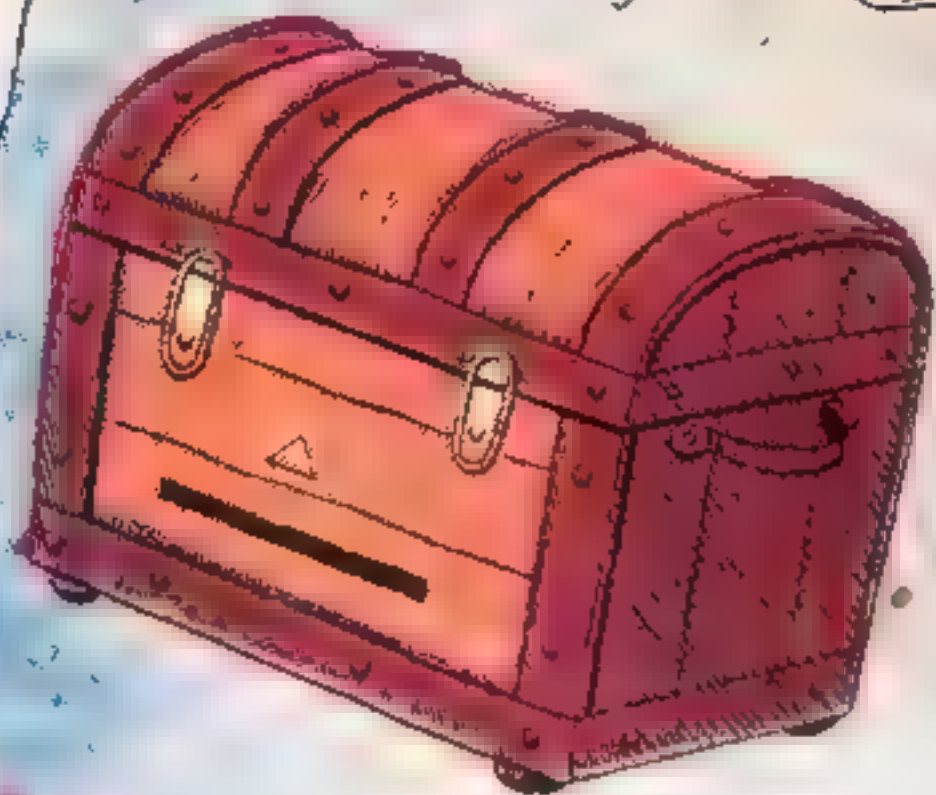
OH, I WISH WE WERE  
WEALTHY, AND HAD SOME NICE TOYS  
TO PLAY WITH AND CHERISH  
LIKE MOST GIRLS AND BOYS.

LOOK, A SILLY OLD PAPER  
THAT'S WRINKLED AND GRAY.  
WE'LL KEEP THE BRUSHWOOD,  
AND THROW THIS AWAY!

NO, WAIT.  
THERE'S A PICTURE  
AND SOMETHING  
IN RHYME.  
PERHAPS IT WILL BRING US  
GOOD FORTUNE SOME  
TIME!







TAKE ME AND BUILD ME STRONG AND TRUE,  
AND I'LL DO SOMETHING NICE FOR YOU.  
*THE MAGIC Chest*

LET'S HURRY HOME AND DO OUR BEST  
TO BUILD OURSELVES THIS MAGIC CHEST!

I WONDER IF THESE  
WORDS ARE TRUE,  
I WONDER WHAT THE  
CHEST COULD DO!



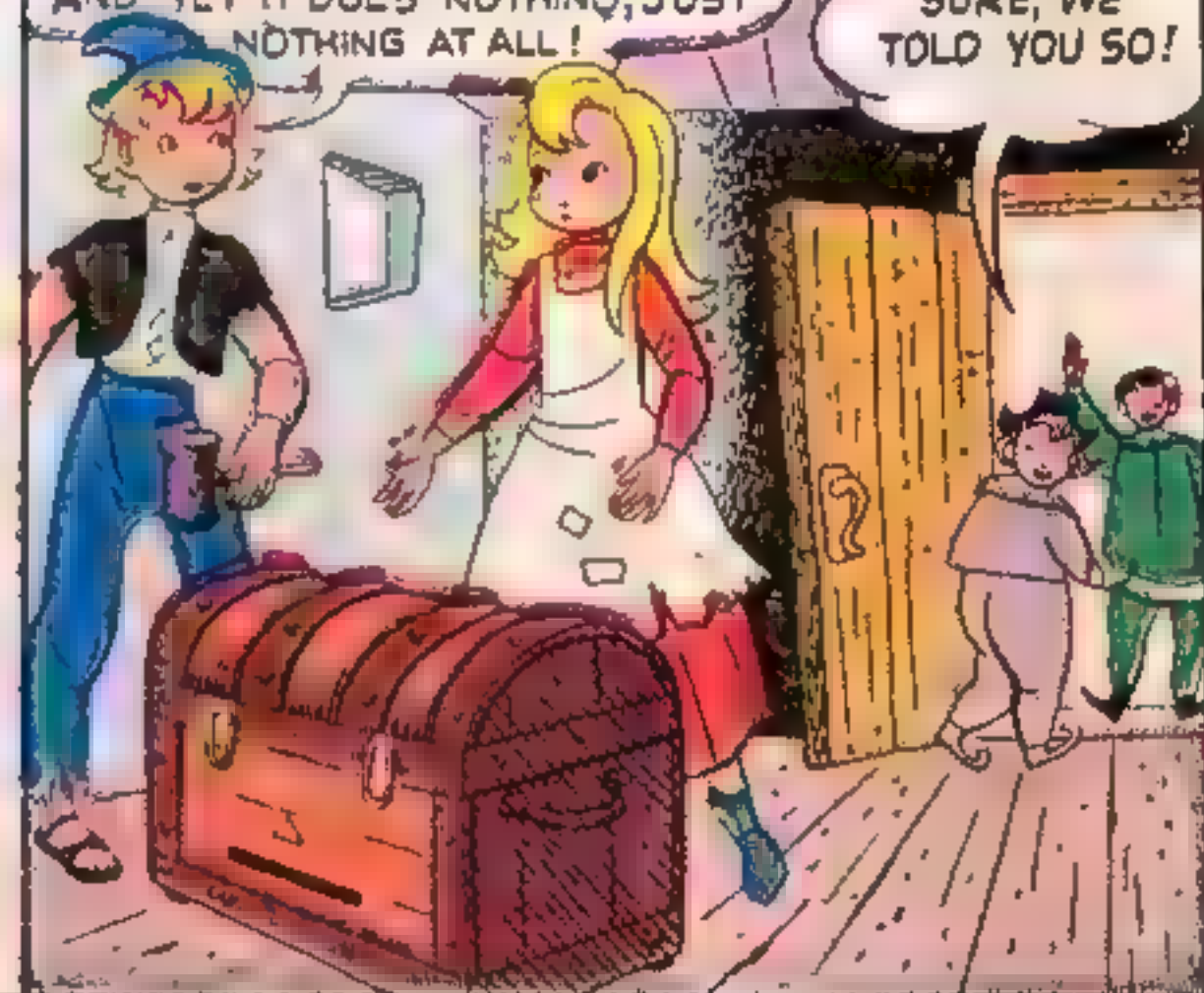
YOU POOR LITTLE  
SILLIES, YOU'RE WASTING  
GOOD WOOD!  
A CHEST CAN'T BE  
MAGIC. IT WILL DO YOU  
NO GOOD!

HA, HA, THEY THINK  
THAT ANY MINUTE  
THEY'LL HAVE A CHEST  
WITH TREASURE IN IT!



WE BUILT IT JUST RIGHT, NOT TOO  
BIG OR TOO SMALL --  
AND YET IT DOES NOTHING, JUST  
NOTHING AT ALL!

HA, HA! HO, HO!  
SURE, WE  
TOLD YOU SO!

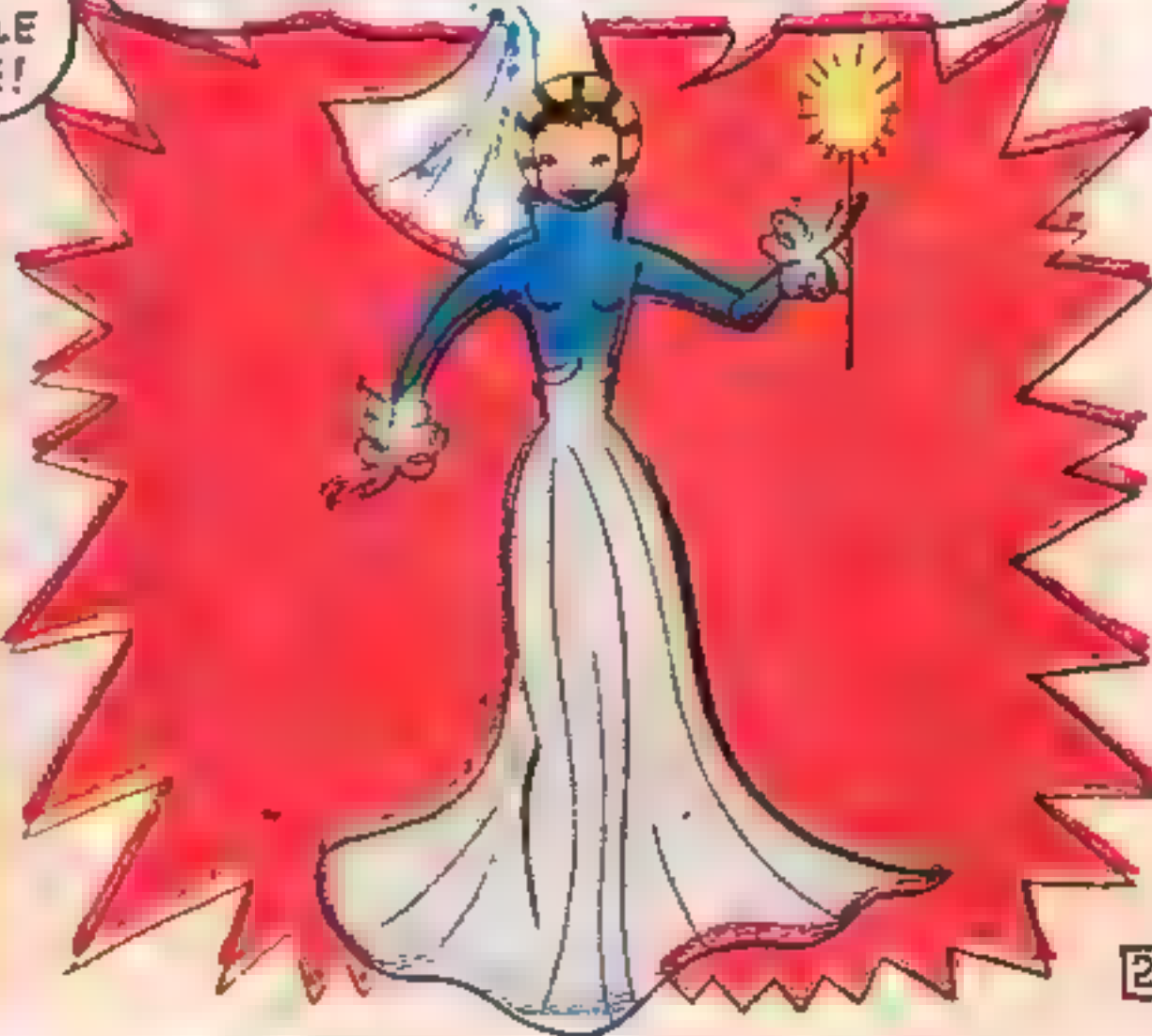
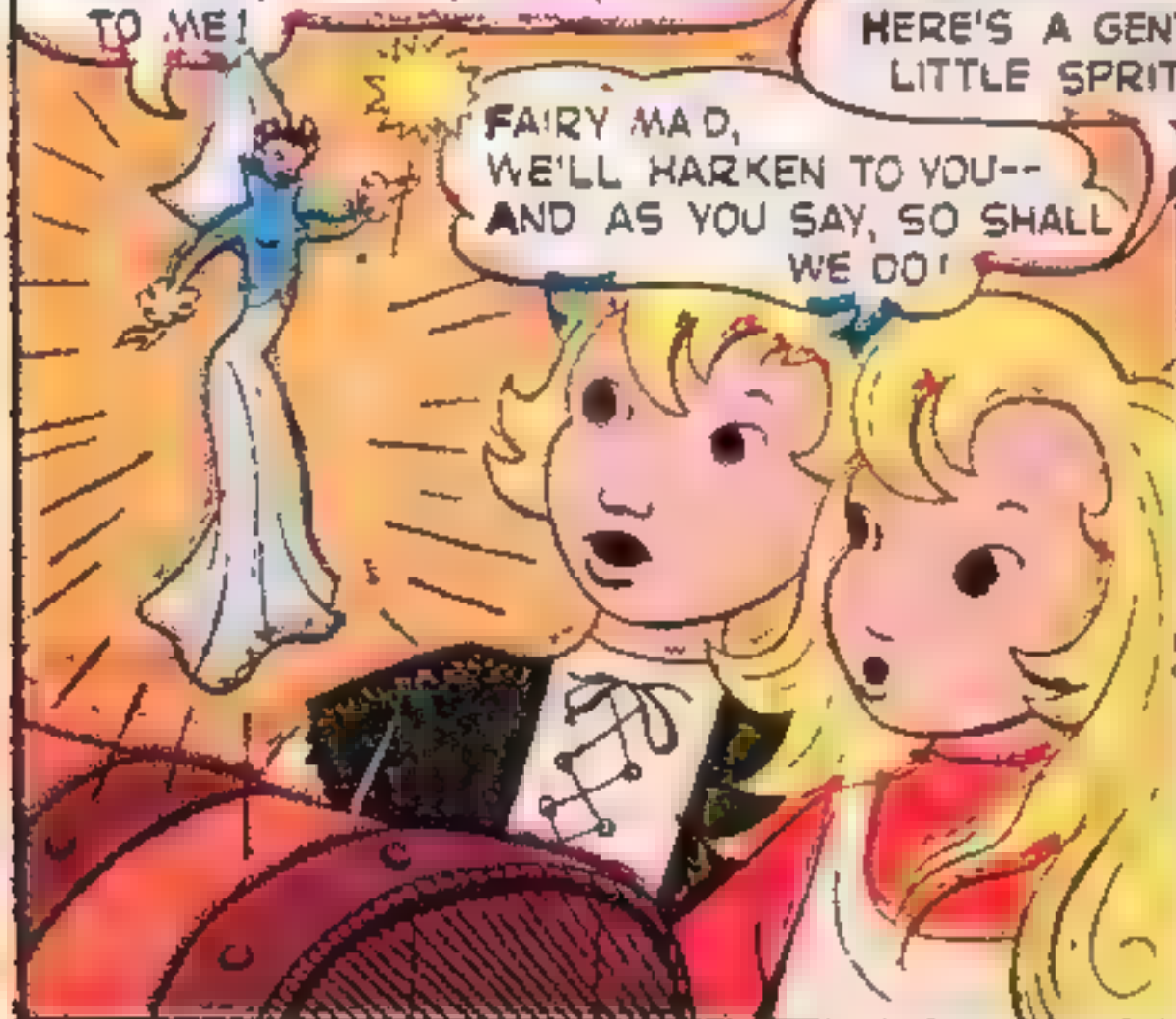


BY THE IMMORTAL POWERS  
THAT BE, DENNIS, DELIA, HARKEN  
TO ME!

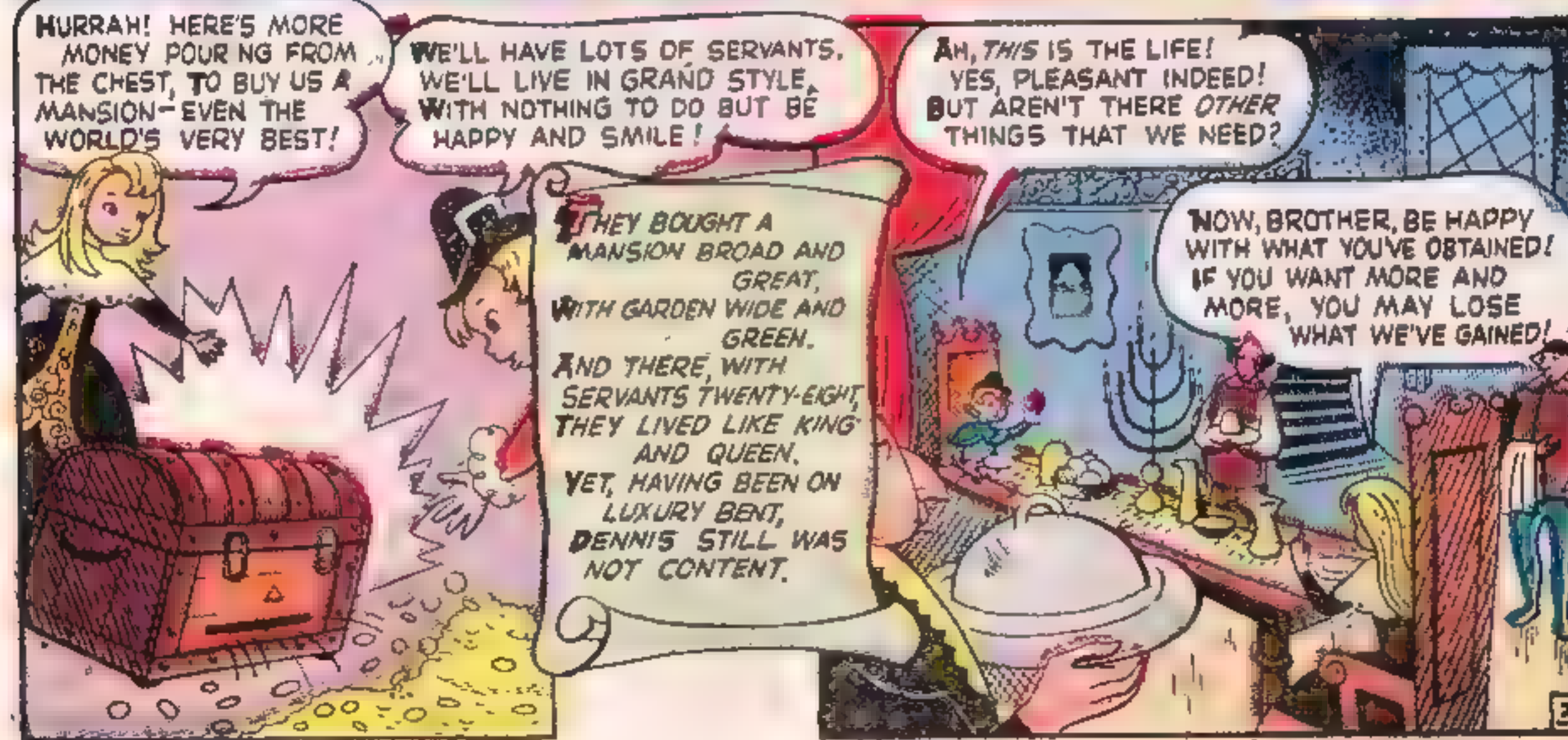
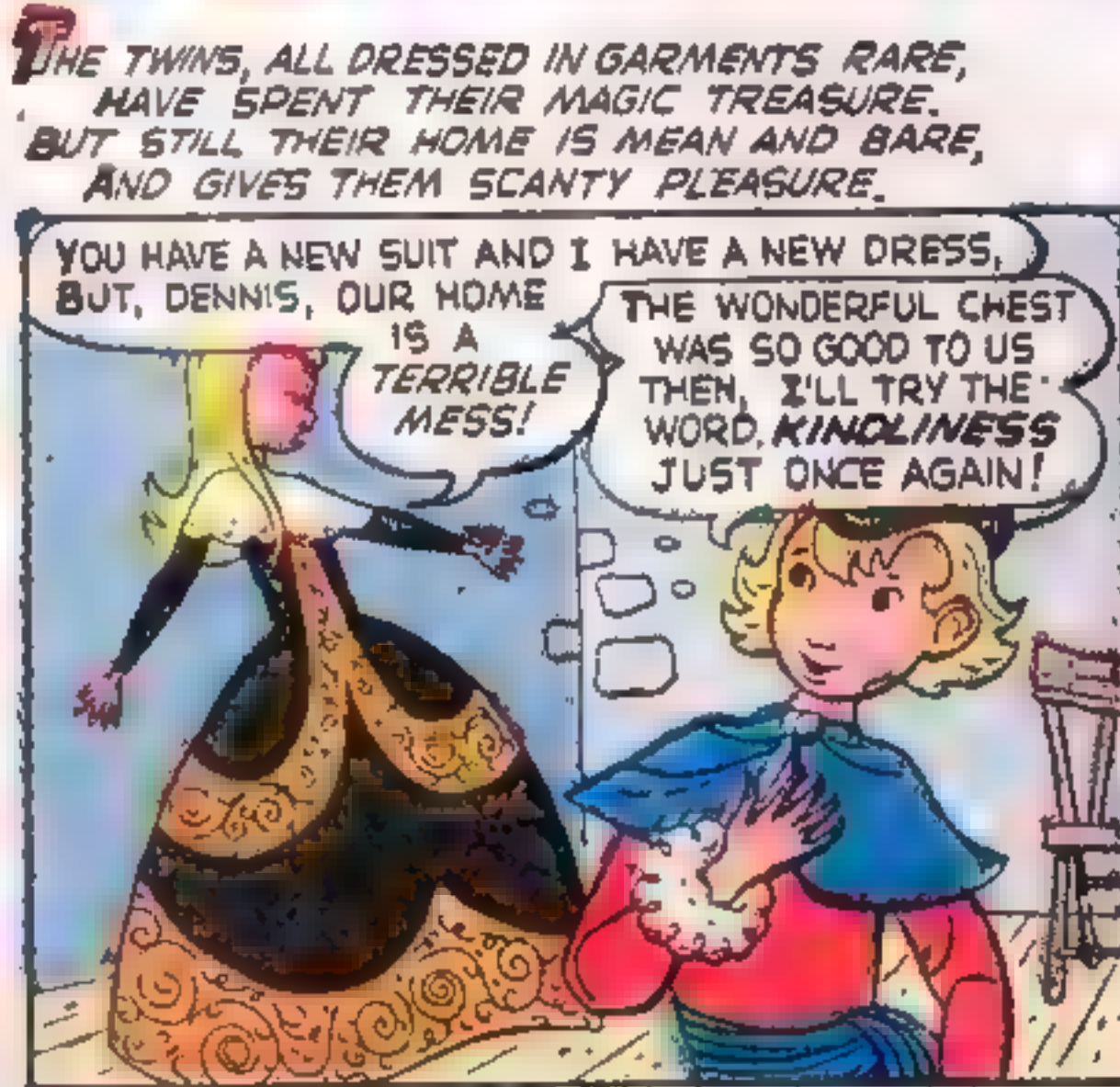
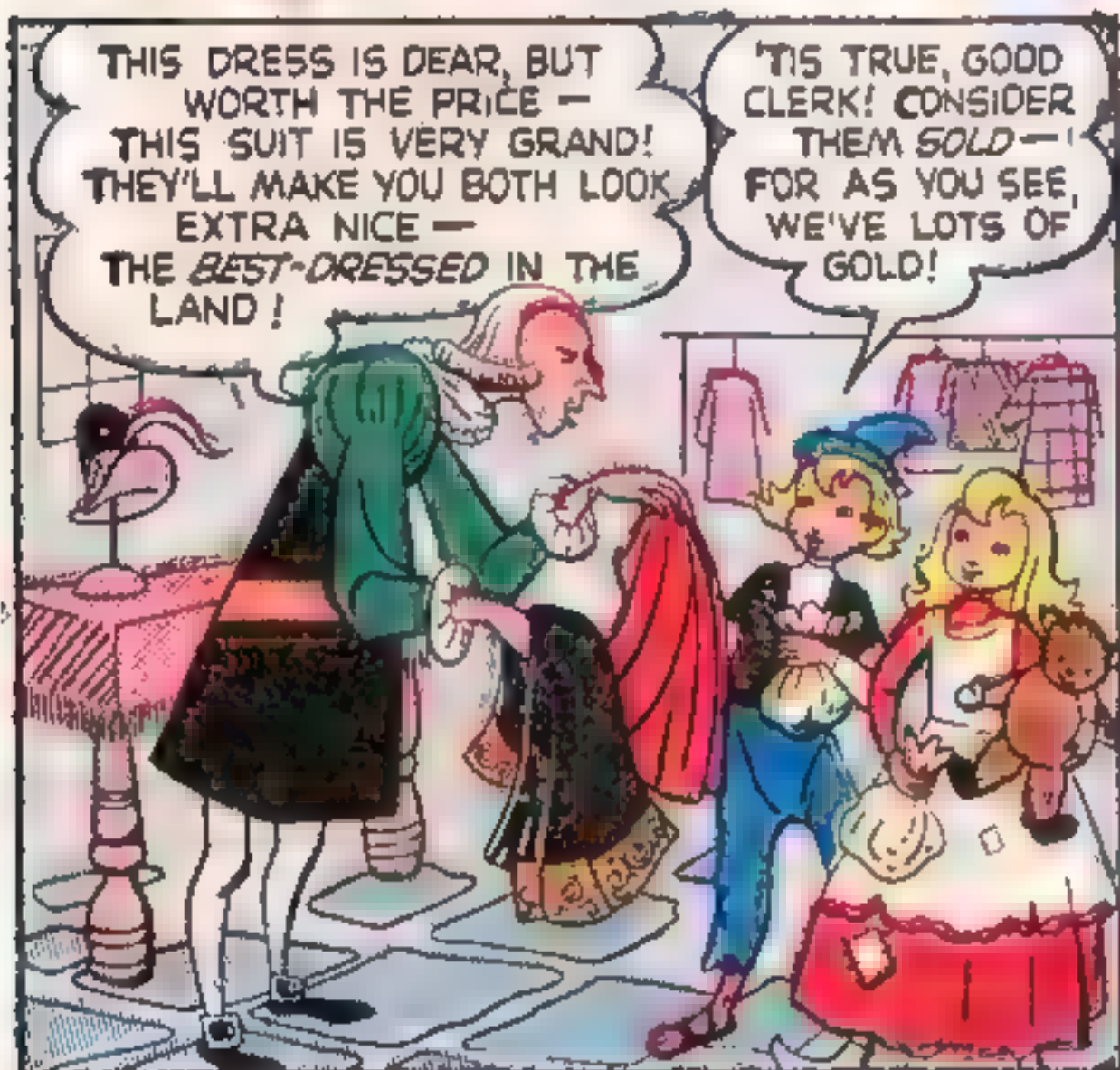
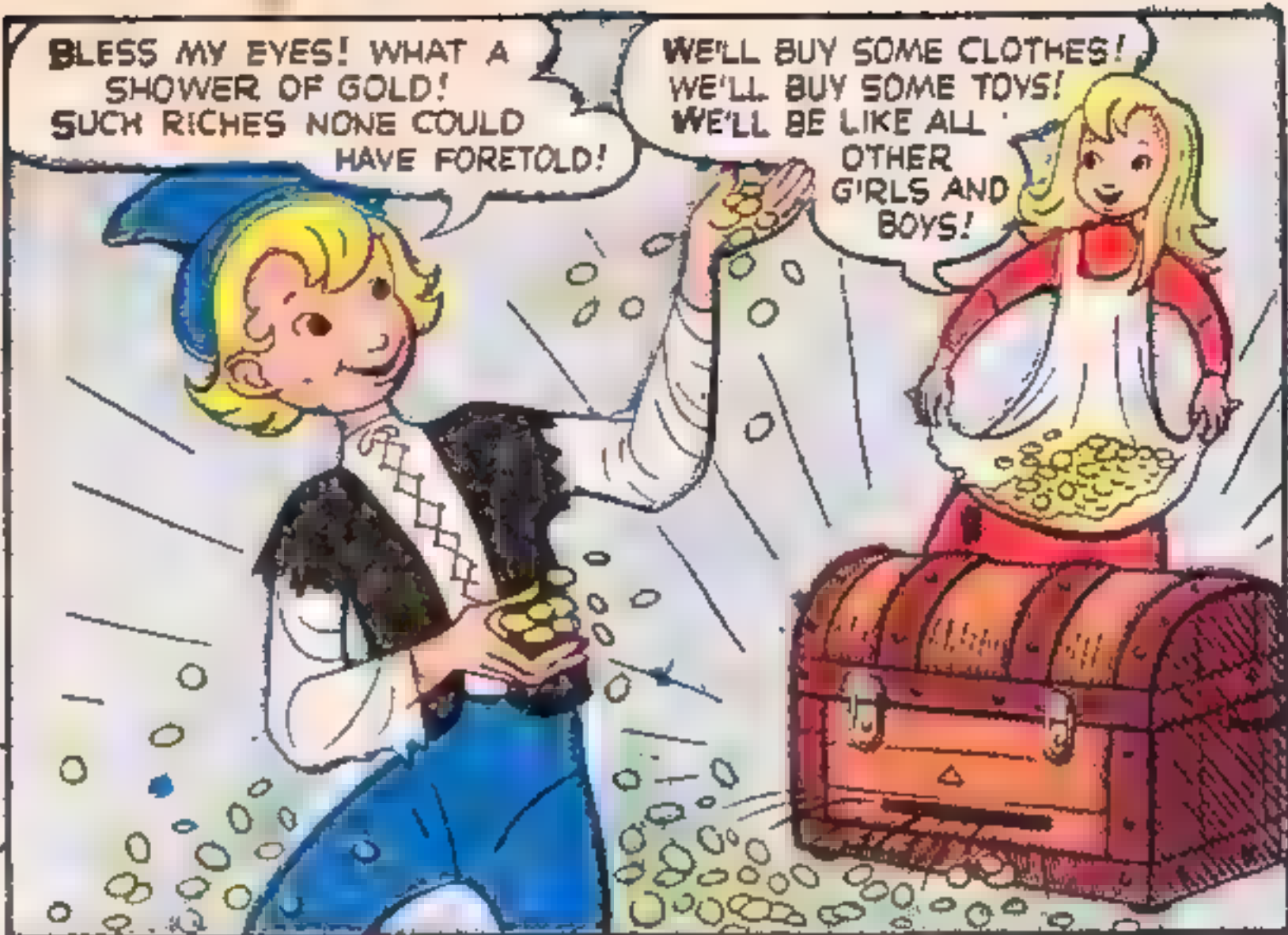
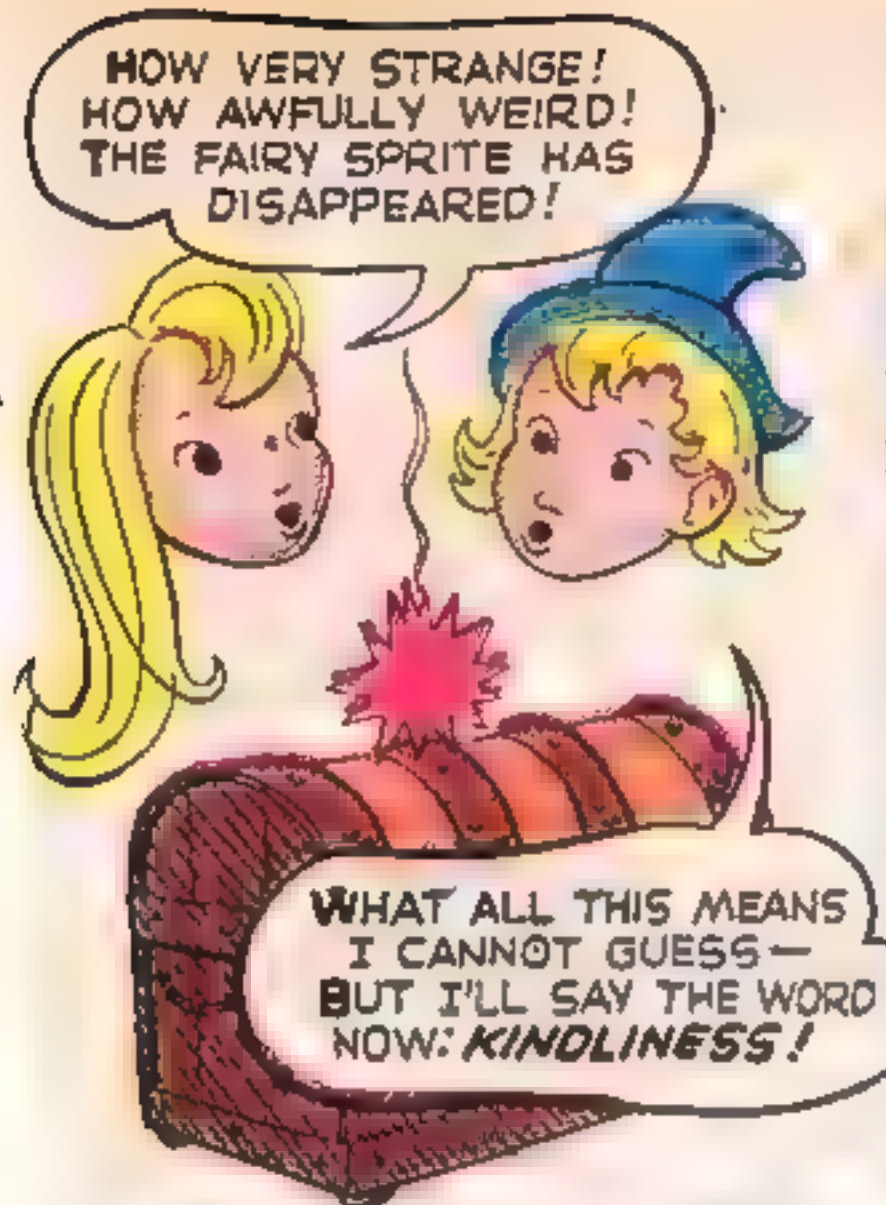
WHAT A VISION OF  
DELIGHT!  
HERE'S A GENTLE  
LITTLE SPRITE!

FAIRY MAD,  
WE'LL HARKEN TO YOU--  
AND AS YOU SAY, SO SHALL  
WE DO!

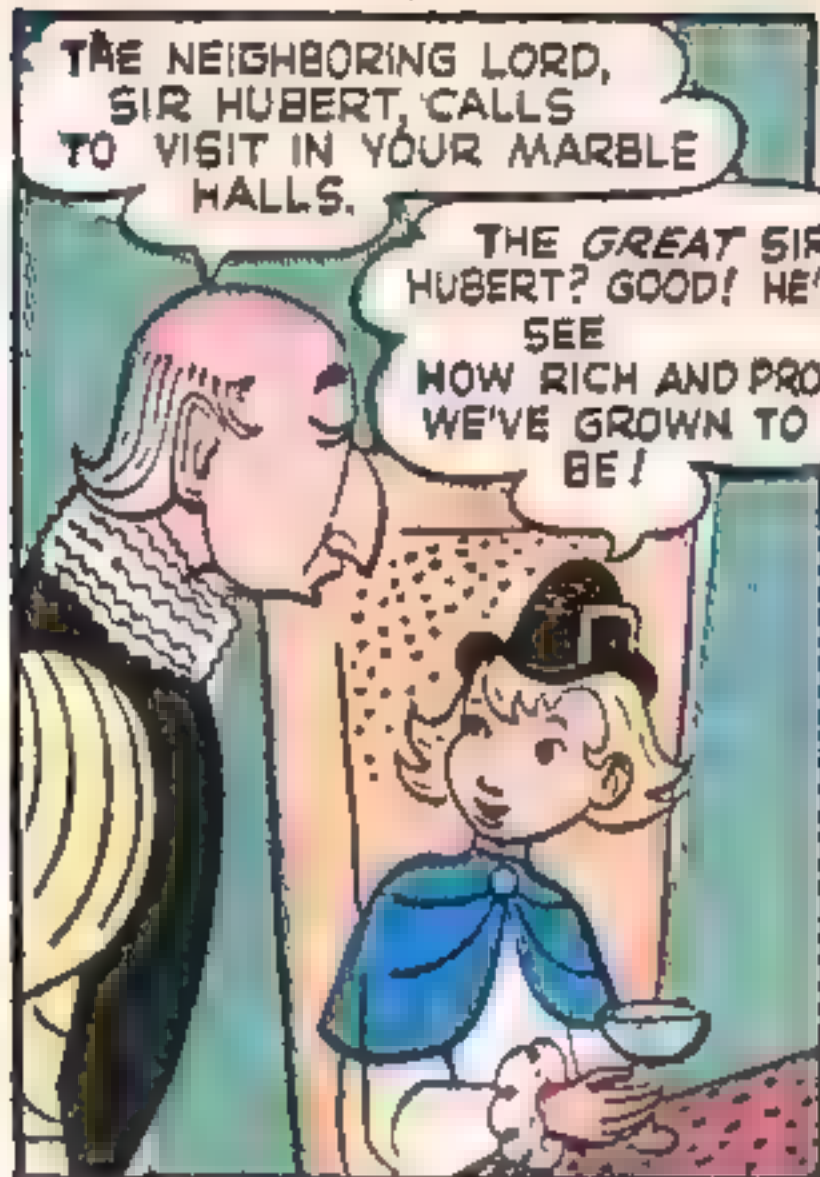
TO THE CHEST THIS WORD ADDRESS:  
THE MAGIC WORD IS **KINDLINESS!**





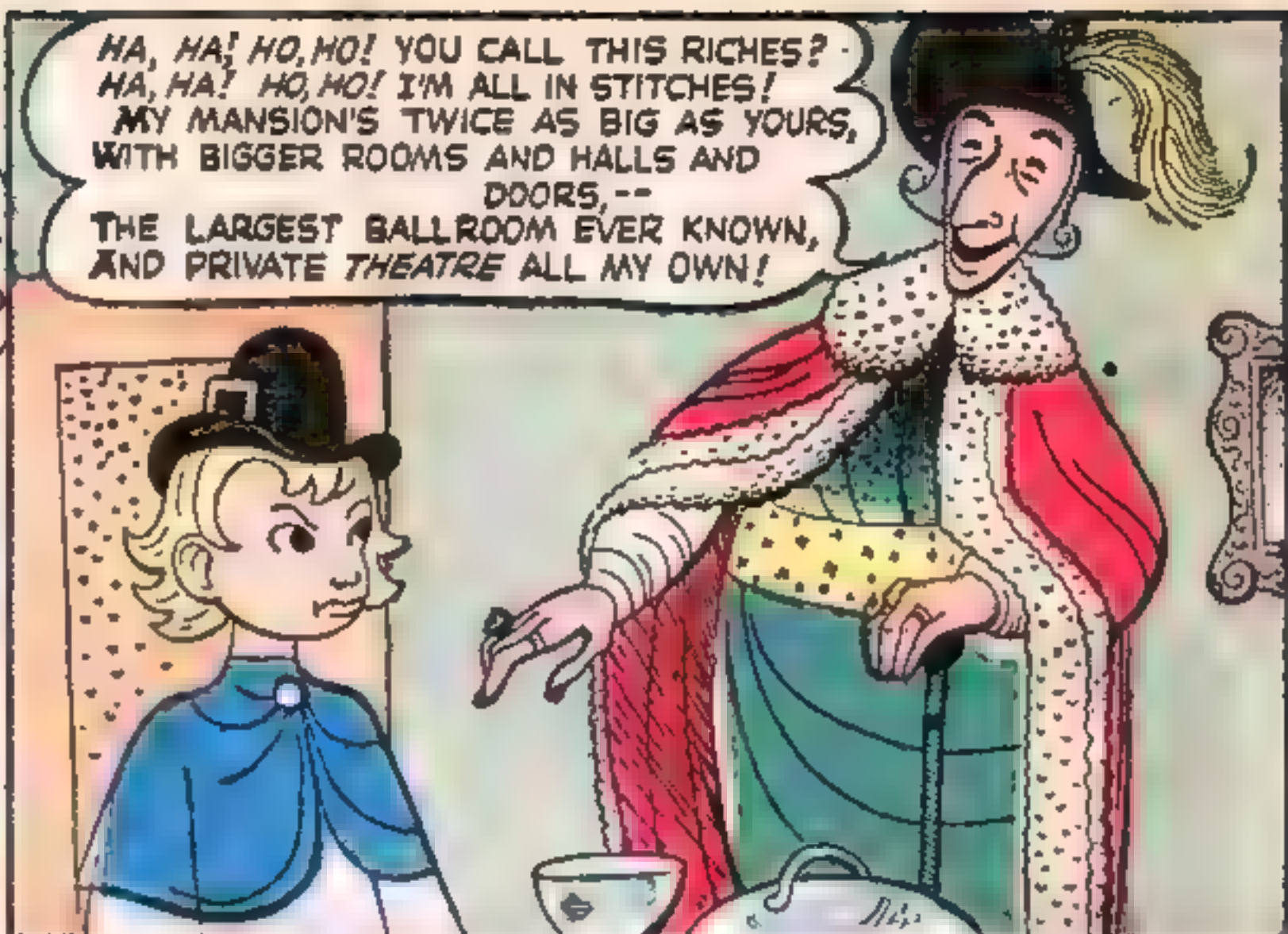




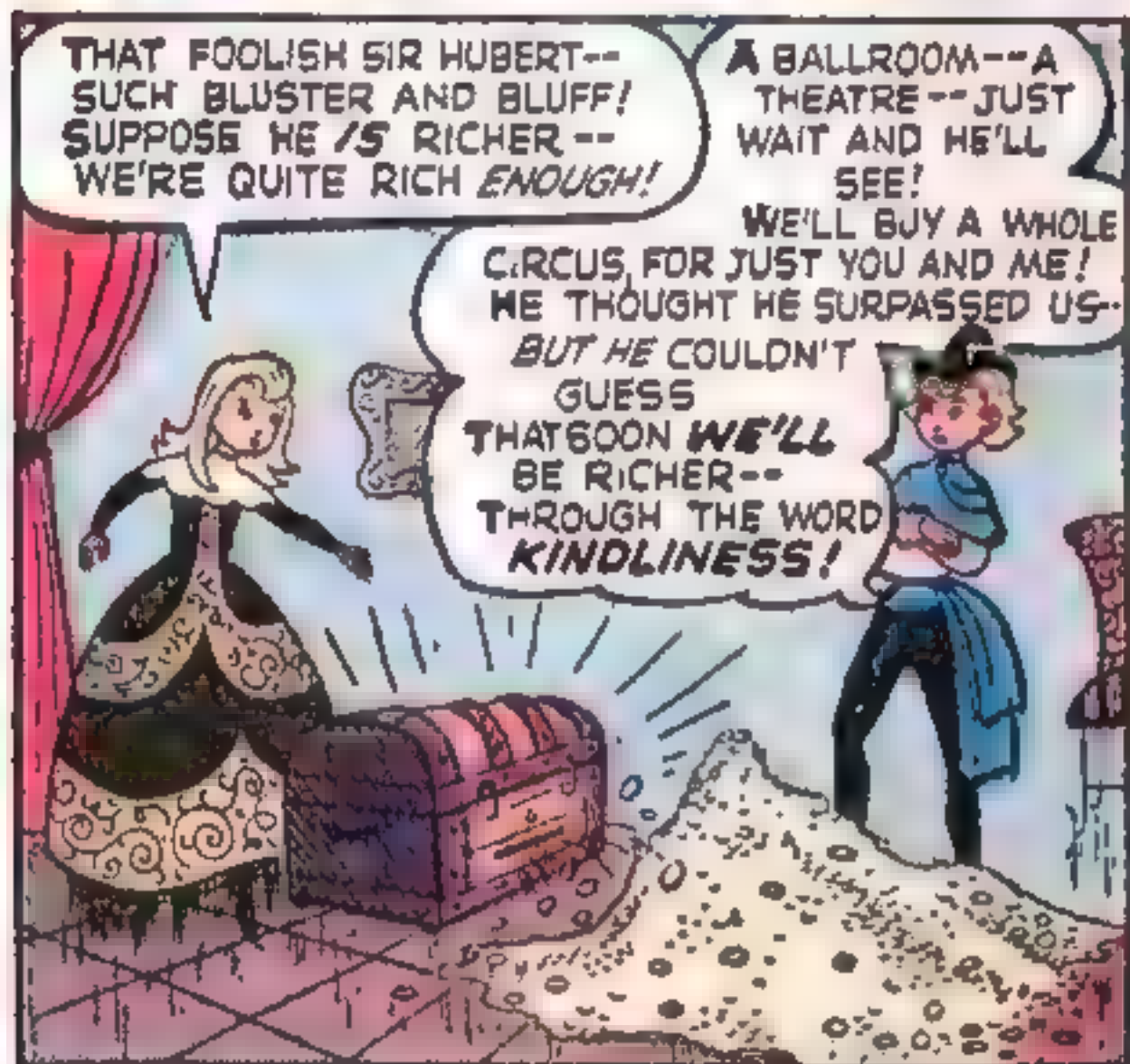


THE NEIGHBORING LORD, SIR HUBERT, CALLS TO VISIT IN YOUR MARBLE HALLS.

THE GREAT SIR HUBERT? GOOD! HE'LL SEE HOW RICH AND PROUD WE'VE GROWN TO BE!



HA, HA! HO, HO! YOU CALL THIS RICHES? HA, HA! HO, HO! I'M ALL IN STITCHES! MY MANSION'S TWICE AS BIG AS YOURS, WITH BIGGER ROOMS AND HALLS AND DOORS, -- THE LARGEST BALLROOM EVER KNOWN, AND PRIVATE THEATRE ALL MY OWN!



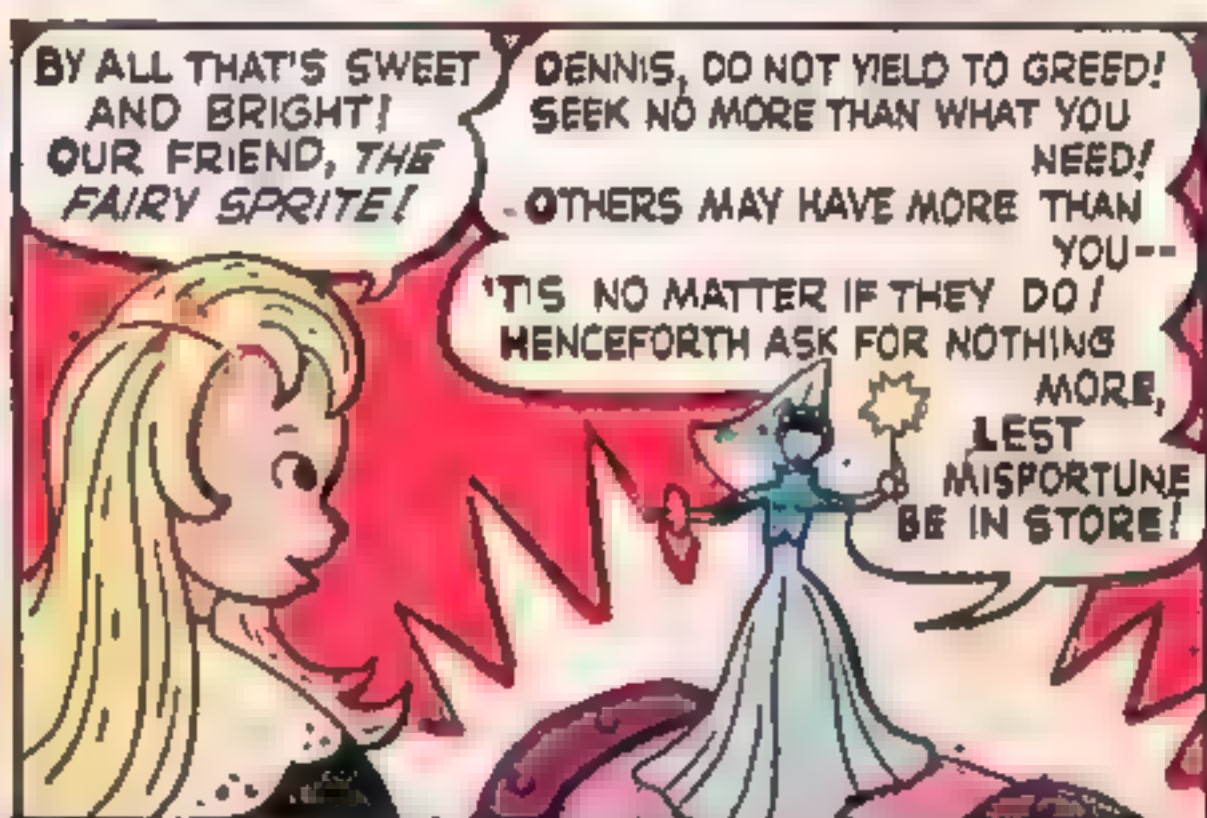
THAT FOOLISH SIR HUBERT-- SUCH BLUSTER AND BLUFF! SUPPOSE HE *IS* RICHER -- WE'RE QUITE RICH ENOUGH!

A BALLROOM--A THEATRE--JUST WAIT AND HE'LL SEE!

WE'LL BUY A WHOLE

CIRCUS, FOR JUST YOU AND ME! HE THOUGHT HE SURPASSED US-- BUT HE COULDN'T

GUESS THAT SOON *WE'LL* BE RICHER-- THROUGH THE WORD *KINDLINESS!*

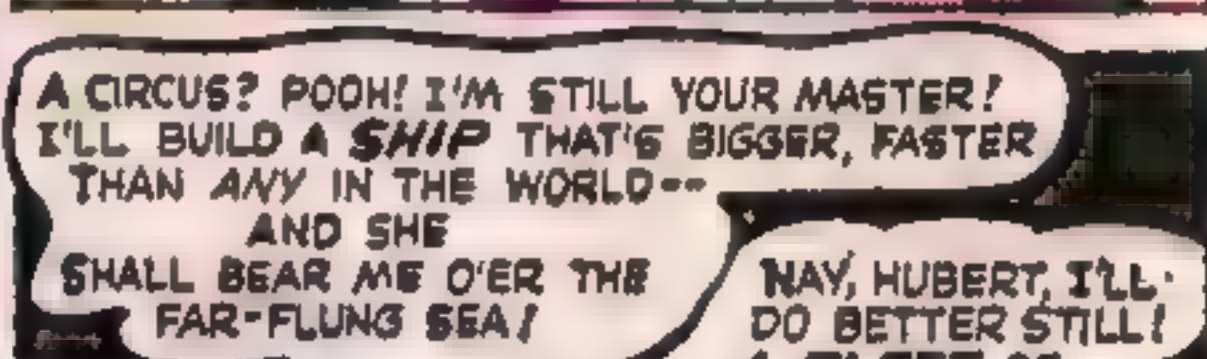


BY ALL THAT'S SWEET AND BRIGHT! OUR FRIEND, THE FAIRY SPRITE!

DENNIS, DO NOT YIELD TO GREED! SEEK NO MORE THAN WHAT YOU NEED!

OTHERS MAY HAVE MORE THAN YOU--

'T'S NO MATTER IF THEY DO! HENCEFORTH ASK FOR NOTHING MORE, LEST MISFORTUNE BE IN STORE!

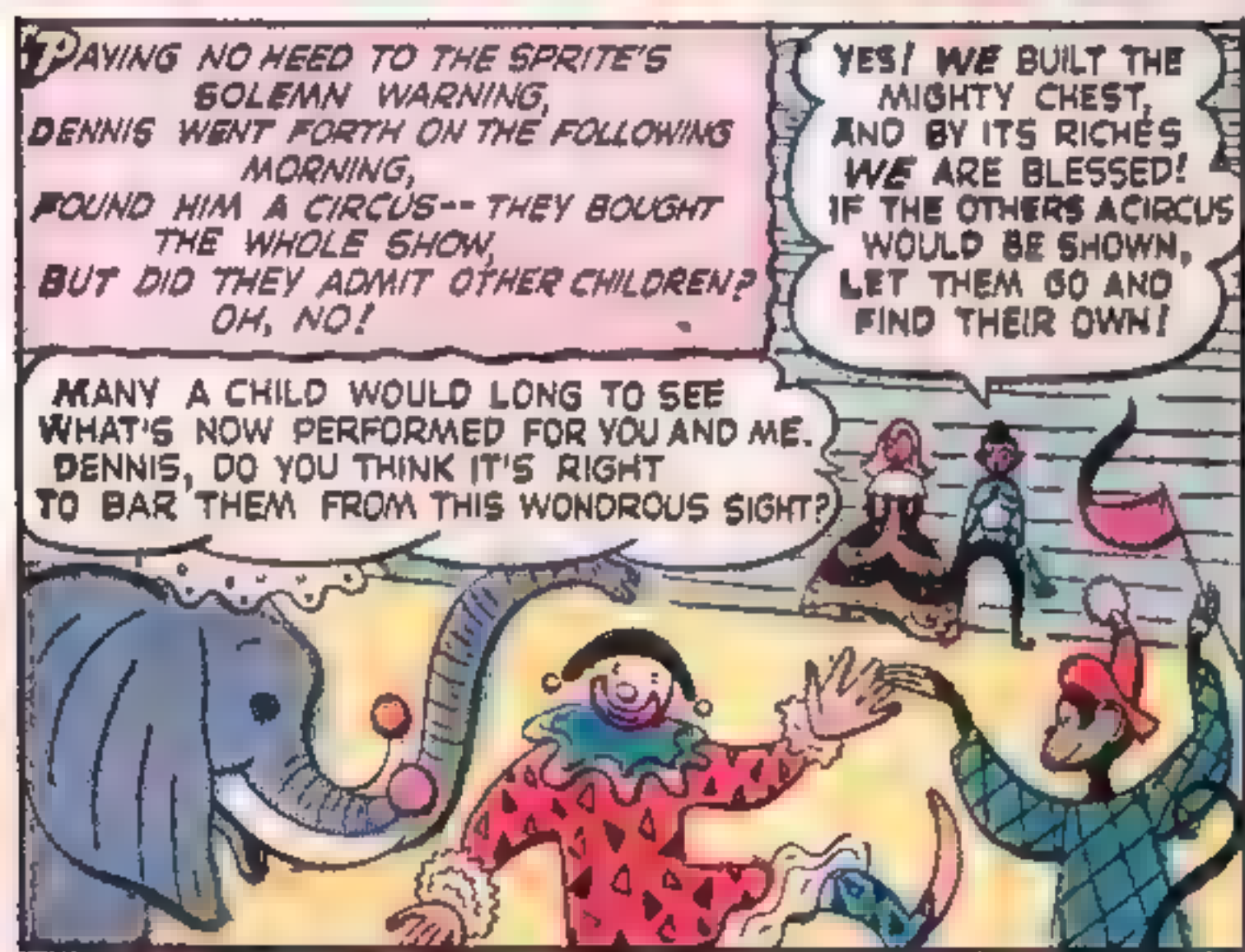


A CIRCUS? POOH! I'M STILL YOUR MASTER! I'LL BUILD A *SHIP* THAT'S BIGGER, FASTER THAN ANY IN THE WORLD-- AND SHE SHALL BEAR ME O'ER THE FAR-FLUNG SEA!

NAY, HUBERT, I'LL DO BETTER STILL!

A *FLEET* OF

SHIPS IS NOW MY WILL! ONE FINAL SHOWER OF GOLD I'LL WREST FROM OUR BOUNTEOUS MAGIC CHEST!



PAYING NO HEED TO THE SPRITE'S SOLEMN WARNING, DENNIS WENT FORTH ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING, FOUND HIM A CIRCUS-- THEY BOUGHT THE WHOLE SHOW, BUT DID THEY ADMIT OTHER CHILDREN? OH, NO!

MANY A CHILD WOULD LONG TO SEE WHAT'S NOW PERFORMED FOR YOU AND ME. DENNIS, DO YOU THINK IT'S RIGHT TO BAR THEM FROM THIS WONDROUS SIGHT?

YES! WE BUILT THE MIGHTY CHEST, AND BY ITS RICHES WE ARE BLESSED! IF THE OTHERS A CIRCUS WOULD BE SHOWN, LET THEM GO AND FIND THEIR OWN!



DENNIS, BEWARE, AS THE SPRITE HAS SPOKEN, ASK FOR NO MORE, Ere the CHARM WILL BE BROKEN!



**B**UT DENNIS, IN HIS ENVIDIOUS GREED,  
TO DELIA'S WARNING PAID NO HEED.

GOOD FAIRY, PRAY, ONE  
MORE CARESS!  
I SPEAK THE WORD NOW:  
**KINDLINESS!**

**BOOM!**  
**CRASH!**

ALAS, ALACK!  
OUR DOOM HAS STRUCK!  
TOO LONG WE'VE  
TRIFLED WITH OUR LUCK!

SEE, DENNIS, NOW WE'RE POOR ONCE MORE!  
POOR AS EVER WE WERE BEFORE!  
BUT THOUGH THIS SORROW IS WELL EARNED,  
A NOBLE LESSON WE HAVE LEARNED:  
WHEN RICHES COME IN BOUNDLESS  
MEASURE,  
USE THEM *NOT* FOR SELFISH  
PLEASURE!

THAT'S TRUE!  
BUT LOOK--THE CHEST REMAINS  
TO HELP REMOVE GREED'S  
LUSTY STAINS.  
IF GOLD WILL STILL COME  
GUSHING FREE,  
WE'LL PLEDGE TO USE IT  
UNSELFISHLY!

WE'LL FEED THE HUNGRY  
WE'LL HELP THE POOR,  
AND WE'LL BE BLIND  
TO ENVY'S LURE!

YES, WE'LL USE THE  
GOLD TO STRESS  
THE *TRUE MEANING*  
OF--  
**KINDLINESS!**

GOOD CITY FATHERS, TAKE THIS WEALTH  
AND USE IT FOR THE COMMON HEALTH.  
TO ORPHANS, AND TO AGED GIVE  
GOOD HOMES WHERE THEY  
CAN SAFELY LIVE.  
AND HENCEFORTH, ALL THE  
WEALTH WE BOAST  
WE'LL SHARE WITH THEM  
THAT NEED IT MOST!

**S**O DENNIS AND  
DELIA FOUND  
HAPPINESS TRUE,  
AS ALL WHO ARE  
UNSELFISH DO.  
THEY LIVED IN A  
COTTAGE, 'T WAS  
LITTLE BUT COZY,  
SPENT NOUGHT ON  
THEMSELVES, BUT  
THEIR LIFE WAS  
ALL ROSY,  
FOR IN SHARING  
THE GIFTS THAT  
GOOD FORTUNE  
HAD BROUGHT,  
THEY GOT THE  
MOST FUN AND  
WANTED FOR  
NAUGHT!

WE HAVE ENOUGH, WE WANT  
NO MORE --  
WE'VE LEARNED TO SHARE  
OUR GOODLY STORE!

TO THOSE IN NEED  
WE'LL ALWAYS GIVE--  
'T IS THE BEST AND  
HAPPIEST WAY TO LIVE!

THE END



# TEST OF THE THREE PRINCES

The King of Enchantria had been pacing up and down his royal chamber for days and days. When he wasn't pacing he was stroking his long, brown beard. The King had been pacing for so many days that he had worn at least three bare spots in the royal carpet and his long, brown beard was beginning to look like a ball of yarn that the cat had played with. The truth of the matter was that the King had a very weighty matter on his mind and, although he'd been wracking his brain as he paced and stroked his beard, somehow he hadn't been able to come to any decision. You see the King of Enchantria had decided that it was time his beautiful and charming daughter, Lovelia, should marry, and he couldn't decide how to choose a man worthy to be her husband and, eventually, to rule the kingdom.

"I must make up my mind!" cried the King after he'd worn a fourth hole in the royal carpet. "There is only one thing to do. I shall call my wise men together and see if they can suggest a way to choose a husband for Lovelia."

The King summoned his counsellors. Then he put on his second best crown, combed his beard and hurried to the throne room.

His wise men were already waiting for him.

"Sire," said the first wise man bowing deeply. "What is your pleasure?"

"It is not a pleasure,  
To part with my treasure.  
But dearest Lovelia so comely and bright,  
Must have a husband; one who is right."

So said the King.

"Oh, he must be the right man, of course, of course." The second wise man bobbed his head in agreement. "What sort of man did you have in mind, Your Highness?"

The King of Enchantria became very cross. "Now why do you think I called a meeting of my wise men?" he cried. "It is up to you to decide what kind of man will be right."

The first wise man tapped his nose, wrinkled his brow and pulled on his ear. At last he said: "Sire, there is only one way to choose a suitable husband for the fair Princess. We must hold a grand tourney and invite princes of the blood to take part in it.

The prince who wins the tourney and defeats all the others will become the Princess' husband."

The King beamed for the first time in days.

"Excellent! Excellent! I shall write an invitation to all princes of the blood immediately." And he rose and left the throne room, the wise men after him.

Now the King had three counsellors. Although the first two were really quite clever, it was the third man who was the wisest man of them all. He was so wise that he listened more than he spoke. He didn't think much of the idea of the tourney but seeing that the King had accepted the plan so readily he had said nothing to discourage it.

The day of the tourney dawned clear and bright, but no brighter than the colorful pennants circling the field or the glittering armor worn by the princes. The King wore his best crown for the occasion and the Princess Lovelia her handsomest dress. The royal family and the courtiers sat in a big box decorated with purple velvet trimmed with ermine tails, and at least one hundred pages with trumpets in hand were ready to blow the fanfare for each event.

At last the competition began. There were duels, lance-throwings, wrestling matches and exhibitions of fancy riding. Excitement ran high, for the princes were many and proud and fine fighters and every man in the field tried to do his best to win the beautiful princess. Many were beaten and had to leave the field before the final event, which was jousting, of course. For this event only three princes remained: Prince Ribaldo, Prince Clamoret and Prince Pieron, each famous for his prowess.

Oh, how the horses' hooves thundered, how the armor clanged and the spectators cheered. The fight was fierce and long, but not one of the three men could unhorse any of the other two. At last the jousting was ended and with that began the terrible dilemma. The three princes were all equally good.

The King turned as purple as the velvet festoons that adorned his box. He tore the crown from his head he was so exasperated. The fair Lovelia was so upset that she retired immediately after the decision and refused to speak to the three winners.

"This is a fine howdoyoudo!" The King roared at his wise men after the tourney.



"No princess can marry three men and you know it,  
If you have any brains, my wise men,  
now show it.  
You got me into this pickle, this mess.  
I cannot unravel it, I duly confess."

"Ribaldo, Clamoret and Pieron are all demanding the Princess' hand. What am I to do?" And the King buried his head in his hands.

"Calm yourself, Sire." The third wise man spoke for the first time that week. "The lovely Lovelia will yet be wed and to one man only. We will test the three princes but not in the field. Invite Ribaldo, Clamoret and Pieron to dinner this evening, but I caution you, do not tell them they are to be tested or the plan will fail."

The King looked up. "Invite them to dinner? Of course, of course. I shall instruct the cook to make a grand banquet. We will have quail and pheasant, suckling pig and peacock's tongues." The King paused and then said to the wise man. "What sort of test will you give the princes?"

"You will see, Sire, you will see. But you must leave the ordering of the dinner to me. I will instruct the royal cook now." And bowing deeply the wise man left the room.

That evening, to a fanfare of trumpets, the King, the Princess, the wise men and all the courtiers, plus the three princes, Ribaldo, Clamoret and Pieron, entered the royal dining-hall.

The table was set with gold plate and fine china and the party took their places. The only places that weren't set were those assigned to the three princes. Before them was one large, ugly pewter bowl filled with the most unappetizing looking porridge and one wooden spoon.

Ribaldo stared at the mess and then said to the King, "Your Highness, isn't there some mistake? We have no dishes or gold plate before us."

"There is no mistake, Prince Ribaldo," replied the King. "Eat, I pray you."

Ribaldo's eyes flashed. I, a prince of the royal blood eat from a common bowl? Never!" And throwing his cloak about his shoulders, he stormed out of the dining hall with never a backward glance.

The third wise man, who was sitting beside the King, smiled. "Good. One gone. Any man that won't share is selfish and a selfish man won't make a good husband."

"At first I thought this an odd kind of test, But we may yet find a husband, one of the best."

Thought the King as he stared at the second prince  
And saw him look into the bowl and wince.

"Eat, Clamoret, eat!" The King waved at the pewter bowl.

Prince Clamoret sat down. He dipped the wooden spoon into the bowl and tasted the nasty looking porridge.

"Ugh!" Clamoret jumped up. "Do you call that food?" And throwing his cloak about him he too left the royal dining-hall.

"Good riddance," whispered the wise man. "That man would only be a nag and a crank, and would make a poor husband."

As the wise man said this to the King the third and last prince, Pieron, picked up the wooden spoon, pulled the pewter bowl towards him and began to eat the porridge.

The King of Enchantria stared in amazement. The wise man leaned forward breathlessly and the Princess Lovelia started to blush. (As it happens Pieron had been her own choice all along, although she had confessed this to no one.)

The King knew what a tasteless dish the prince was eating.

"Prince Pieron," he asked, "do you like the porridge?"

The Prince blushed. "No, Your Highness."

"Then why are you eating it?"

"Because, Sire, I am your guest and honored to break bread with you and the royal family." (And here Pieron stared at Lovelia, who dropped her eyes in happy confusion.) "I would be a poor guest, indeed," he continued, "if I did not partake of your hospitality no matter how humble the fare."

"He is the man!" cried the wise man. "Prince Pieron will always be considerate of others feelings and, therefore, he will make a fine husband."

The King rose and with him the entire court.

"Sound all the trumpets, let the castle bells ring.

We have found the right husband," cried Enchantria's king.

"My daughter, Lovelia, my new son Pieron,

Will soon join in wedlock, and will ever be one."

And that is how the King of Enchantria found the right husband for his lovely daughter.

THE END



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Flying Saucers!

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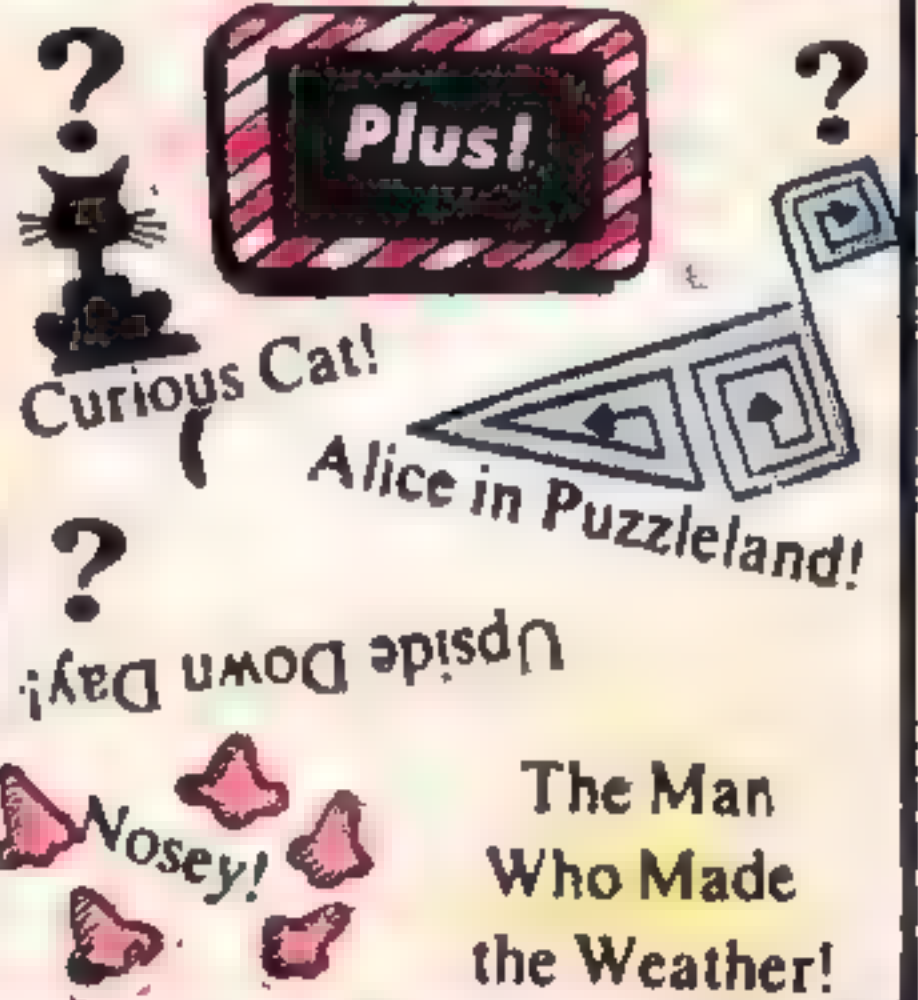
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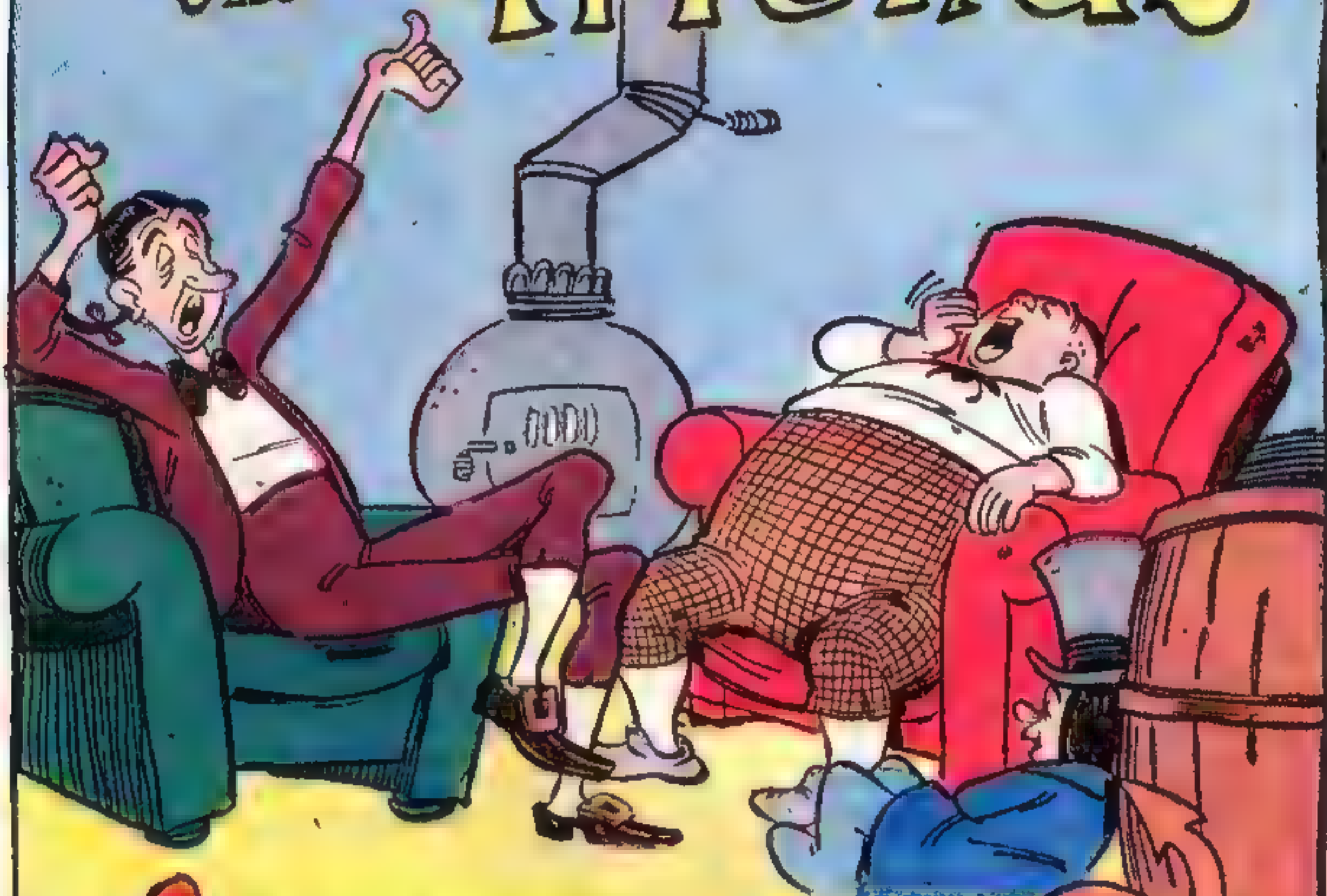
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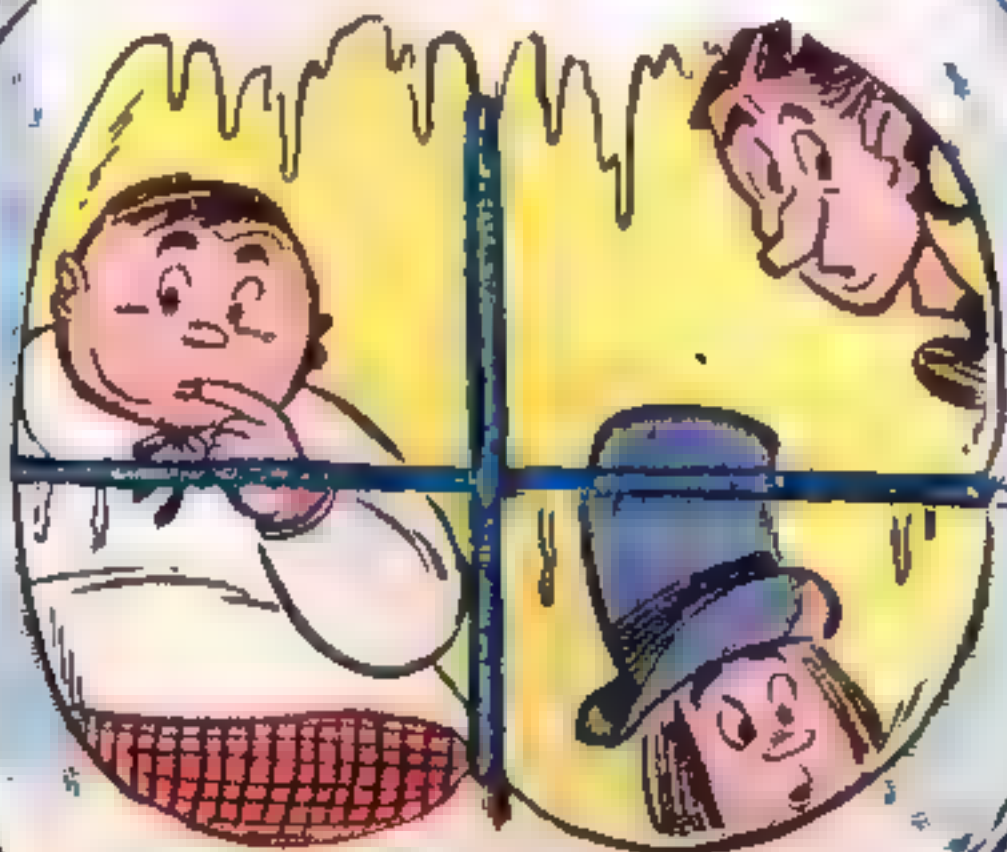
# the three Friends



ONE DAY LONG AGO, LIVED THREE FINE YOUNG MEN..  
ONE SHORT AND ONE TALL AND ONE FAT..  
THEY ALL SAT AROUND A POT-BELLIED STOVE  
AND YAWNED AT EACH OTHER, LIKE THAT..

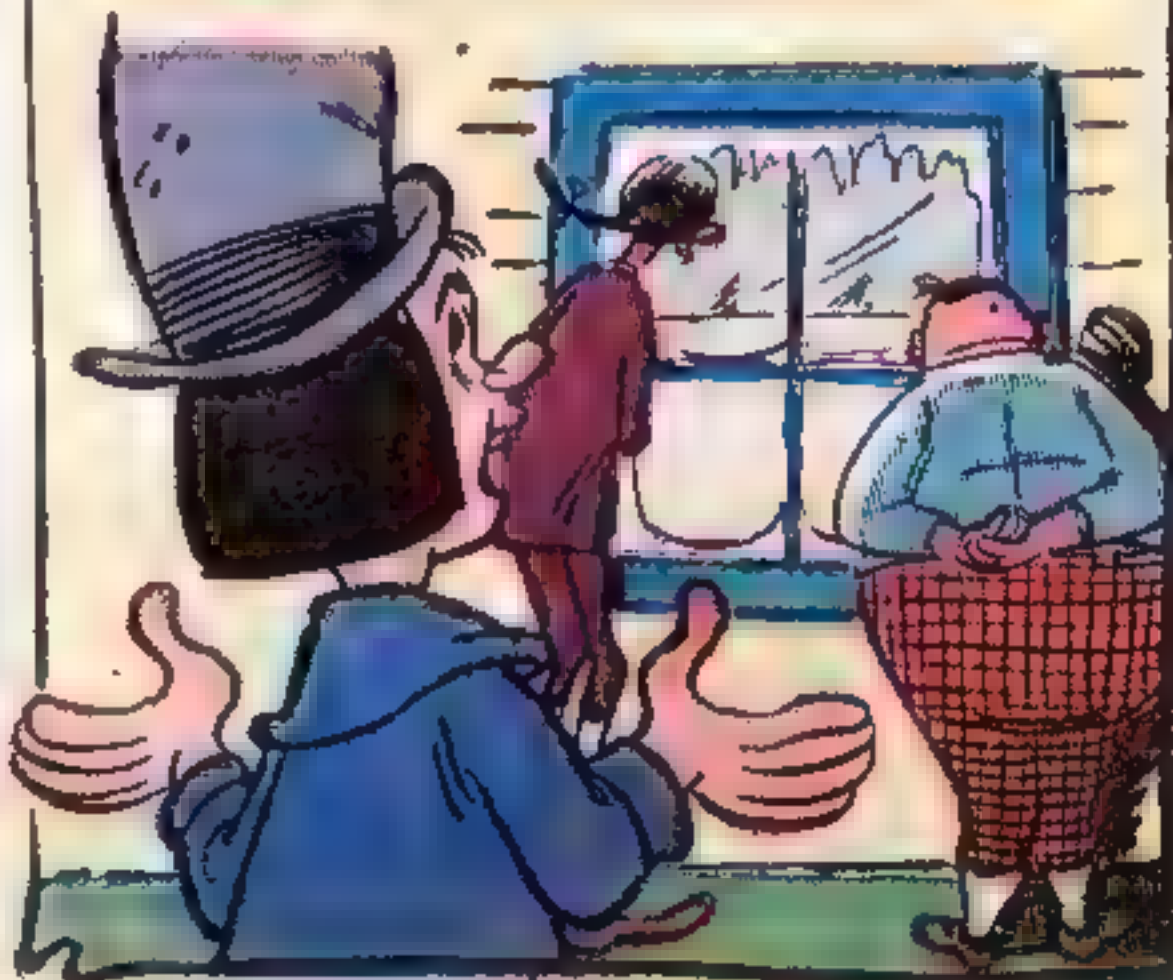
Howard Post

'T WAS THE MIDDLE OF WINTER  
WITH FROST ALL ABOUT



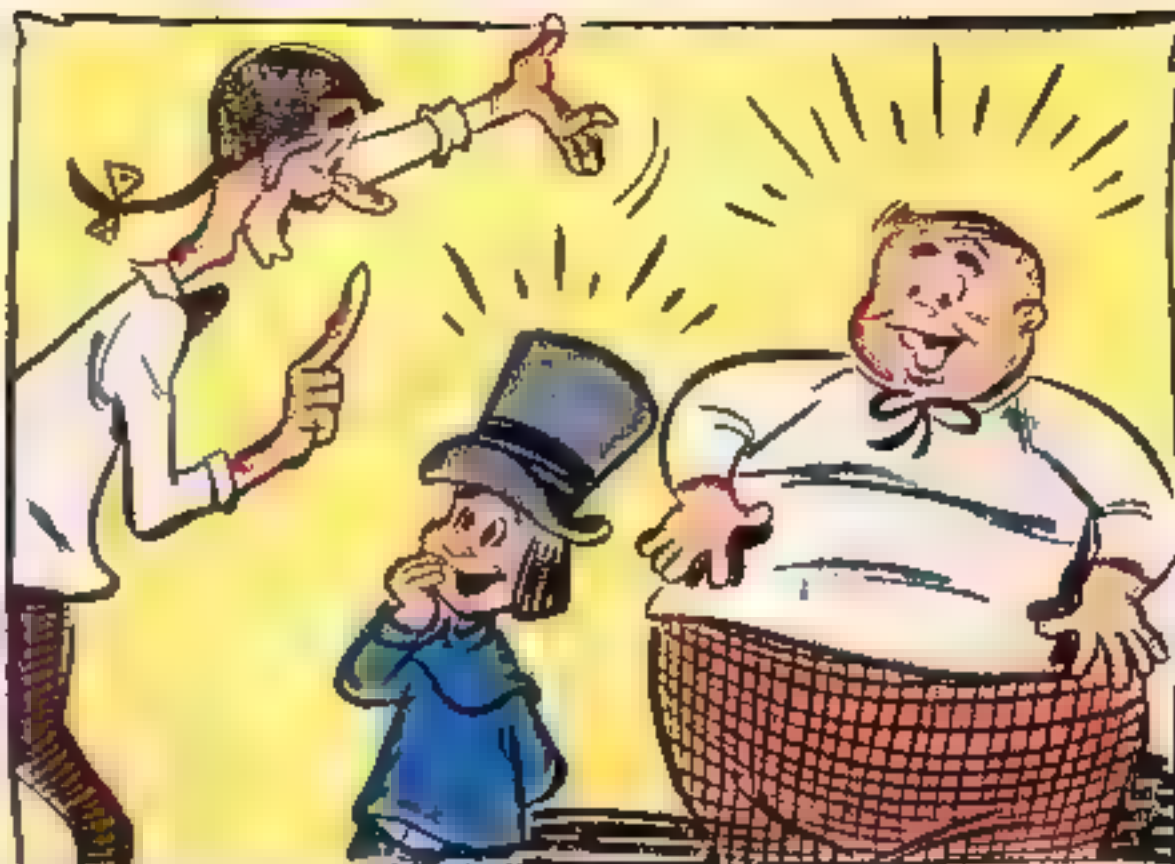
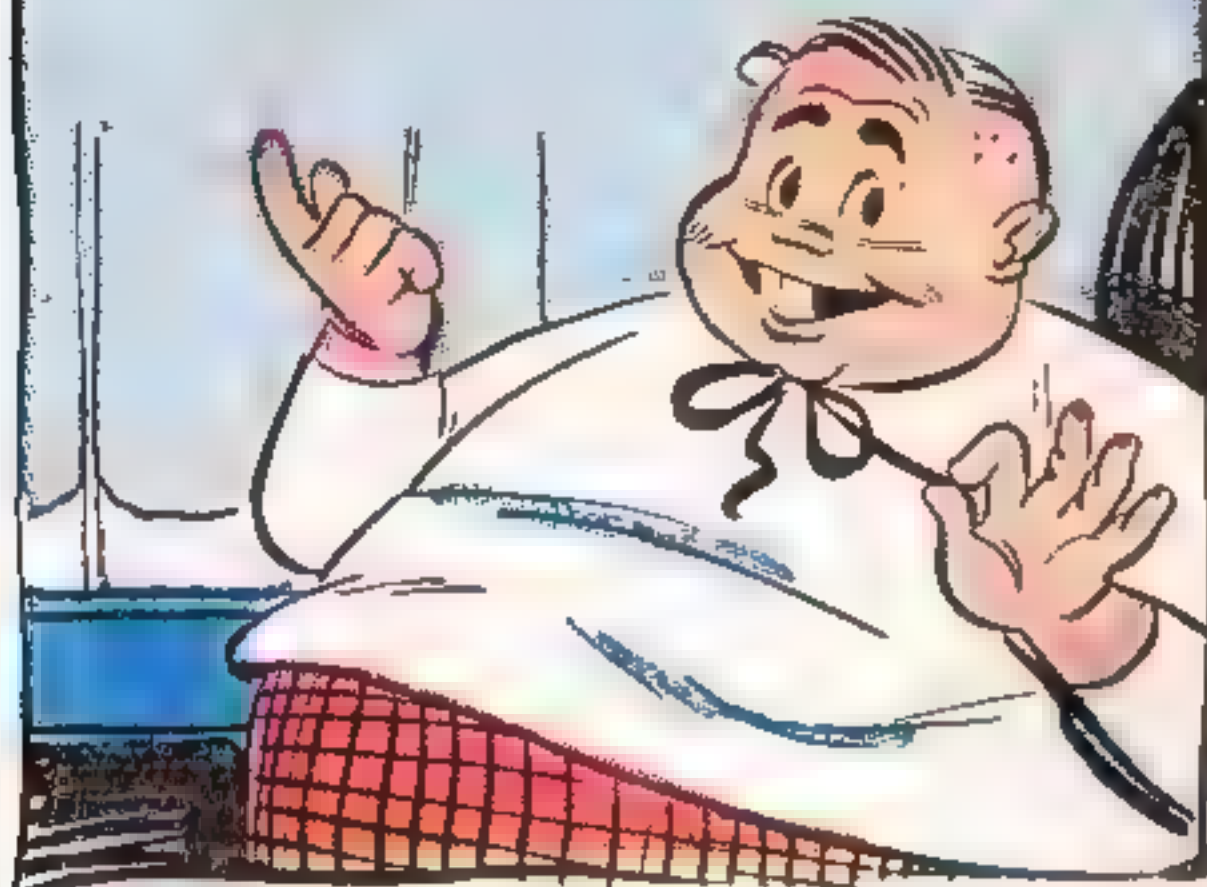
AND THOUGH BORED STAYING IN..  
THEY FEARED GOING OUT!

"OH, HOW DULL," SAID THE SHORT ONE,  
"THERE'S NAUGHT TO BE DONE..  
IF IT WEREN'T SO COLD  
WE MIGHT HAVE SOME FUN!"



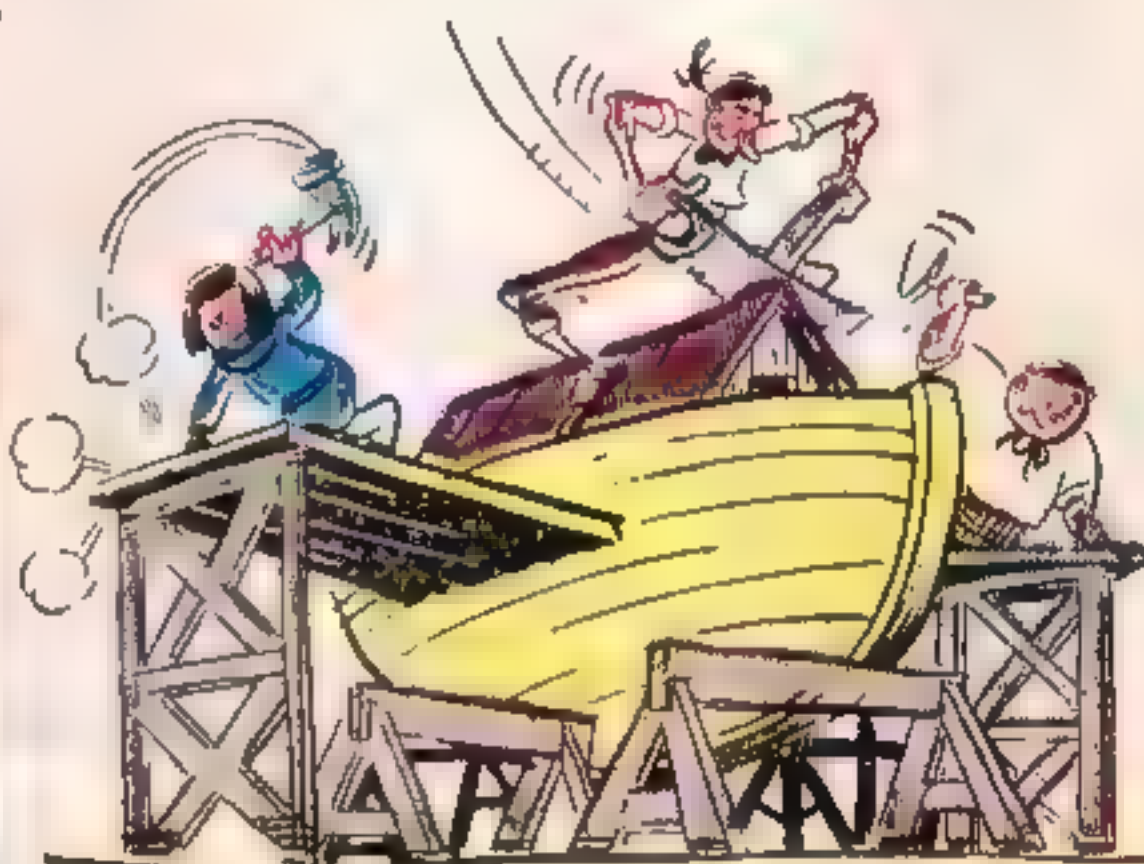
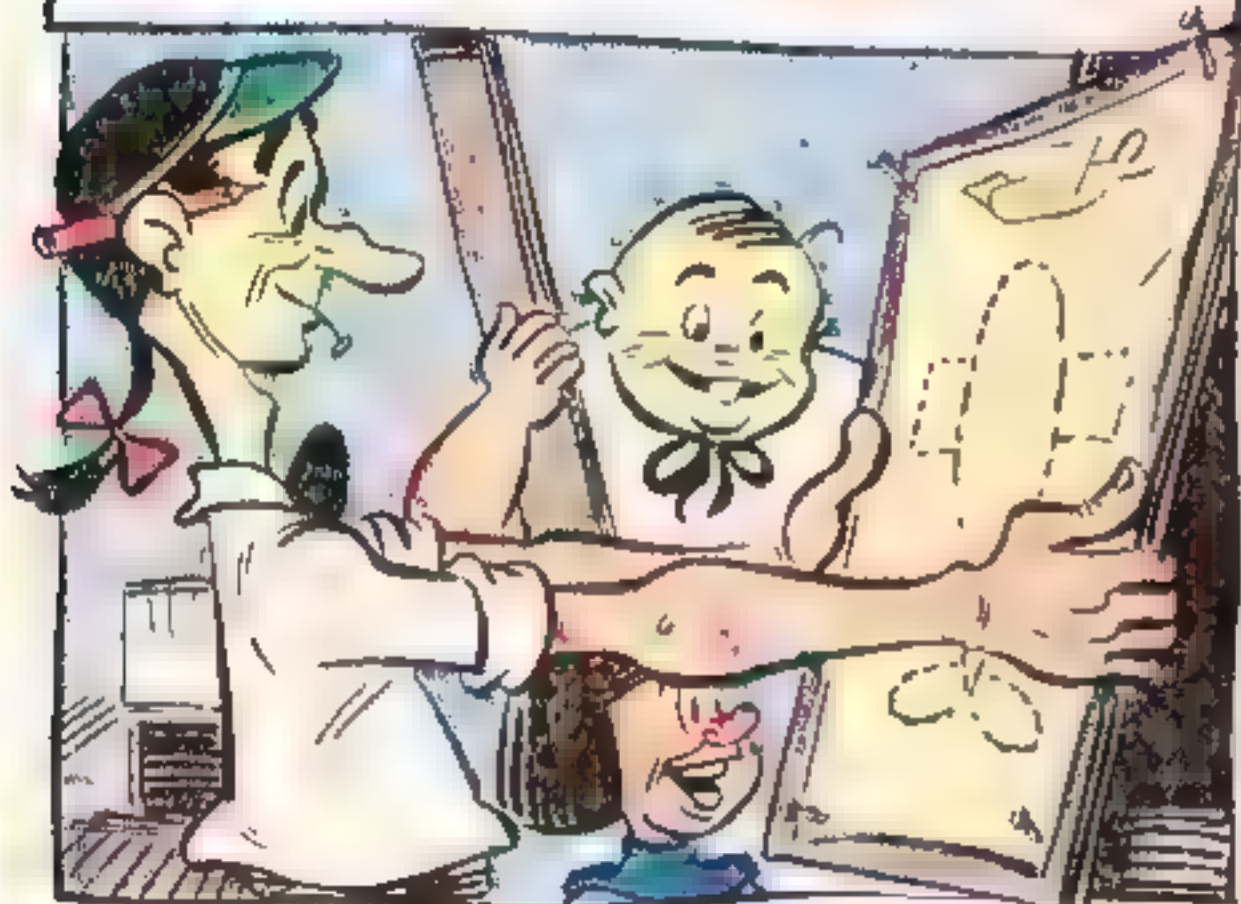


"IN THE SOUTH," SAID THE FAT ONE,  
"IT'S SUNNY ALL YEAR,  
BUT IT'S REALLY A PROBLEM  
TO GET THERE FROM HERE!"



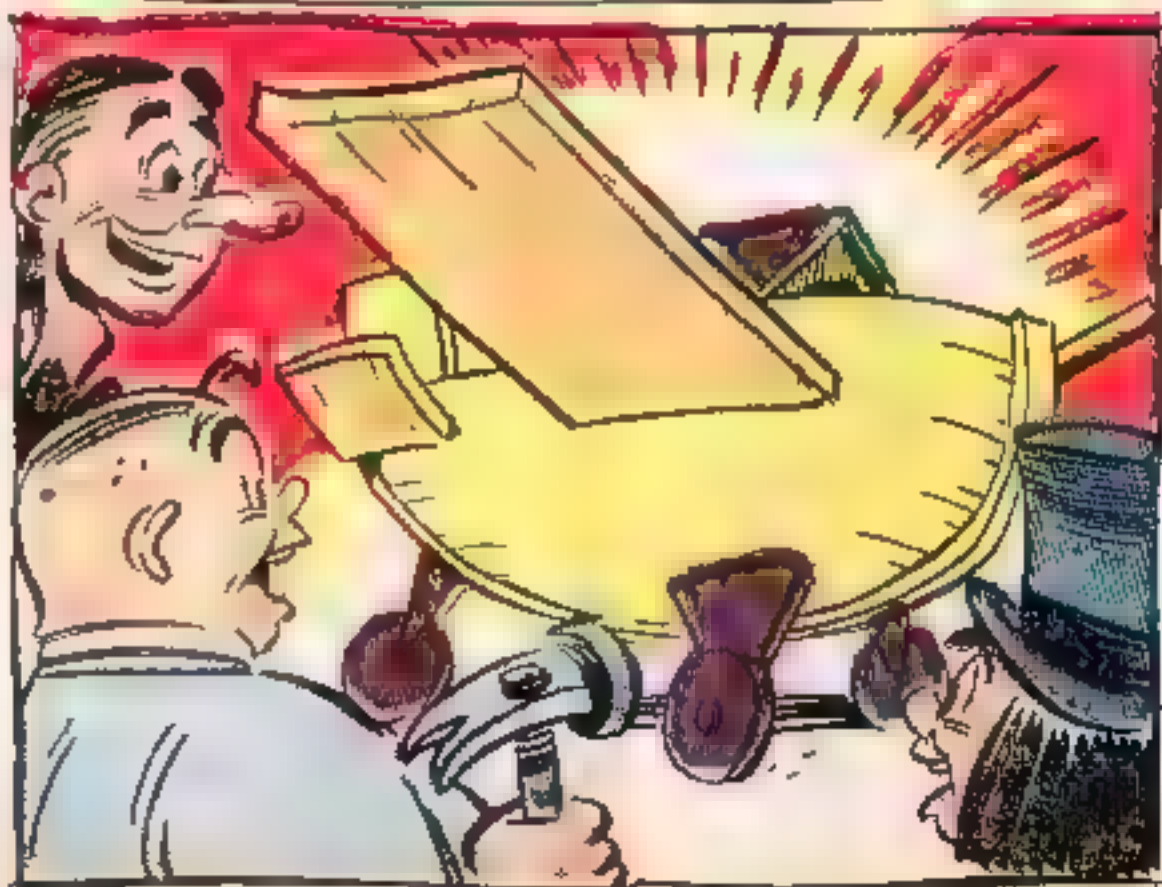
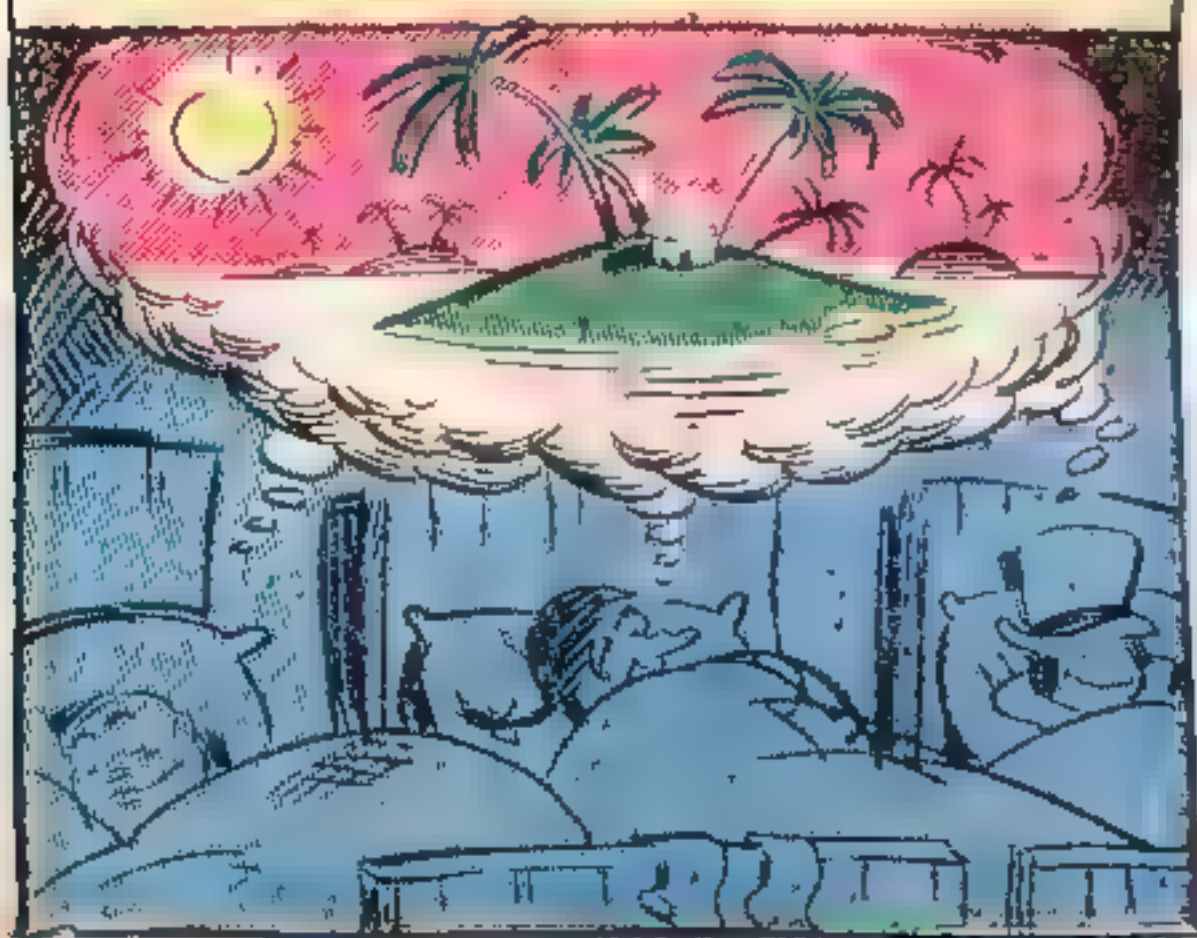
"WHY NOT FLY?" SAID THE ONE  
WHO WAS TALL AND QUITE LEAN.  
"COME! LET'S HURRY AND BUILD US  
A FLYING MACHINE!"

SO THEY DREW UP SOME PLANS  
AND THEY GOT THEM SOME WOOD..  
EACH ONE OF THEM WORKING  
AS HARD AS HE COULD!



YES, THEY HAMMERED AND SAWED  
FROM THE DAWN UNTIL NIGHT.  
ON THIS PLANE THEY WOULD FLY  
TO LANDS SUNNY AND BRIGHT!

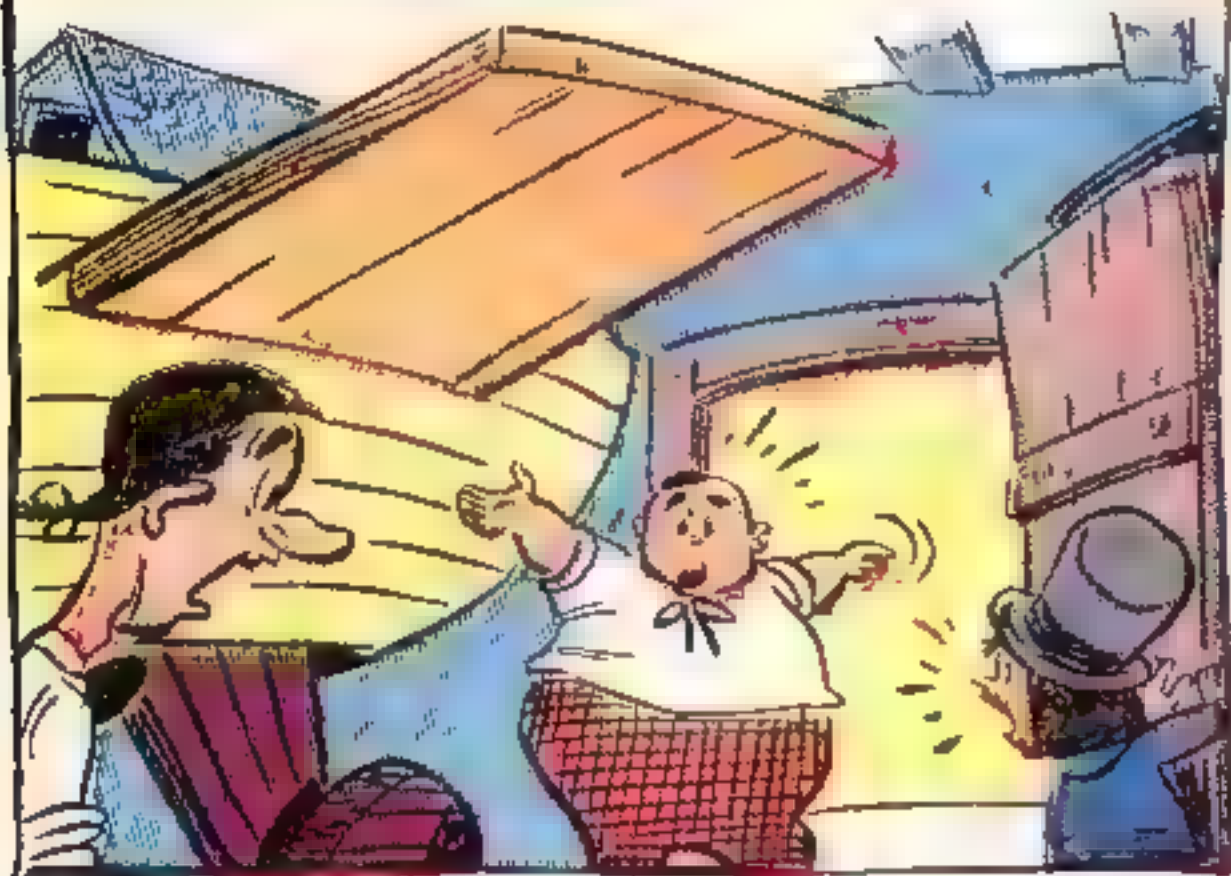
AND EACH NIGHT WHEN THEY SLEPT  
IN THEIR BEDS, SO IT SEEMS  
VISIONS OF FAIR ISLANDS  
SWEEPED THROUGH THEIR DREAMS.



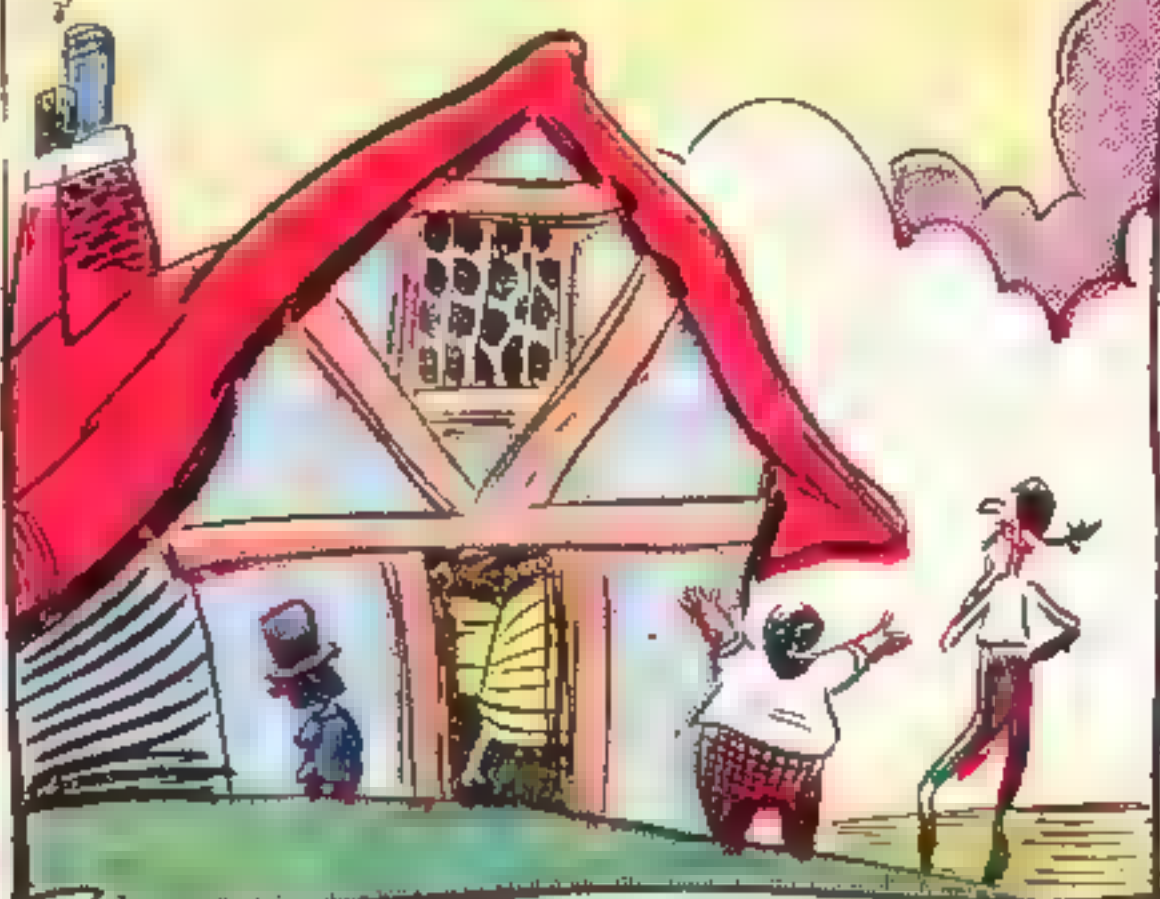
THEN AT LAST THEY WERE THROUGH;  
A FINE JOB HAD BEEN DONE!  
THEY WERE READY TO FLY  
TO THE LANDS OF THE SUN.



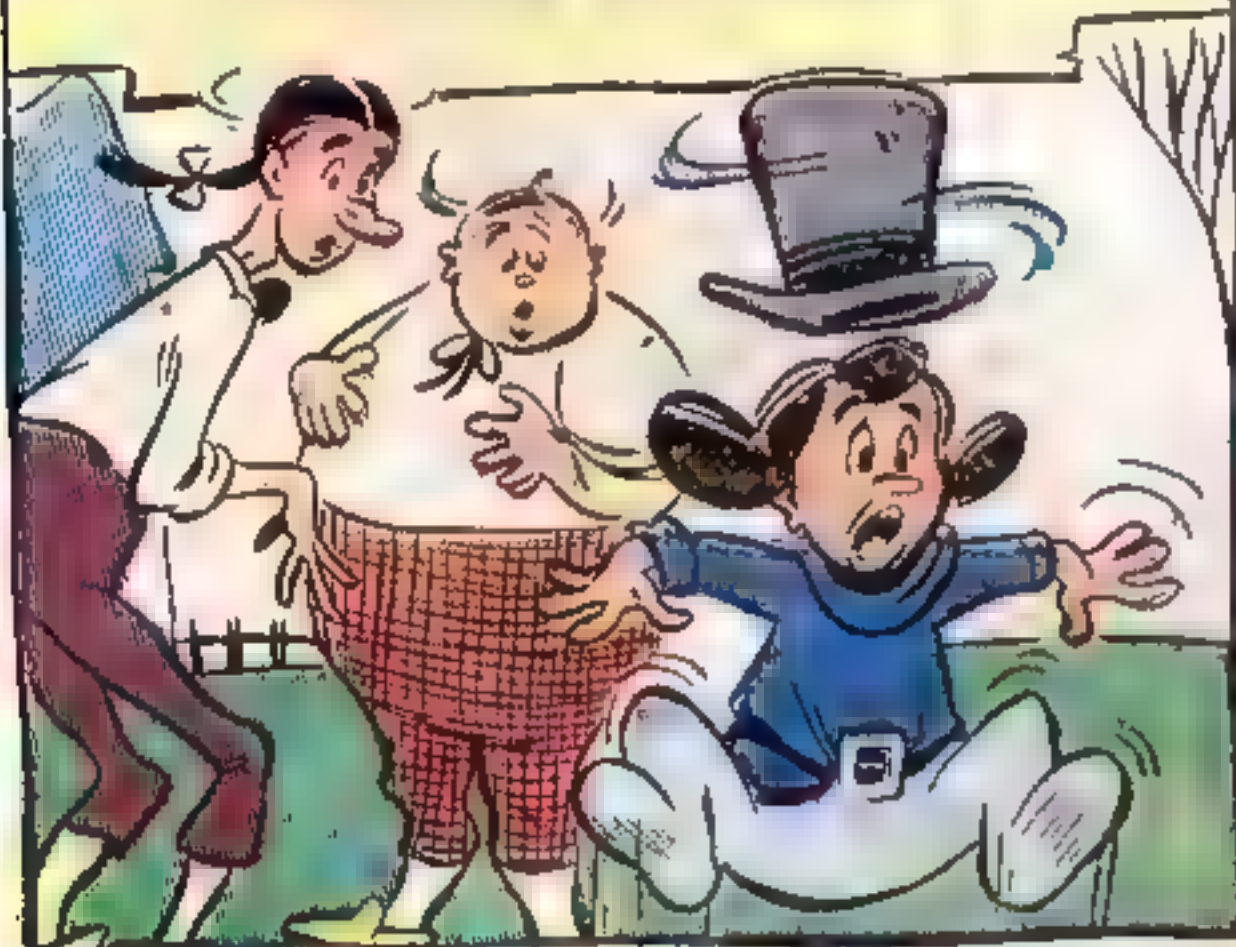
**"GADZOOKS!"** CRIED THE FAT ONE  
IN A SUDDEN UPROAR!  
OUR MACHINE IS TOO BIG  
TO GET OUT THROUGH THE DOOR!"



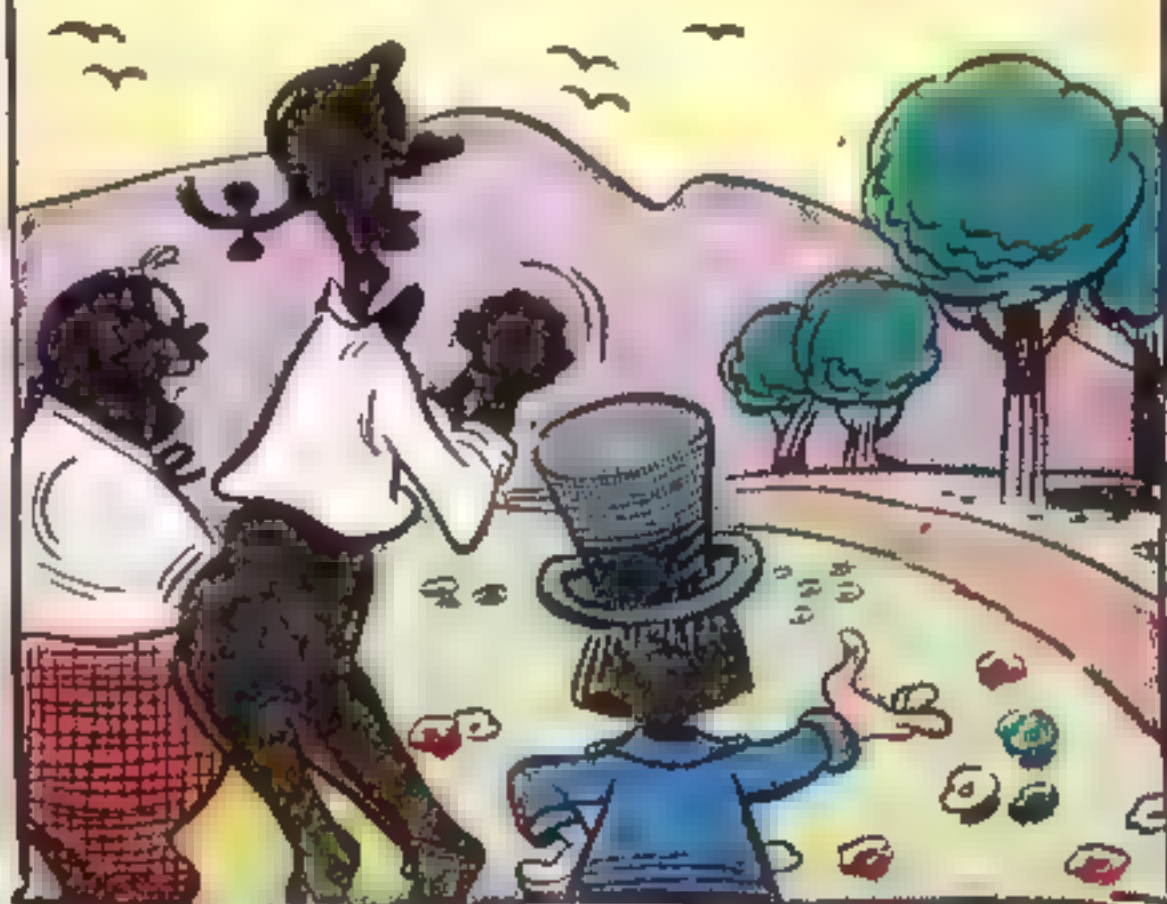
**"WE MUST TEAR OFF THE CEILING,**  
AND PULL DOWN A WALL.  
OR WE'LL NEVER GET DOWN  
TO THE SOUTHLAND AT ALL!"



**"GADS!"** SHOUTED SHORTY,  
AS HE SPUN FAST AROUND.  
AND THE OTHERS TURNED QUICKLY  
TO SEE WHAT HE'D FOUND.



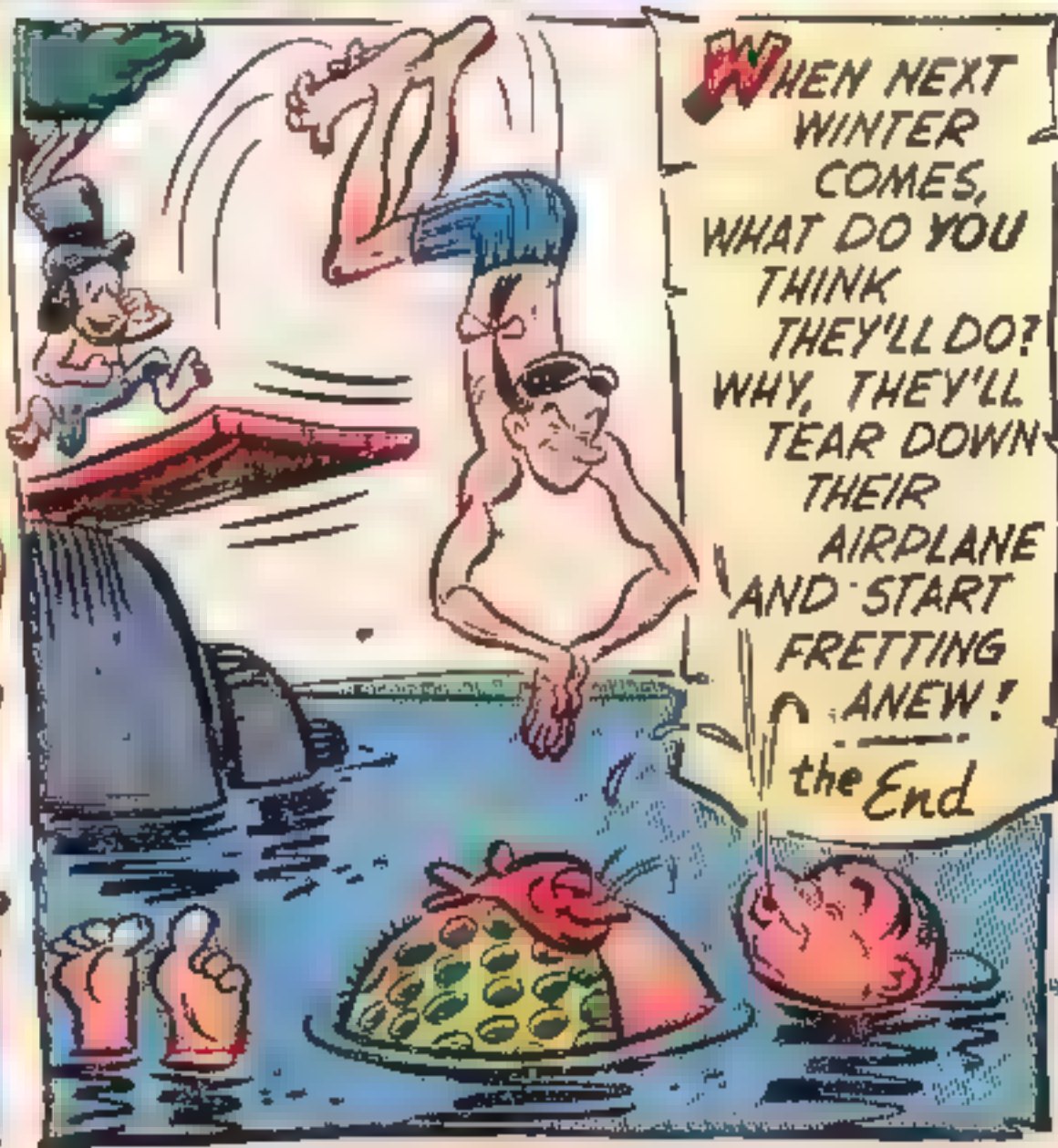
**FOR THERE SPREAD BEFORE THEM**  
IN THE WARM, SUNNY LIGHT,  
WERE THE GRASS AND THE TREES  
AND THE FLOWERS SO BRIGHT!



**THEY'D KEPT**  
BUSY AND HAPPY,  
TILL SUMMER  
CAME 'ROUND,  
BY BUILDING  
AN AIRPLANE  
THAT STAYED  
ON THE GROUND!



**WHEN NEXT**  
WINTER  
COMES,  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK  
THEY'LL DO?  
WHY, THEY'LL  
TEAR DOWN  
THEIR  
AIRPLANE  
AND START  
FRETTING  
ANEW!  
the End





# The KING WHO WOULDN'T LAUGH

Once there was a city called Grouchville, long, long ago,  
Where laughter was forbidden and smiles brought woe...

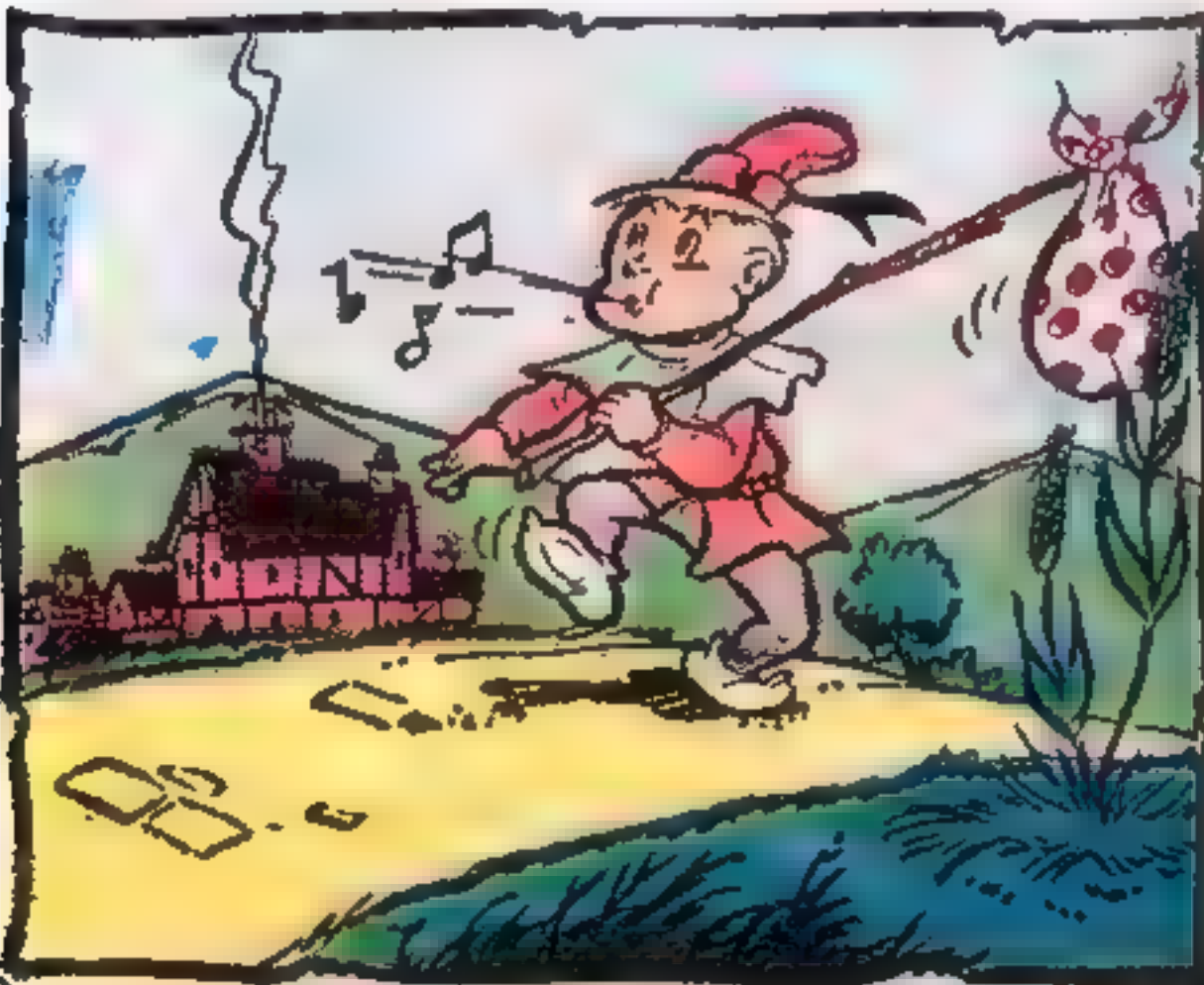
YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT SOONER,  
MY FINE BEARDED FRIEND!

OH, PLEASE, PLEASE,  
DON'T TAKE ME AWAY!  
MY WIFE IS SICK,  
AND MY HORSES NEED HAY!

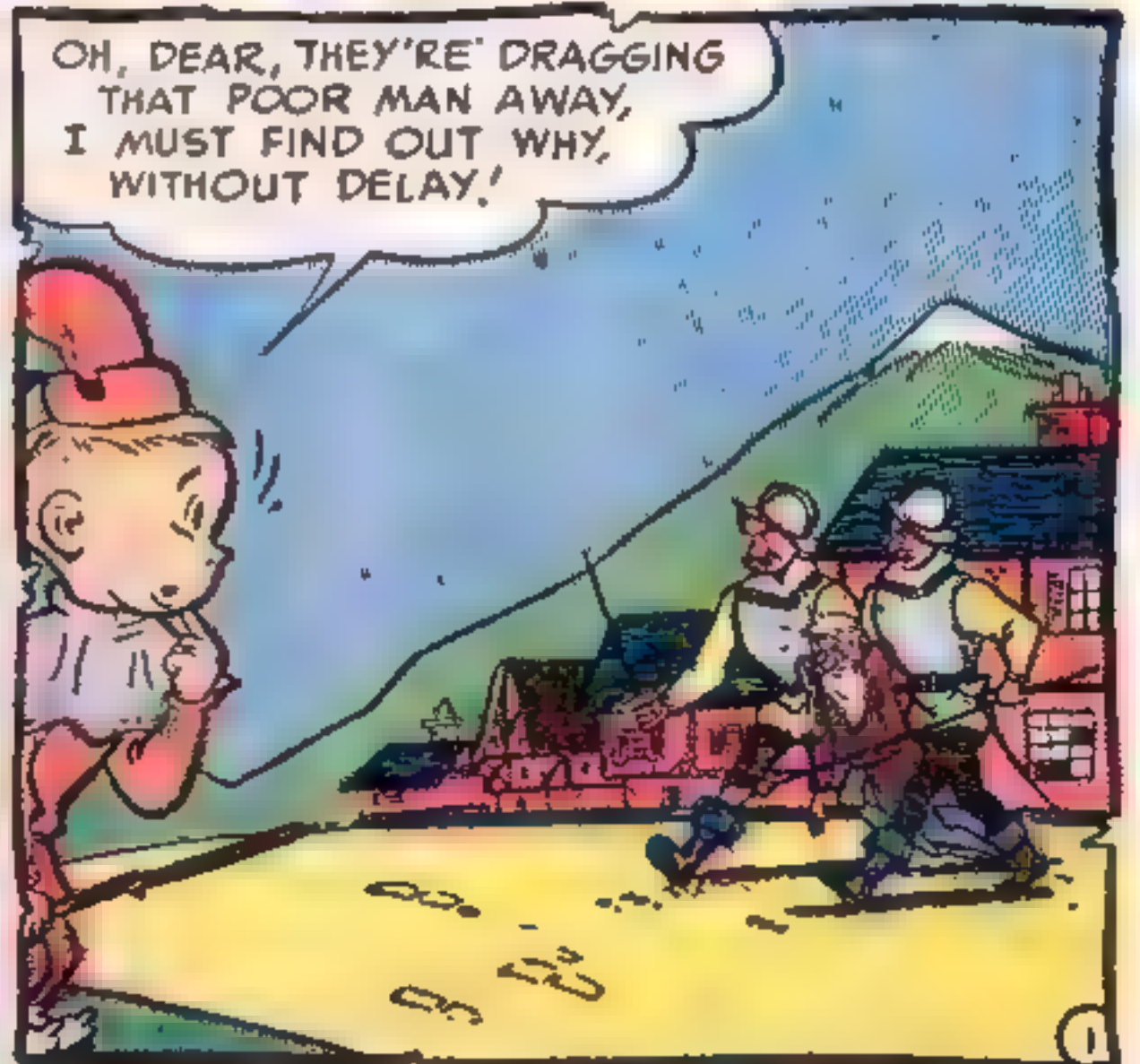
IN A CELL YOU'LL LINGER,  
TO AWAIT YOUR END!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT PETER PETERKIN  
CAME BY,  
HE WAS OUT TO SEE THE WORLD AND FEELING  
QUITE SPRY...



OH, DEAR, THEY'RE DRAGGING  
THAT POOR MAN AWAY,  
I MUST FIND OUT WHY,  
WITHOUT DELAY!

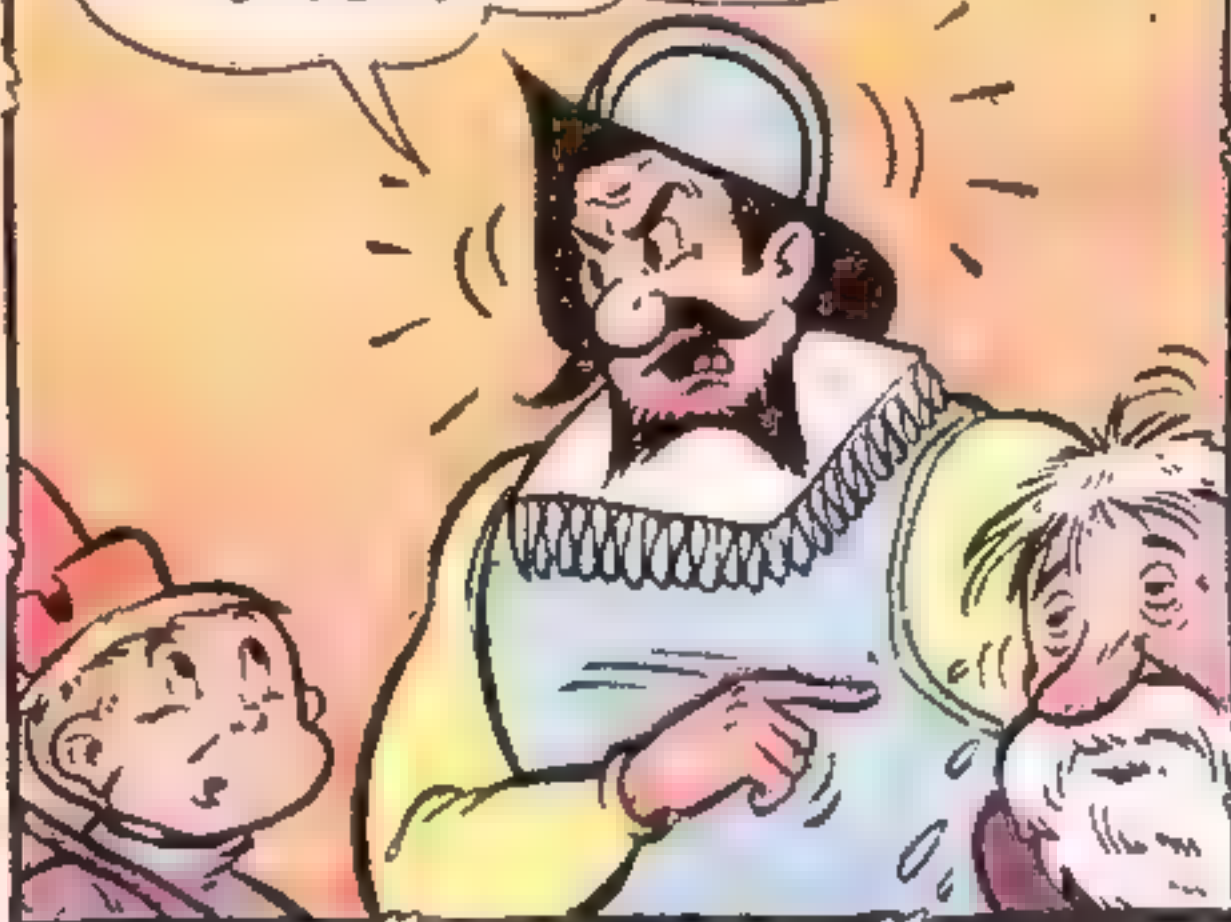




EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I  
SHALL SLEEP NONE,  
UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHAT  
THE OLD MAN HAS DONE!



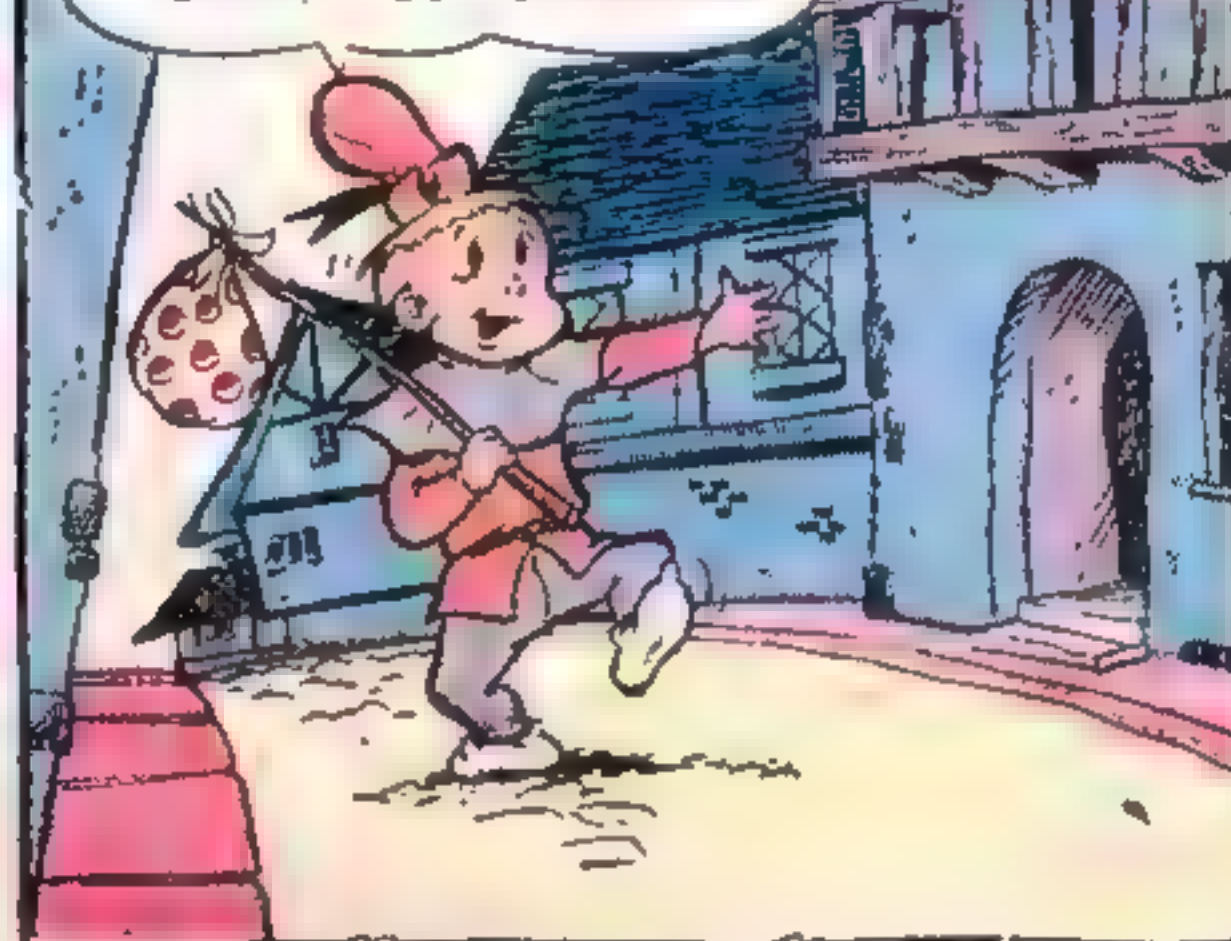
WHY THE FOOLISH OLD MAN  
LET OUT A GRIN,  
KNOWING FULL WELL THAT **HERE**  
IT'S A SIN!



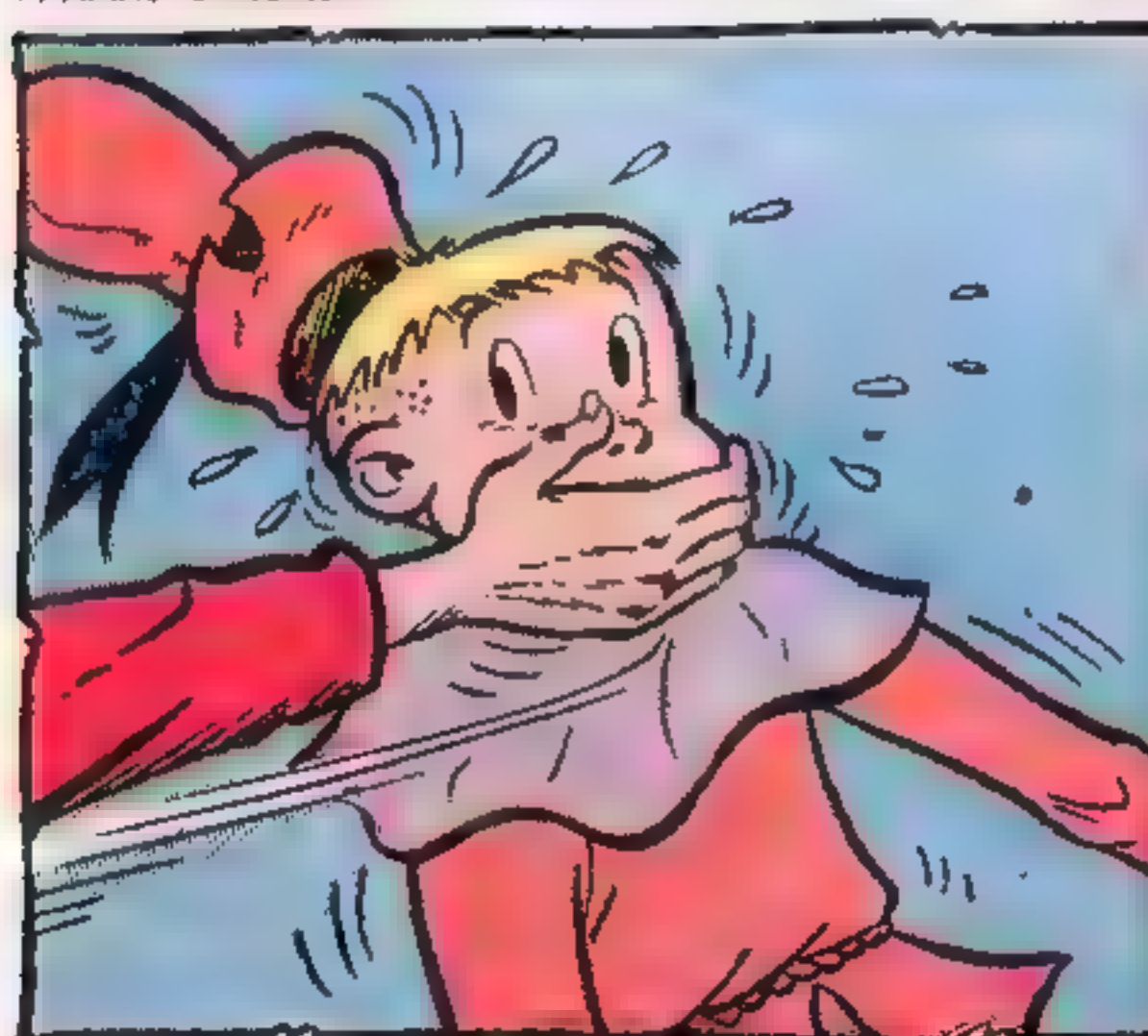
...AND SOMETHING NO ONE  
IN GROUCHVILLE SHOULD DO,  
AND THAT, LITTLE MAN,  
INCLUDES **YOU**, TOO!



OH, HOW SILLY AND, OH,  
HOW BAFFLING!  
I CAN HARDLY KEEP FROM  
BUSTING OUT LAUGHING!



*BEFORE PETER COULD LAUGH IN FOOLISH GLEE,  
A HAND COVERED HIS MOUTH AND SO KEPT HIM FREE!*



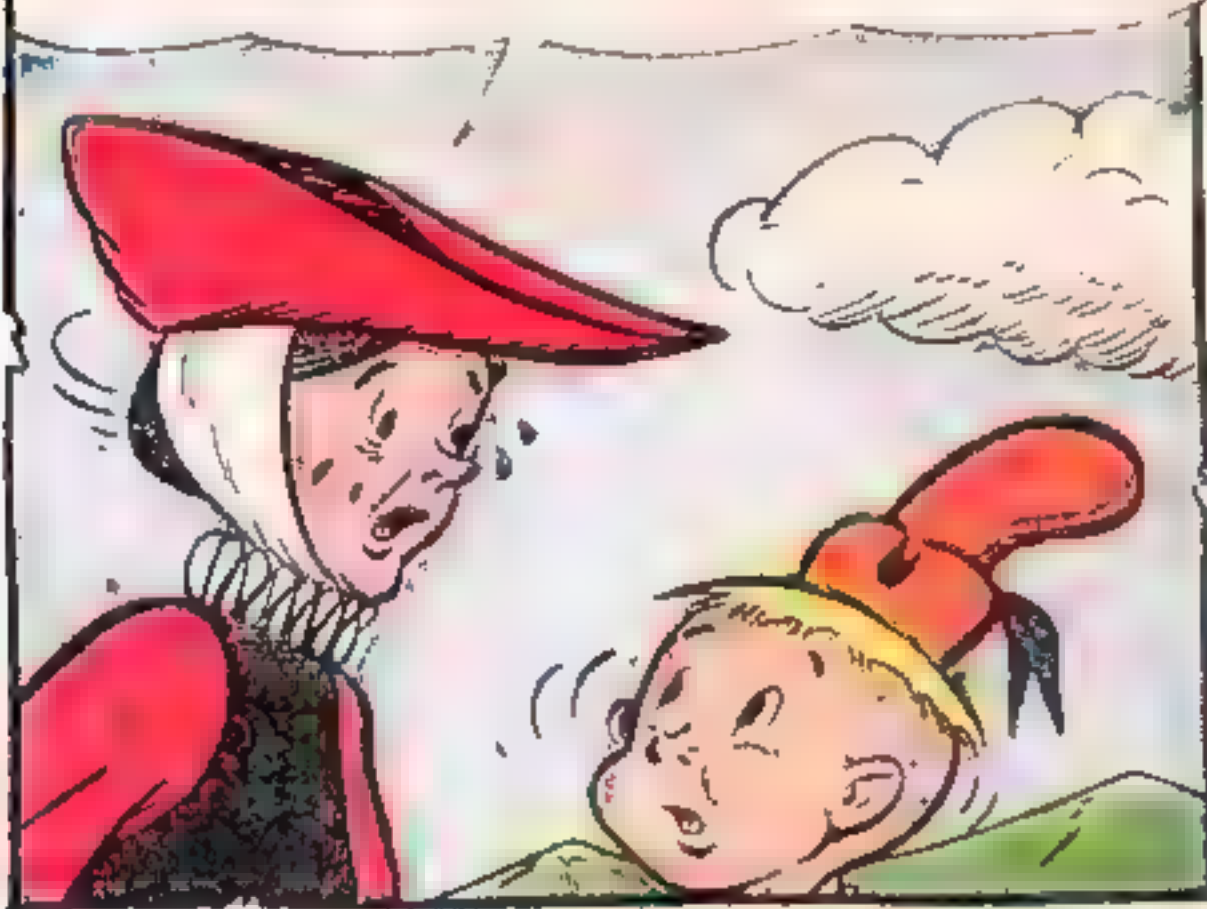
HAD YOU LAUGHED  
OR SHOWN ANY JOY,  
YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN  
DONE FOR, MY LITTLE BOY!

BUT WHY GOOD WOMAN  
CAN'T ONE LAUGH  
WITH GLEE.  
ARE NOT THE PEOPLE  
OF GROUCHVILLE  
FREE?





IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF GRUDGEPOOT, OUR KING,  
WHO'S NEVER IN HIS LIFE LAUGHED AT ANYTHING,  
AND BECAUSE HE THINKS THAT LAUGHING'S A SHAME,  
HE WANTS EVERYONE HERE TO FEEL THE SAME!



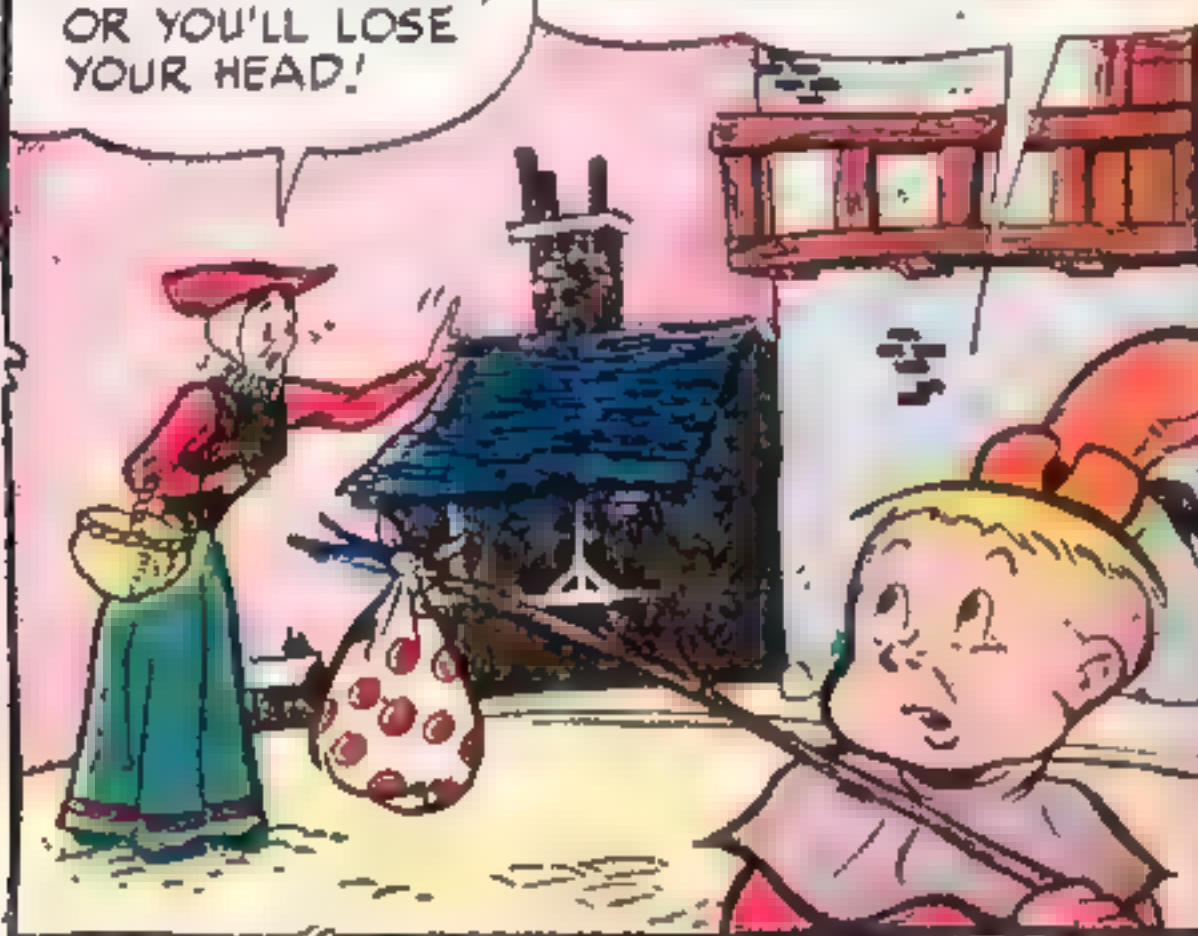
AND THAT'S NOT ALL—  
FOR HE'S MADE A LAW,  
TO JAIL ANYONE WHO  
LETS OUT A HEE-HAW!

OH, MY! THIS KING MUST  
BE A VERY CRUEL MAN,  
I WILL GO SEE HIM,  
AND DO WHAT I CAN!



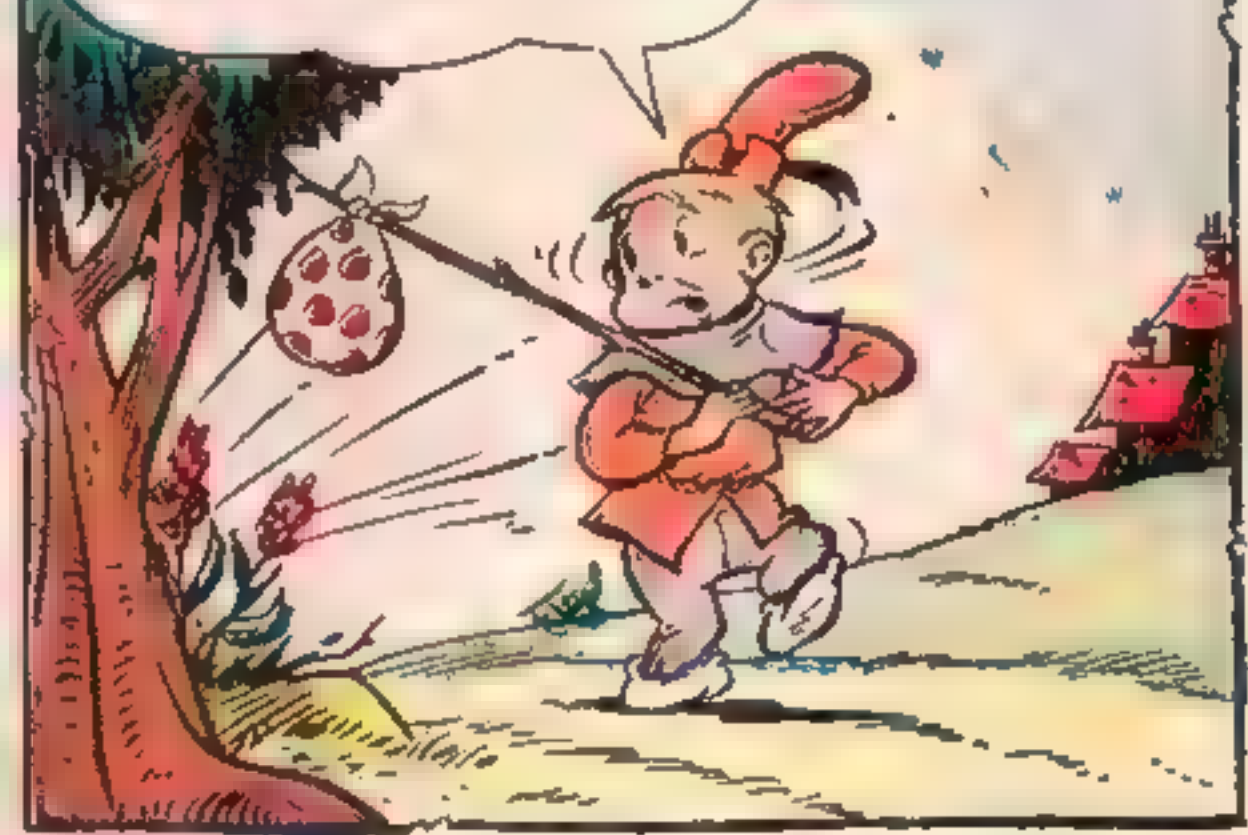
BUT, BE CAREFUL, BOY,  
AND REMEMBER  
WHAT I SAID,  
DON'T SMILE AT ALL,  
OR YOU'LL LOSE  
YOUR HEAD!

HAVE NO FEAR, KIND WOMAN,  
FOR WHEN I'M THROUGH,  
I'LL HAVE GRUDGEPOOT LAUGHING  
TILL HE'S BLACK AND BLUE!



ON HIS WAY TO GIVE GROUCHVILLE HIS HELP,  
PETER PETERKIN HEARD A GREAT BIG YELP...

METHINKS SOMEONE'S IN A GREAT  
DEAL OF TROUBLE,  
I'LL SEE WHAT'S WRONG—  
AND ON THE DOUBLE!

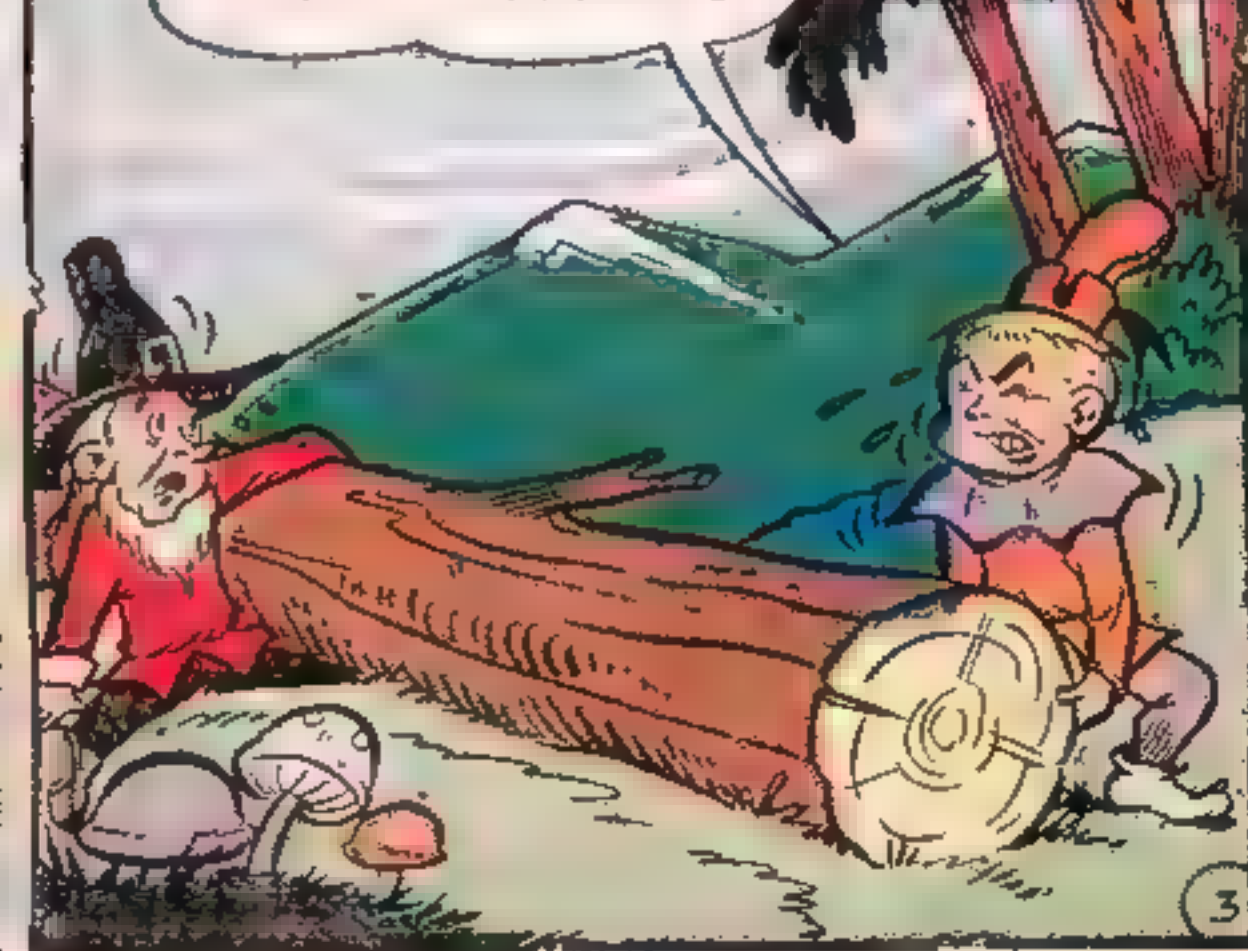


MY LEG IS CAUGHT  
UNDER THIS TREE,  
IT HURTS SO MUCH!  
WON'T YOU PLEASE  
HELP ME?

RELAX, SIR, AND IN  
JUST A BIT,  
I'LL BE UNDER THAT TREE  
AND TRY TO LIFT IT!

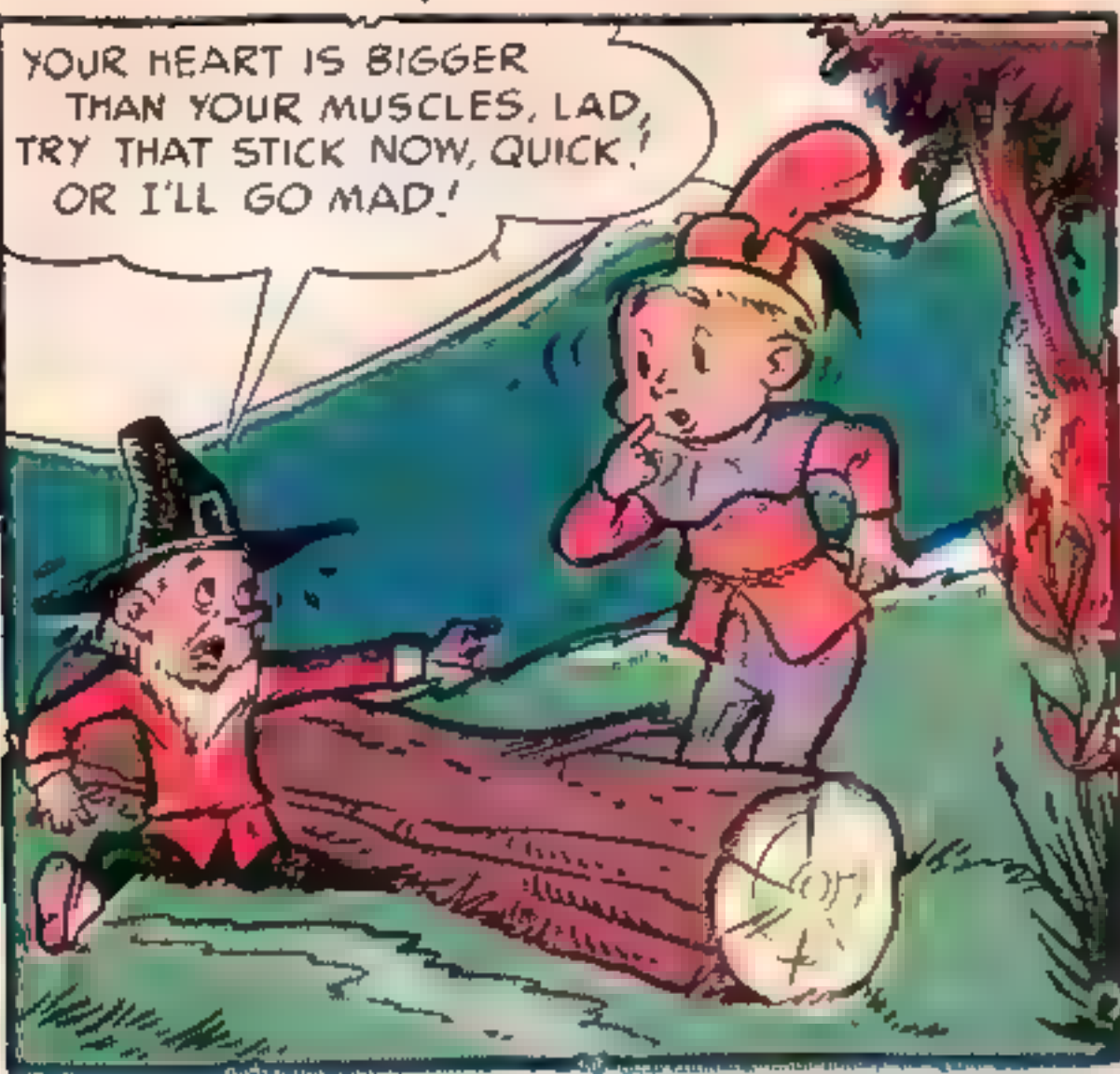


OH, MY GOODNESS!  
IT JUST WON'T BUDGE.  
WHAT CAN I DO  
TO GIVE IT A NUDGE?





YOUR HEART IS BIGGER  
THAN YOUR MUSCLES, LAD,  
TRY THAT STICK NOW, QUICK!  
OR I'LL GO MAD!



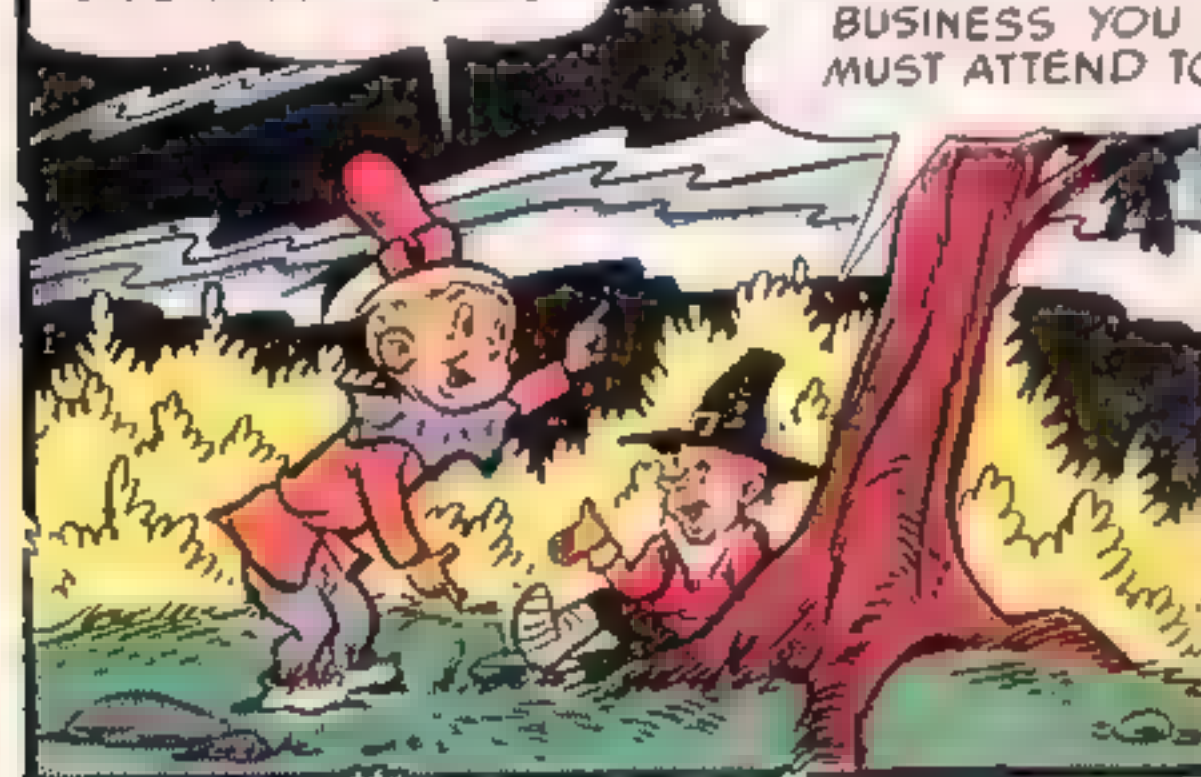
PUT THE STICK  
UNDER THE TREE,  
LIFT IT UP,  
AND I'LL BE FREE!



YOU'RE CERTAINLY  
RIGHT SIR, ABOUT  
THIS STICK,  
IT, SURE AS ANYTHING,  
WILL DO THE TRICK!

THOUGH ON A MISSION HE WAS BOUND TO GO,  
PETER NURSED THE DWARF'S HURTS FOR A  
DAY OR SO...

NOW THAT YOU'RE BETTER,  
SIR, AND NEED ME NO MORE,  
I MUST BE OFF TO DO AN  
IMPORTANT CHORE!



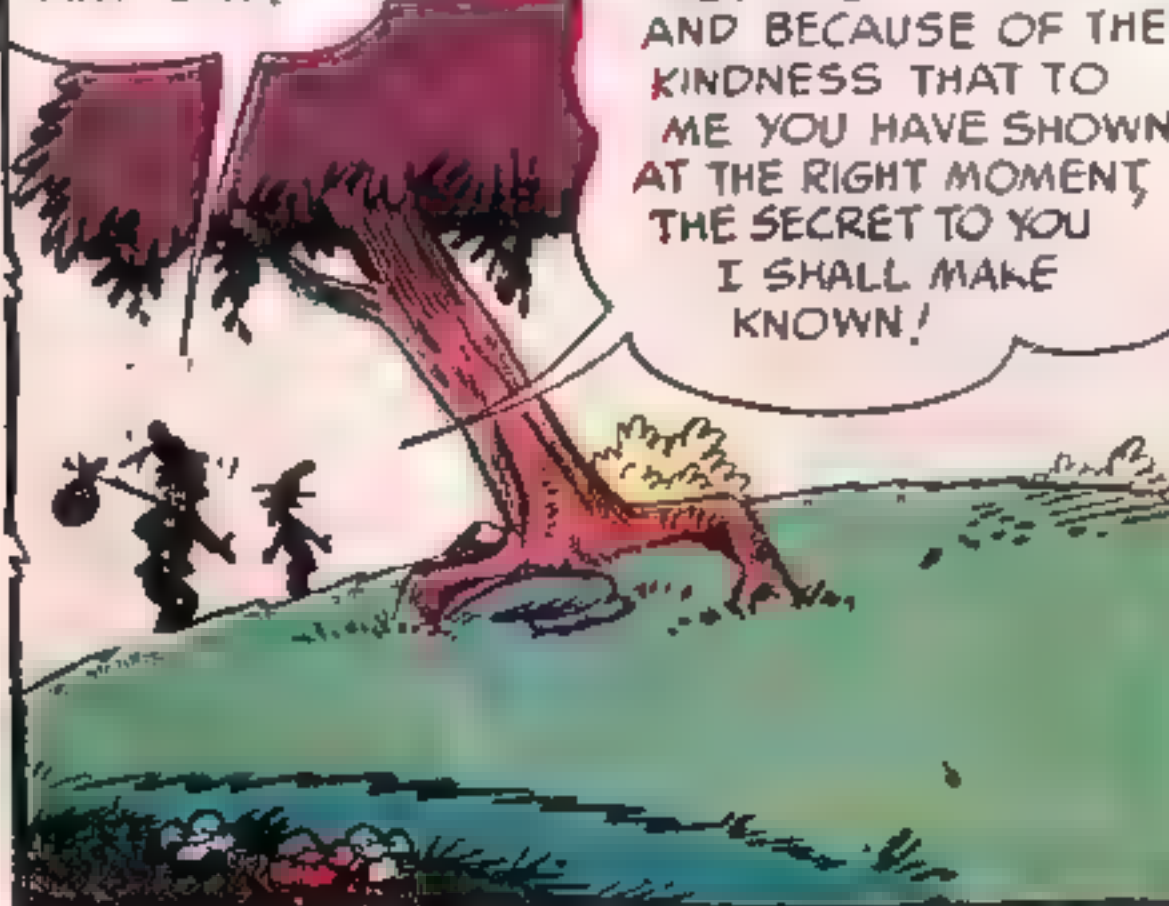
FOR NURSING ME,  
LAD, I'M GRATEFUL  
TO YOU,  
BUT WHAT IS THIS  
BUSINESS YOU  
MUST ATTEND TO?

I GO ON THE PEOPLE  
OF GROUCHVILLE'S  
BEHALF,  
TO SEE THE KING AND  
TO MAKE HIM LAUGH!



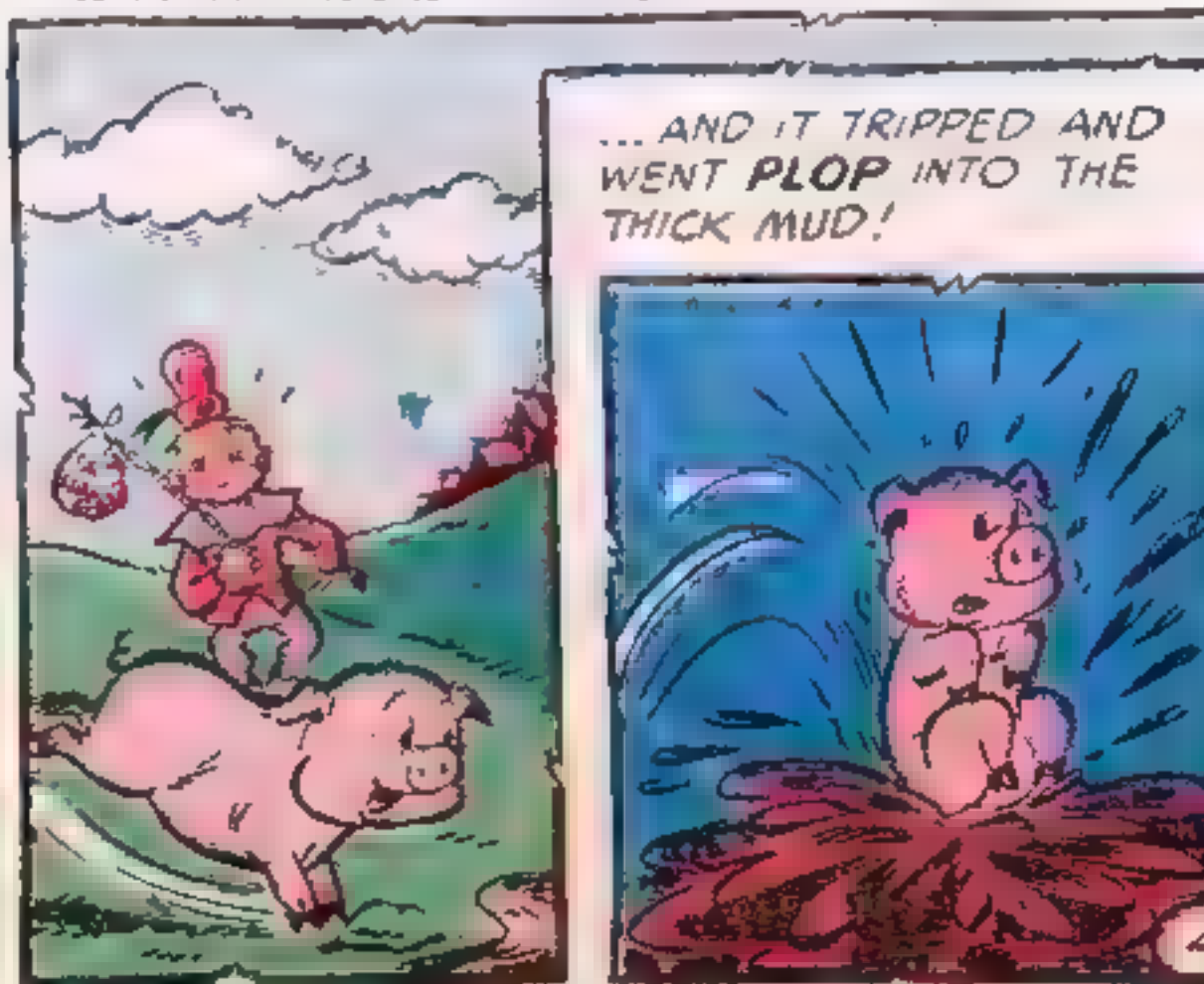
TO MAKE THE KING LAUGH,  
OR EVEN TO SMILE -  
MANY HAVE MET FATES  
THAT HAVE TRULY  
BEEN VILE!

BUT TO MAKE THE KING  
LAUGH IS THE ONLY WAY,  
TO MAKE GROUCHVILLE  
JOYFUL, AND MERRY  
AND GAY!



HOW TRUE, LAD! YET  
TO MAKE THE KING  
LAUGH ONLY ONE,  
KNOWS THE SECRET  
ME! FEE-FI-FUM!  
AND BECAUSE OF THE  
KINDNESS THAT TO  
ME YOU HAVE SHOWN,  
AT THE RIGHT MOMENT,  
THE SECRET TO YOU  
I SHALL MAKE  
KNOWN!

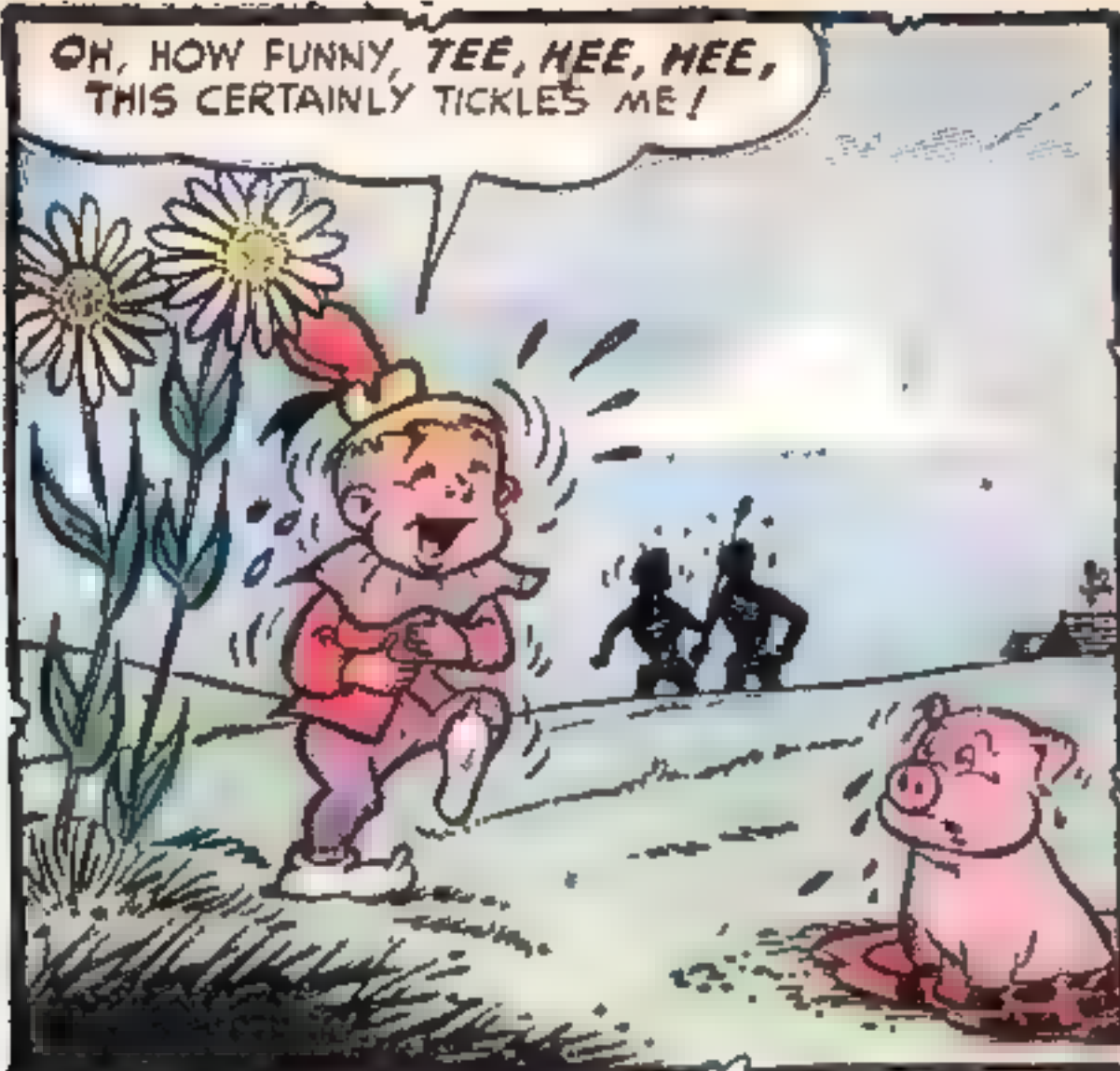
SO OFF WENT PETER ON HIS MISSION  
TO SAVE GROUCHVILLE HIS ONLY AMBITION  
THEN NEAR THE KING'S CASTLE, HE SAW A PIG  
RUNNING -- RICKETY SPLUD!



... AND IT TRIPPED AND  
WENT PLOP INTO THE  
THICK MUD!

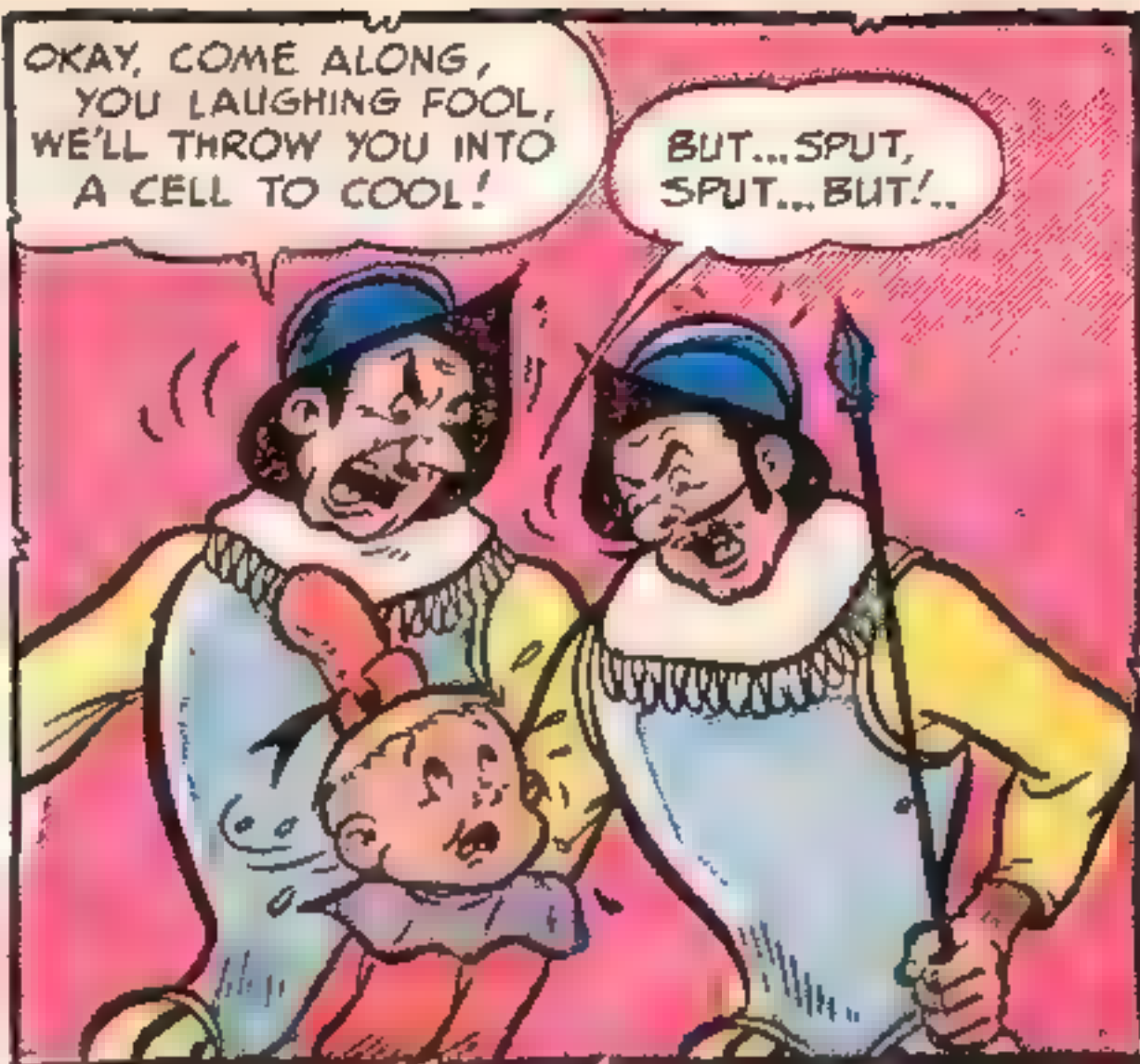


OH, HOW FUNNY, TEE, HEE, HEE,  
THIS CERTAINLY TICKLES ME!

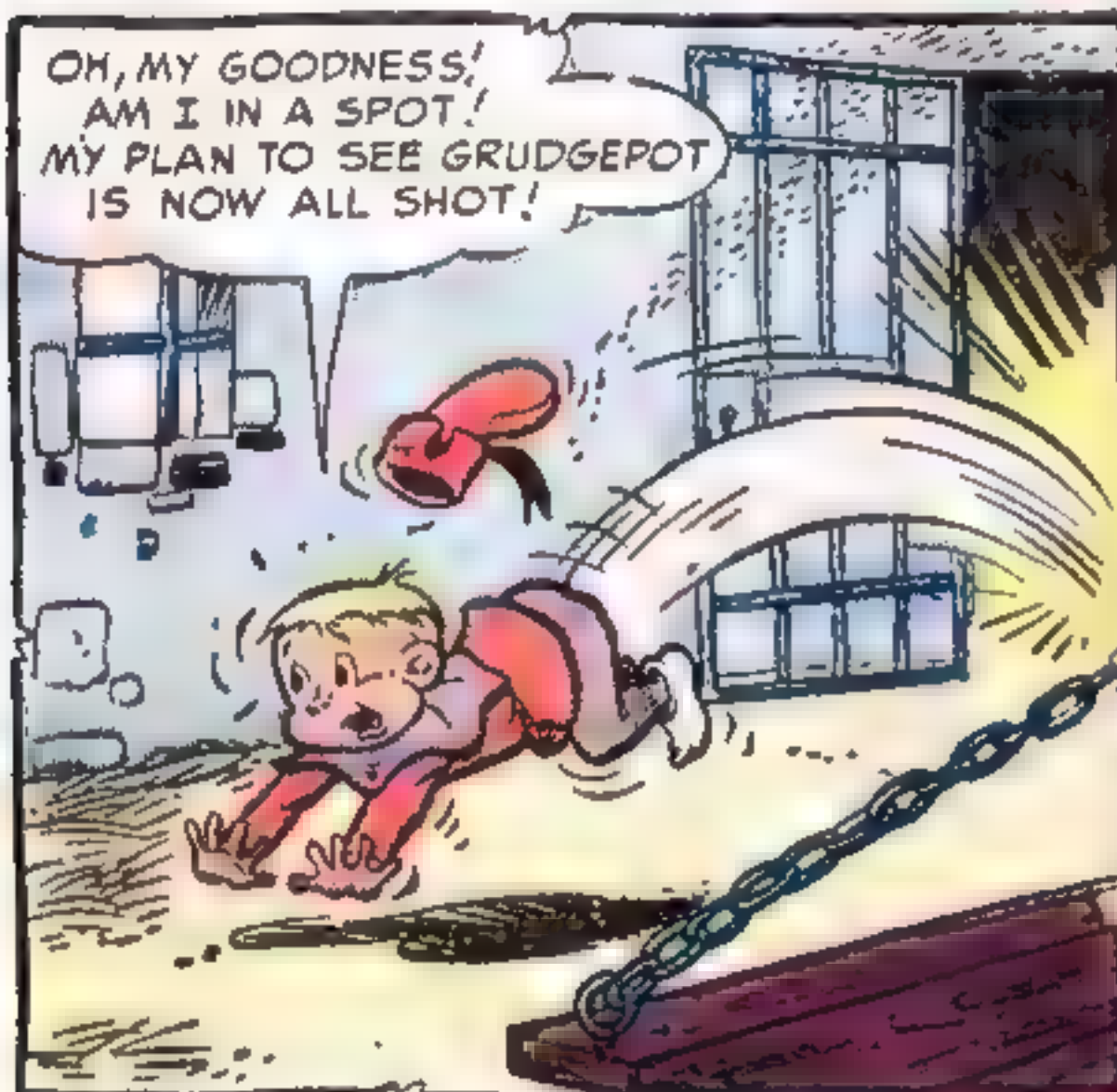


OKAY, COME ALONG,  
YOU LAUGHING FOOL,  
WE'LL THROW YOU INTO  
A CELL TO COOL!

BUT...SPUT,  
SPUT...BUT!...

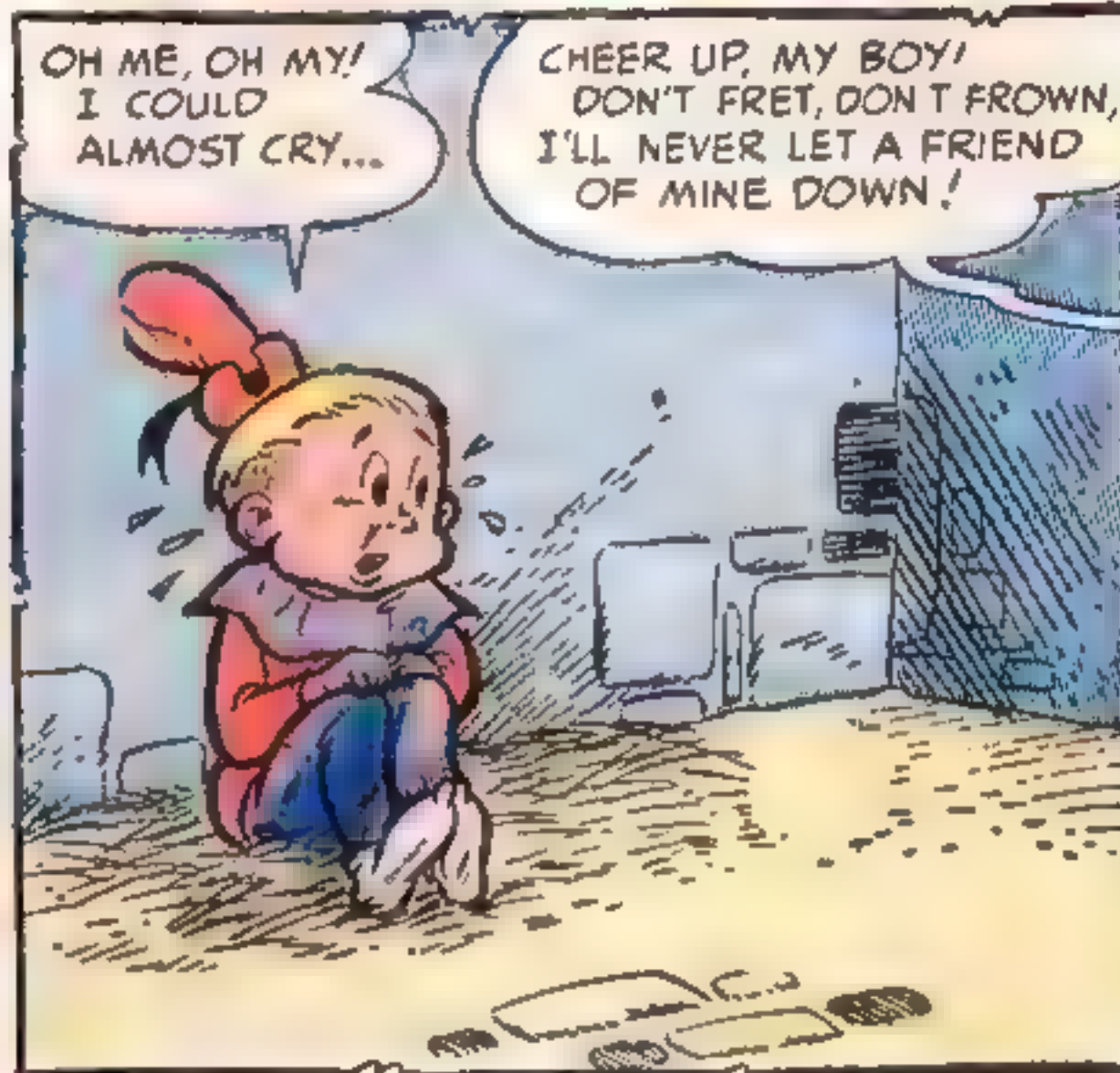


OH, MY GOODNESS!  
AM I IN A SPOT!  
MY PLAN TO SEE GRUDGEPOW  
IS NOW ALL SHOT!



OH ME, OH MY!  
I COULD  
ALMOST CRY...

CHEER UP, MY BOY!  
DON'T FRET, DON'T FROWN,  
I'LL NEVER LET A FRIEND  
OF MINE DOWN!



THAT VOICE COULD ONLY  
COME FROM ONE...  
I WAS RIGHT.  
THERE'S FEE-FI-FUM!

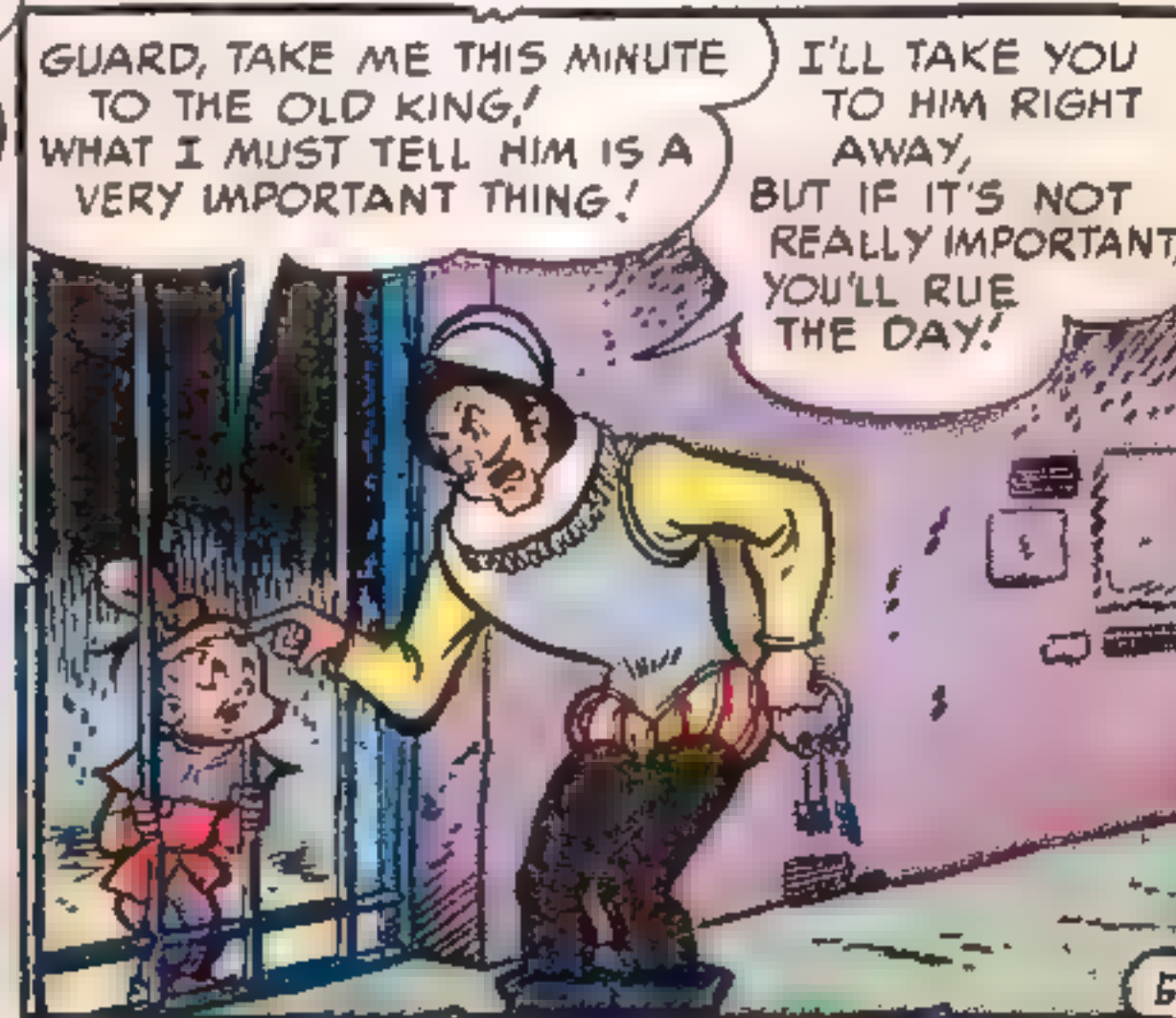
I WILL TELL YOU THE  
SECRET YOU WANTED  
TO HEAR.  
HOW TO MAKE THE  
KING LAUGH? NOW  
LEND AN EAR...



SO THE DWARF TOLD PETER THE SECRET HE KNEW,  
AND PETER DID WHAT HE WAS TOLD TO DO...

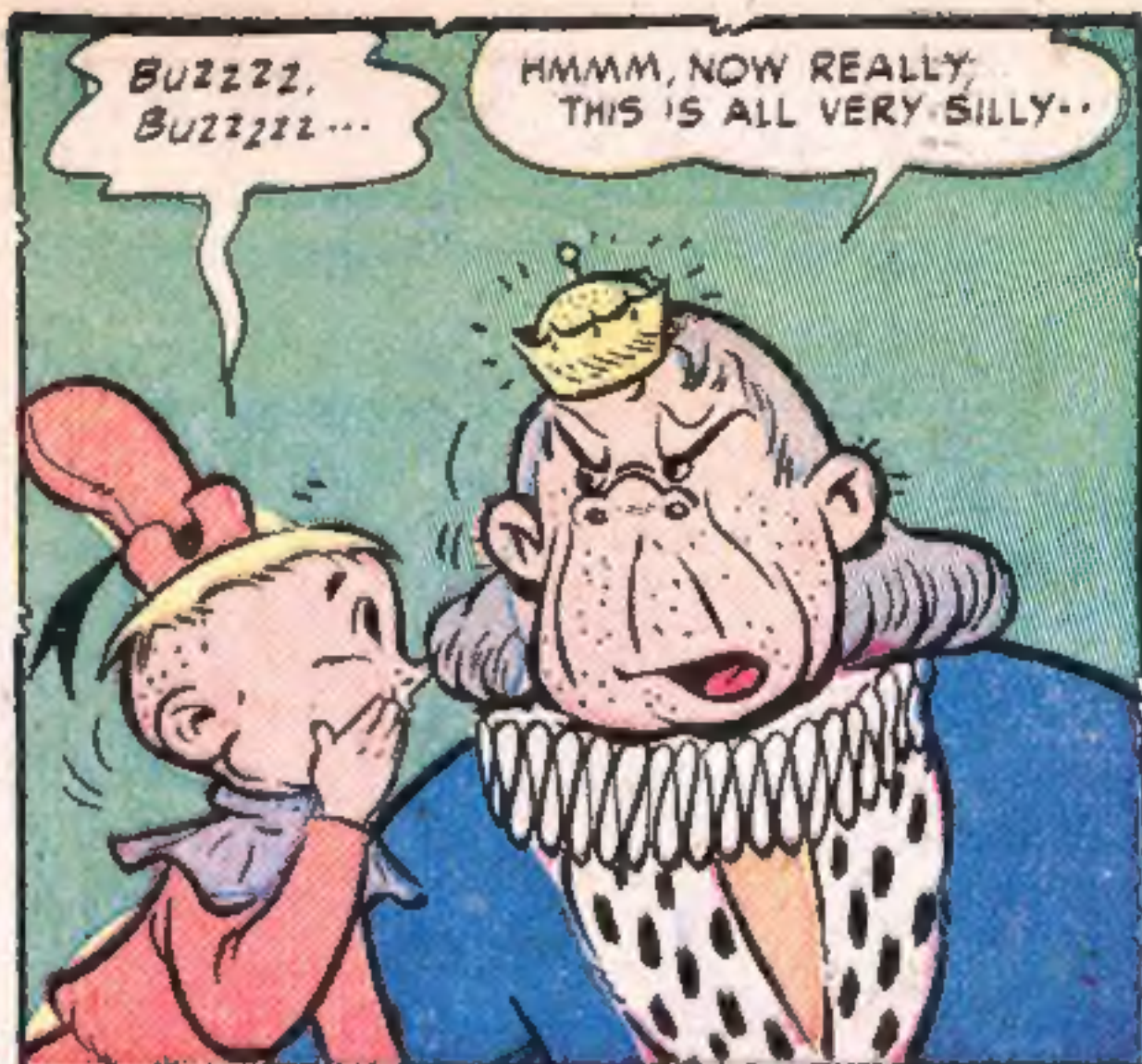
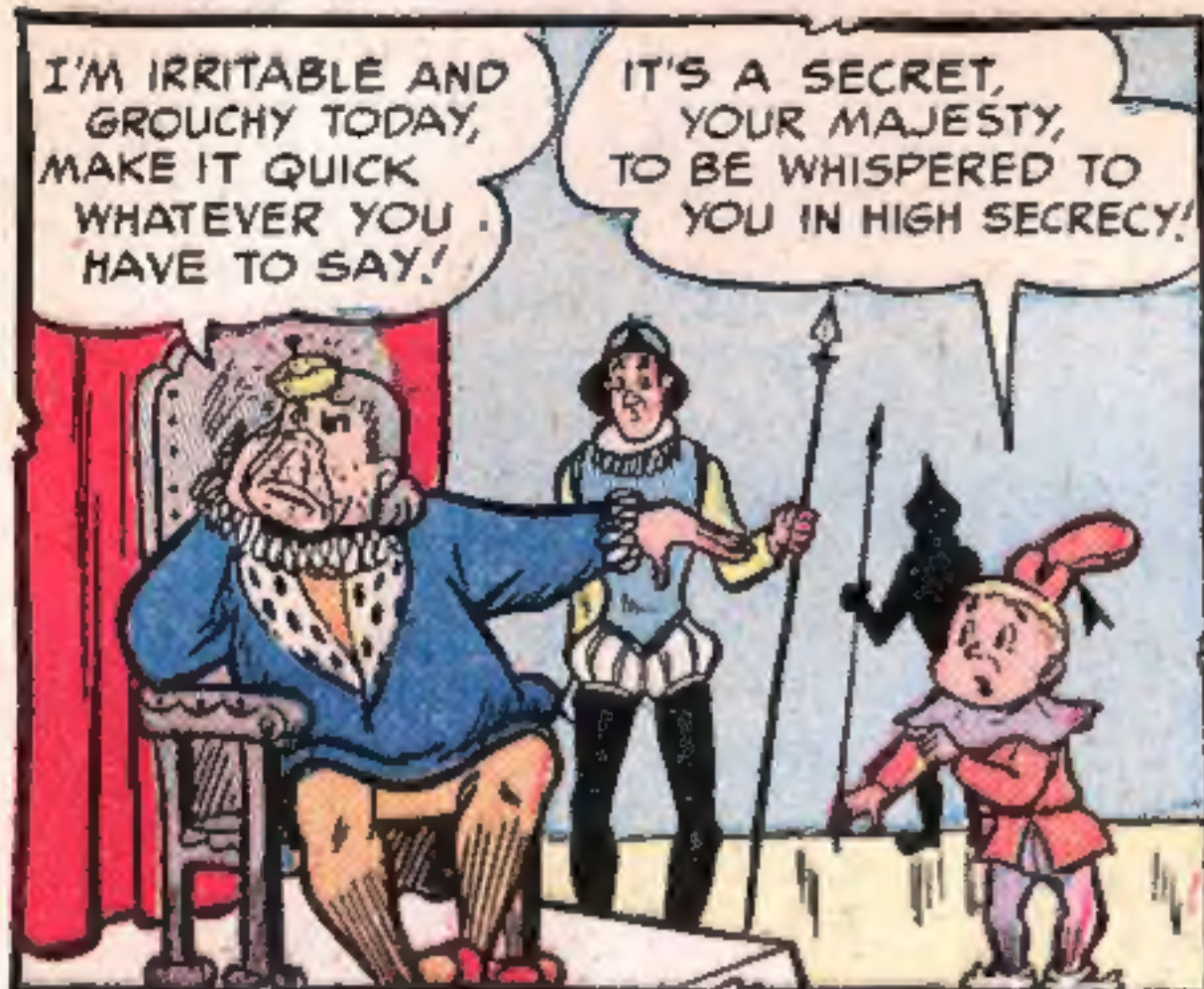
GUARD, TAKE ME THIS MINUTE  
TO THE OLD KING!  
WHAT I MUST TELL HIM IS A  
VERY IMPORTANT THING!

I'LL TAKE YOU  
TO HIM RIGHT  
AWAY,  
BUT IF IT'S NOT  
REALLY IMPORTANT,  
YOU'LL RUE  
THE DAY!

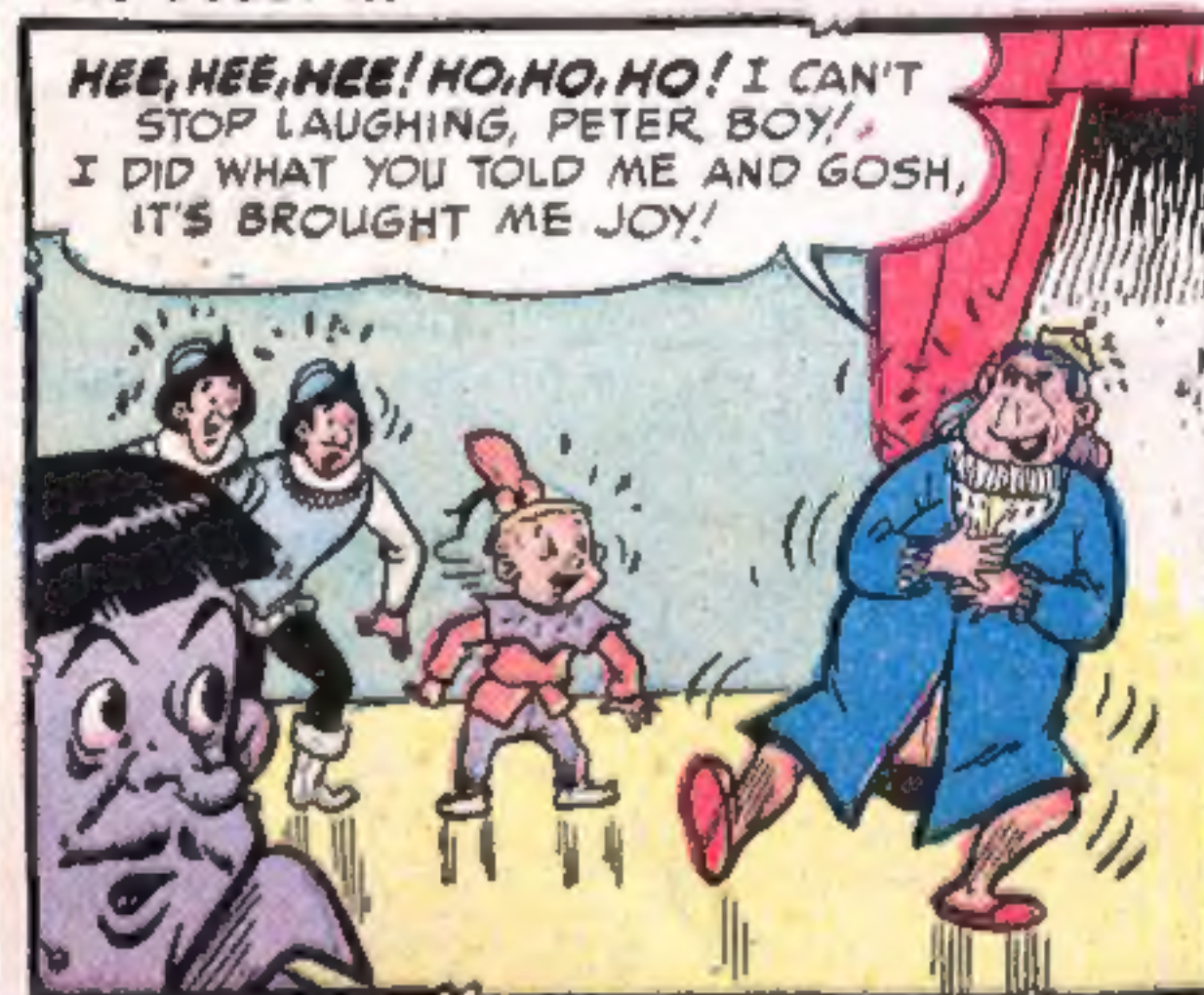




PETER BECAME A LITTLE FEARFUL,  
WHEN HE SAW KING GRUDGEPOW WASN'T THE LEAST  
BIT CHEERFUL ...



THE KING WENT IN AND THE KING CAME OUT, AND EVERYONE WAS SURPRISED, THERE WAS NO DOUBT ...



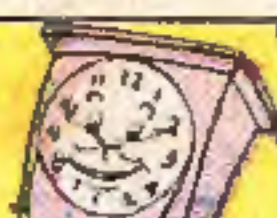
THEN KING GRUDGEPOW ISSUED A ROYAL DECREE TO LET ALL IN GROUCHVILLE LAUGH WITH GLEE—AND GROUCHVILLE BECAME MERRY, HAPPY AND FREE!



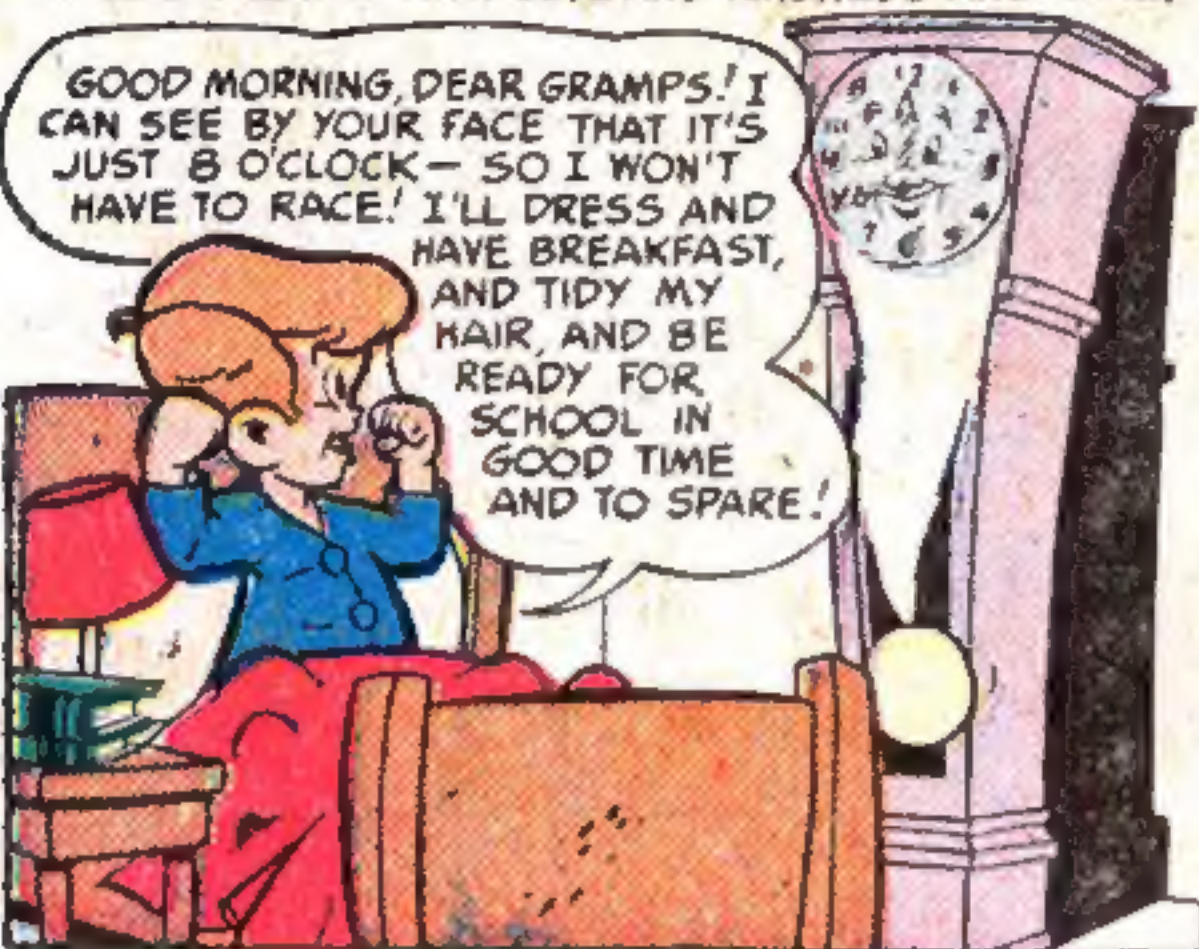




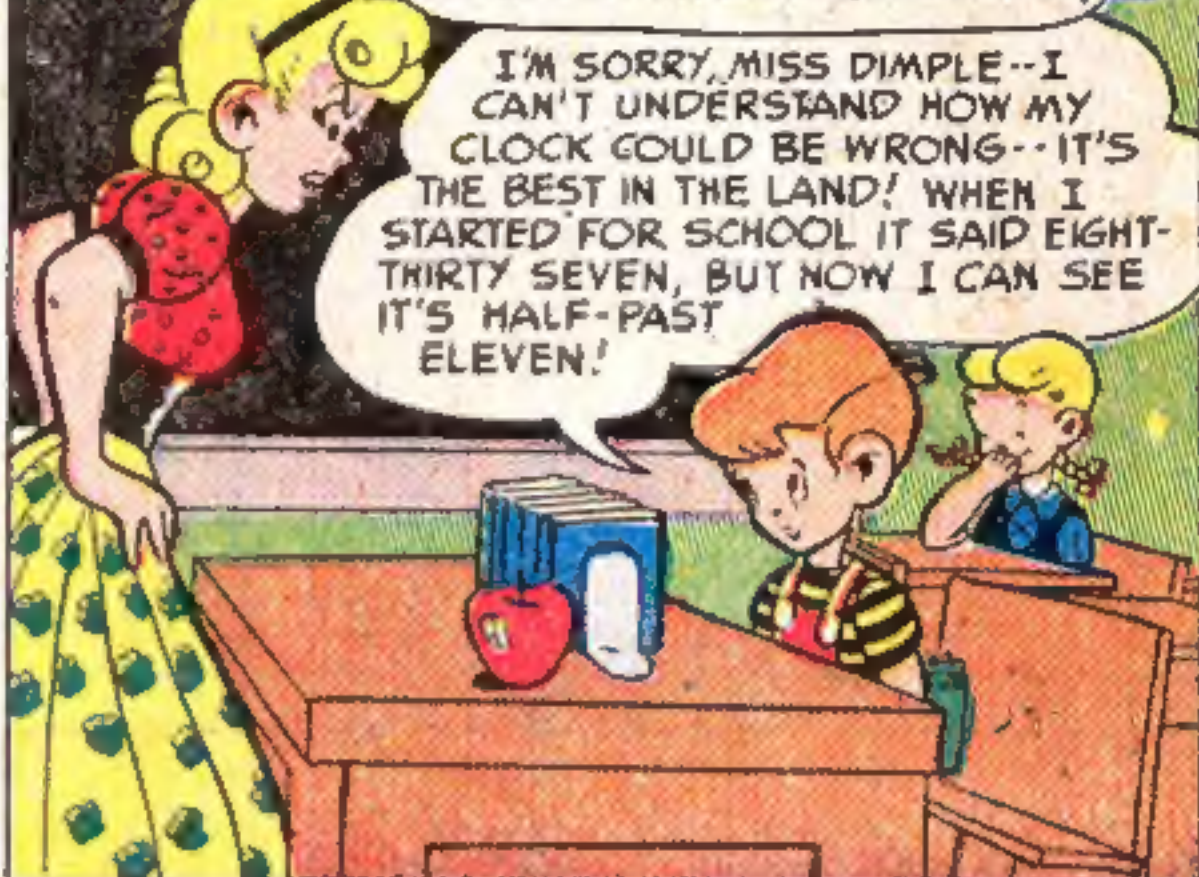
# THE CLOCK with the DIRTY FACE



LITTLE JAMIE WAS PROUD OF THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK THAT STOOD IN HIS ROOM, GOING TICK-TICK-A-TOCK! JAMIE'S FATHER HAD SAID THAT THE CLOCK COULD STAY THERE IF HE'D TREAT IT WITH LOVE AND KINDNESS AND CARE!

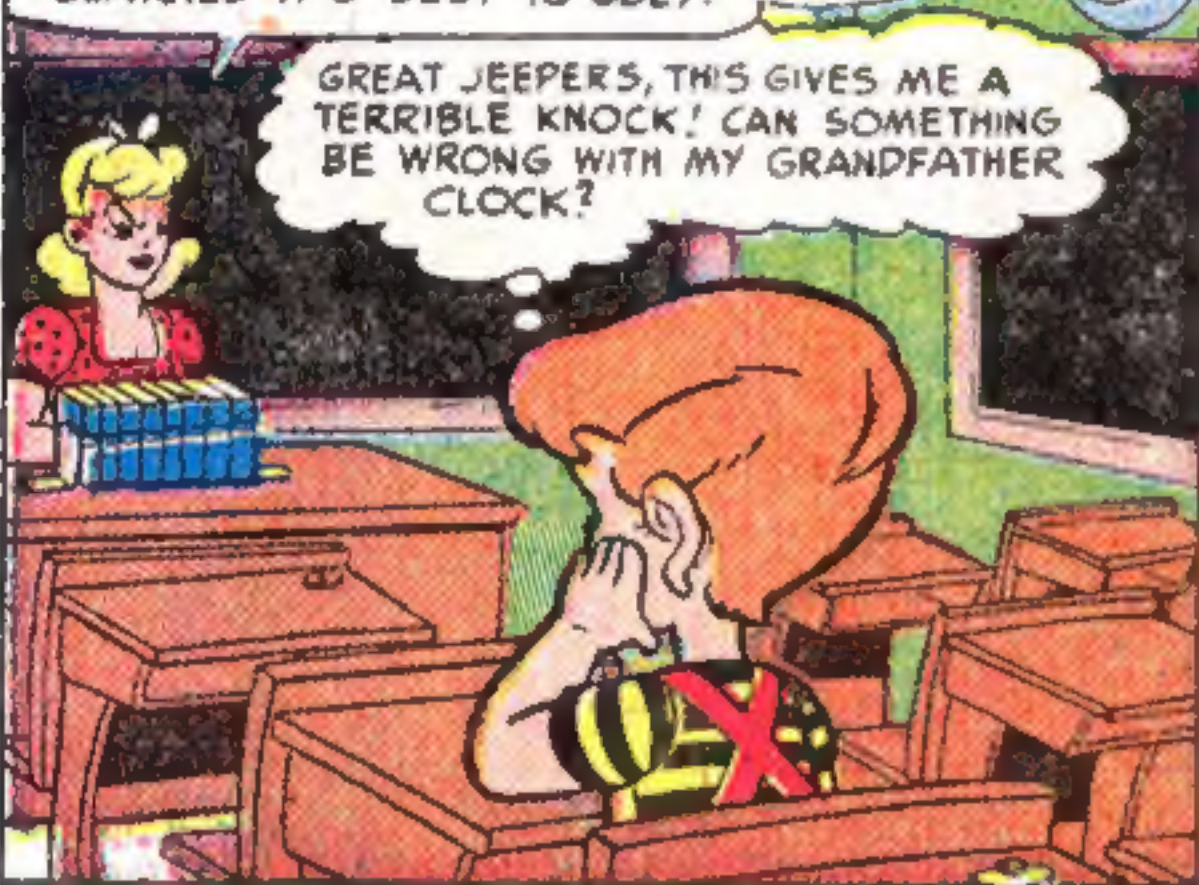


SO, JAMIE! YOU THINK YOUR TEACHER'S A FOOL? JUST WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BEING TARDY AT SCHOOL? YOU USED TO BE GOOD, BUT YOU'RE NOW ACTING BADLY, IF YOU'RE LATE JUST ONCE MORE, YOU'LL BE PUNISHED QUITE SADLY.

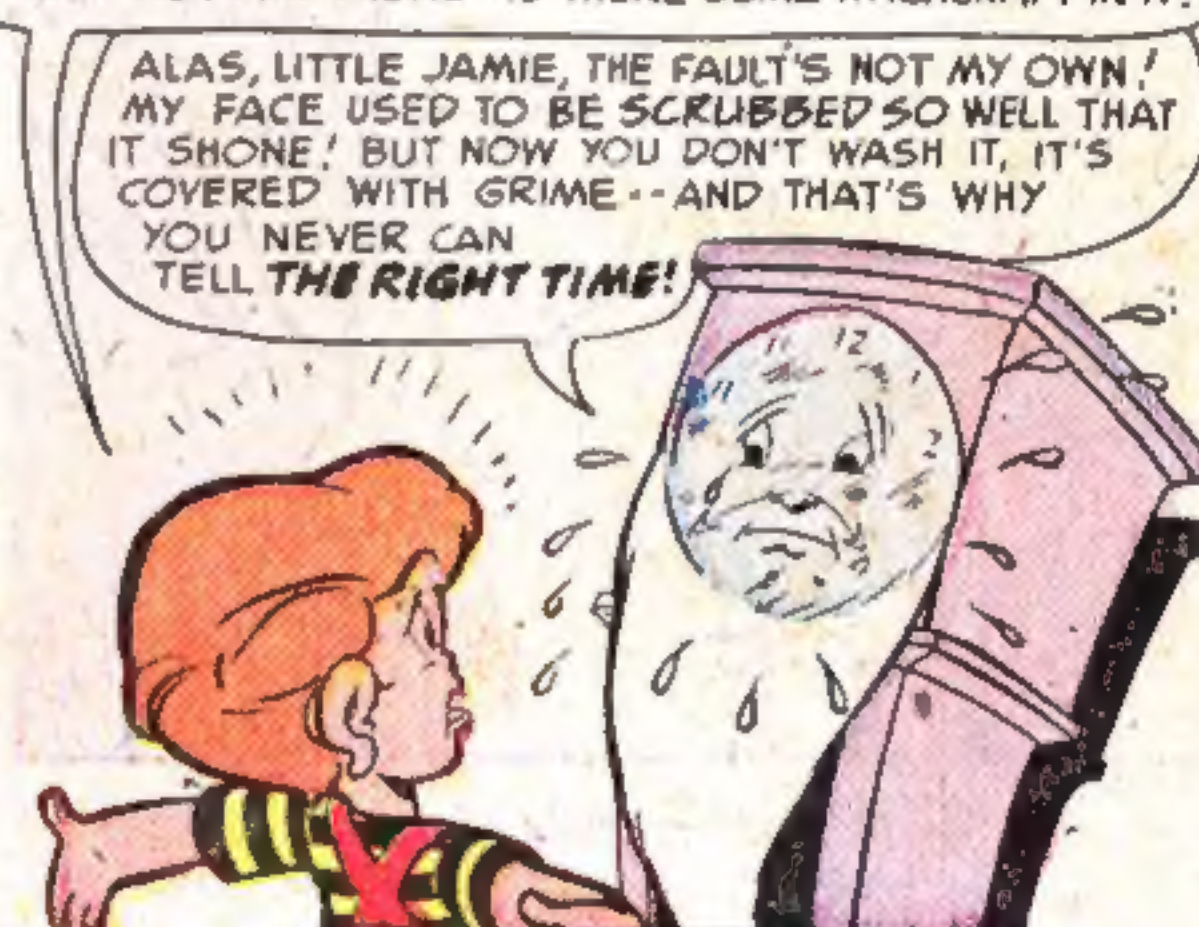


NEXT DAY OUR POOR JAMIE WAS TARDY ONCE MORE, AND KEPT IN AT SCHOOL UNTIL 'WAY PAST FOUR!

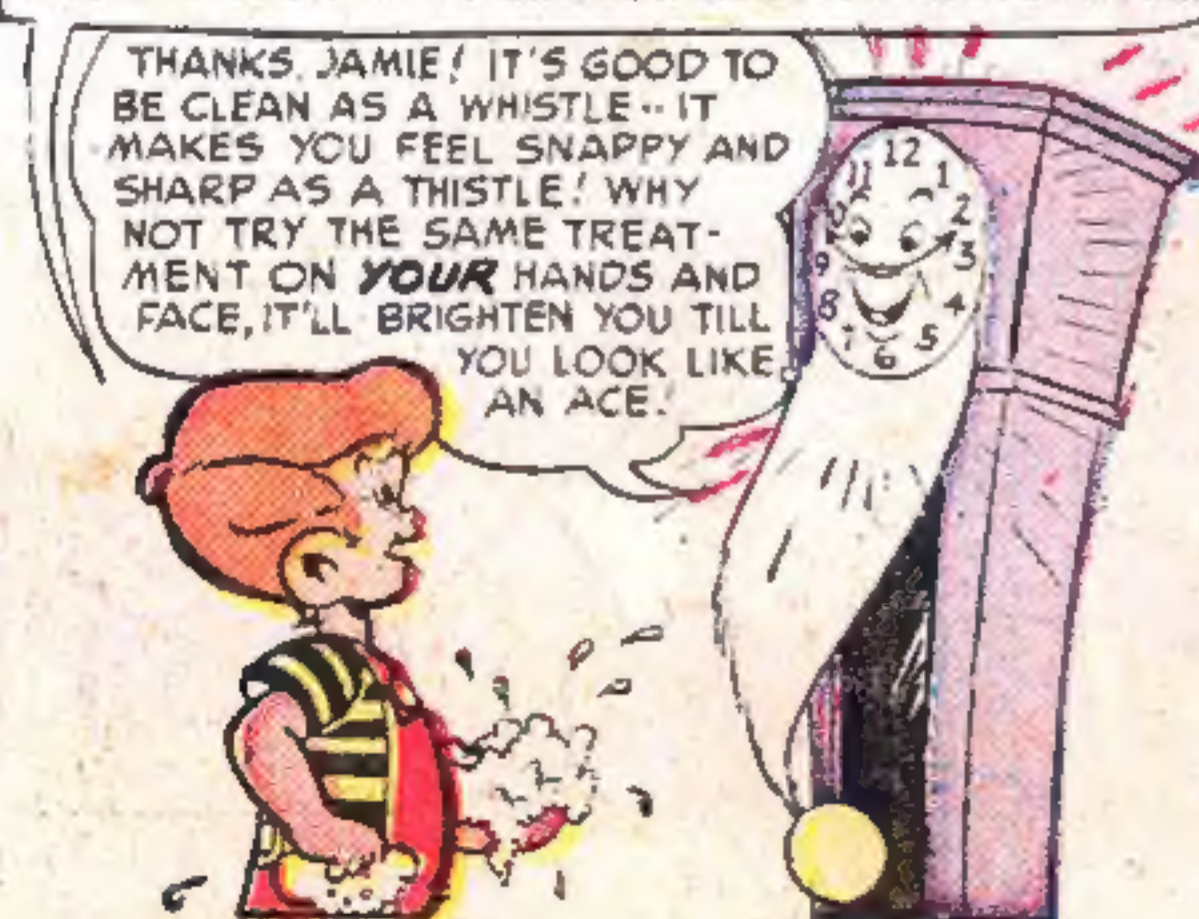
WELL, JAMIE, I WARNED YOU—SO NOW YOU MUST STAY IN THIS ROOM TILL YOU'VE LEARNED IT'S BEST TO OBEY!



DEAR GRANDFATHER CLOCK, PLEASE TELL ME, I PRAY, ARE YOU TRYING TO TRICK ME, OR LEAD ME ASTRAY? YOU USED TO BE RIGHT TO THE VERY HALF-MINUTE—BUT NOT ANY MORE—IS THERE SOME WITCHCRAFT IN IT?



O GOSH, AND O GOLLY! HOW CARELESS I'VE BEEN! MY JOB WAS TO KEEP YOU ALL SHINY AND CLEAN! I'LL WASH YOU AND SCRUB YOU TILL NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU LOOK LIKE HIGH NOON WHEN IT'S FIVE AFTER TEN!

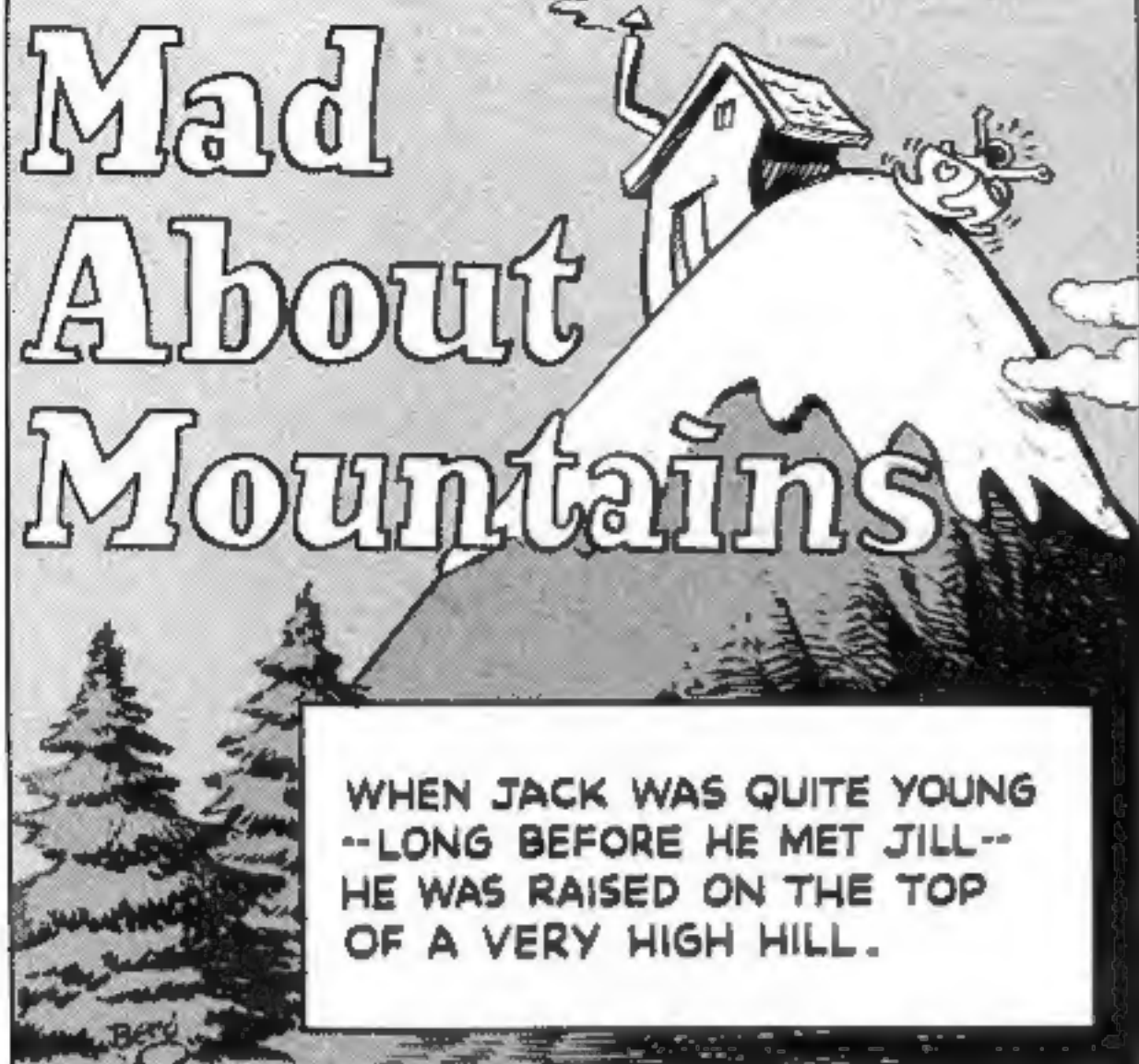


AND NOW LITTLE JAMIE IS TARDY NO MORE AND NEVER IS KEPT AFTER SCHOOL UNTIL FOUR, EACH MORNING HE SCRUBS, TILL IT'S CLEAR AS A BELL, THE FACE OF HIS CLOCK—AND HIS OWN FACE AS WELL!





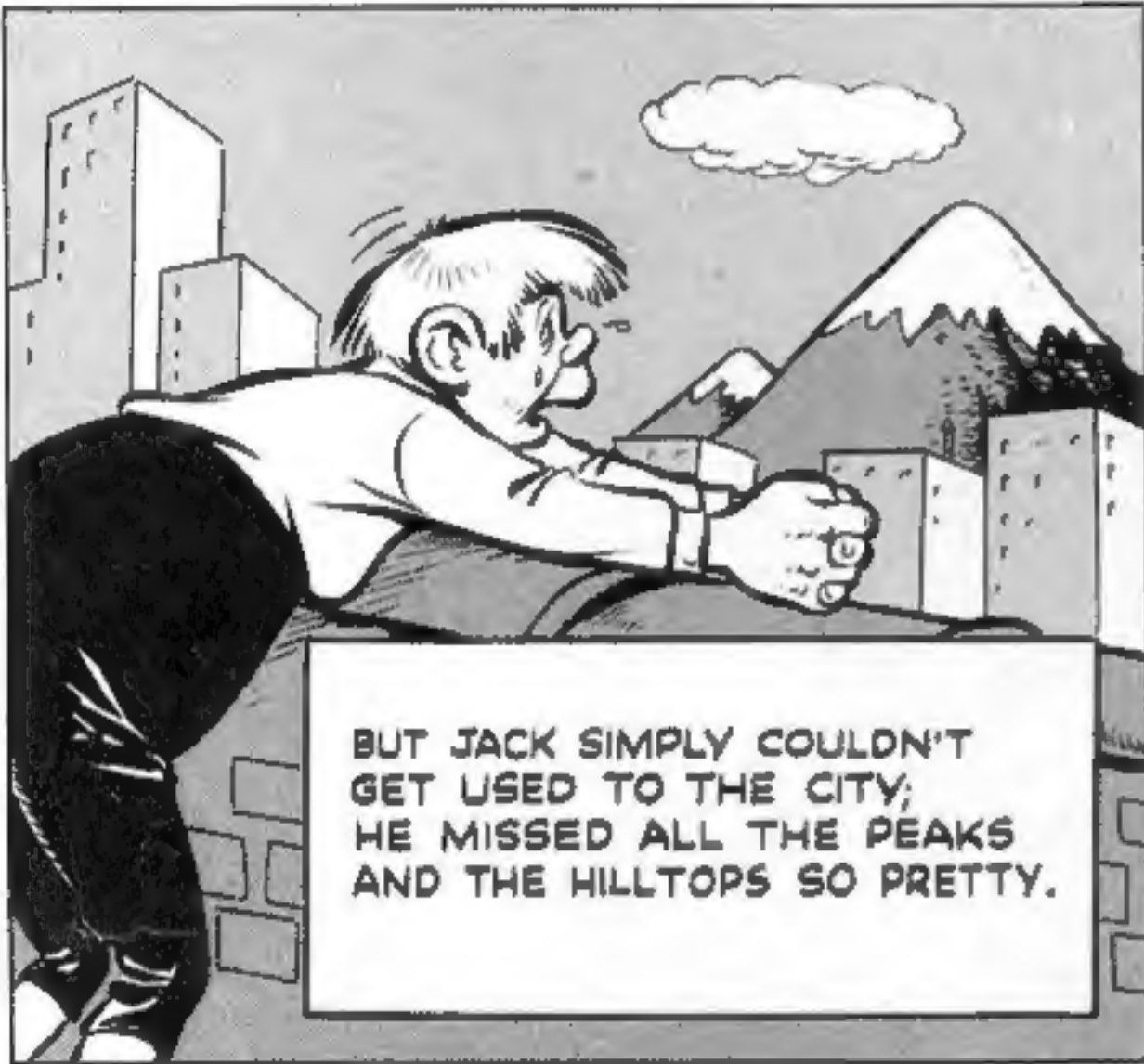
# Mad About Mountains



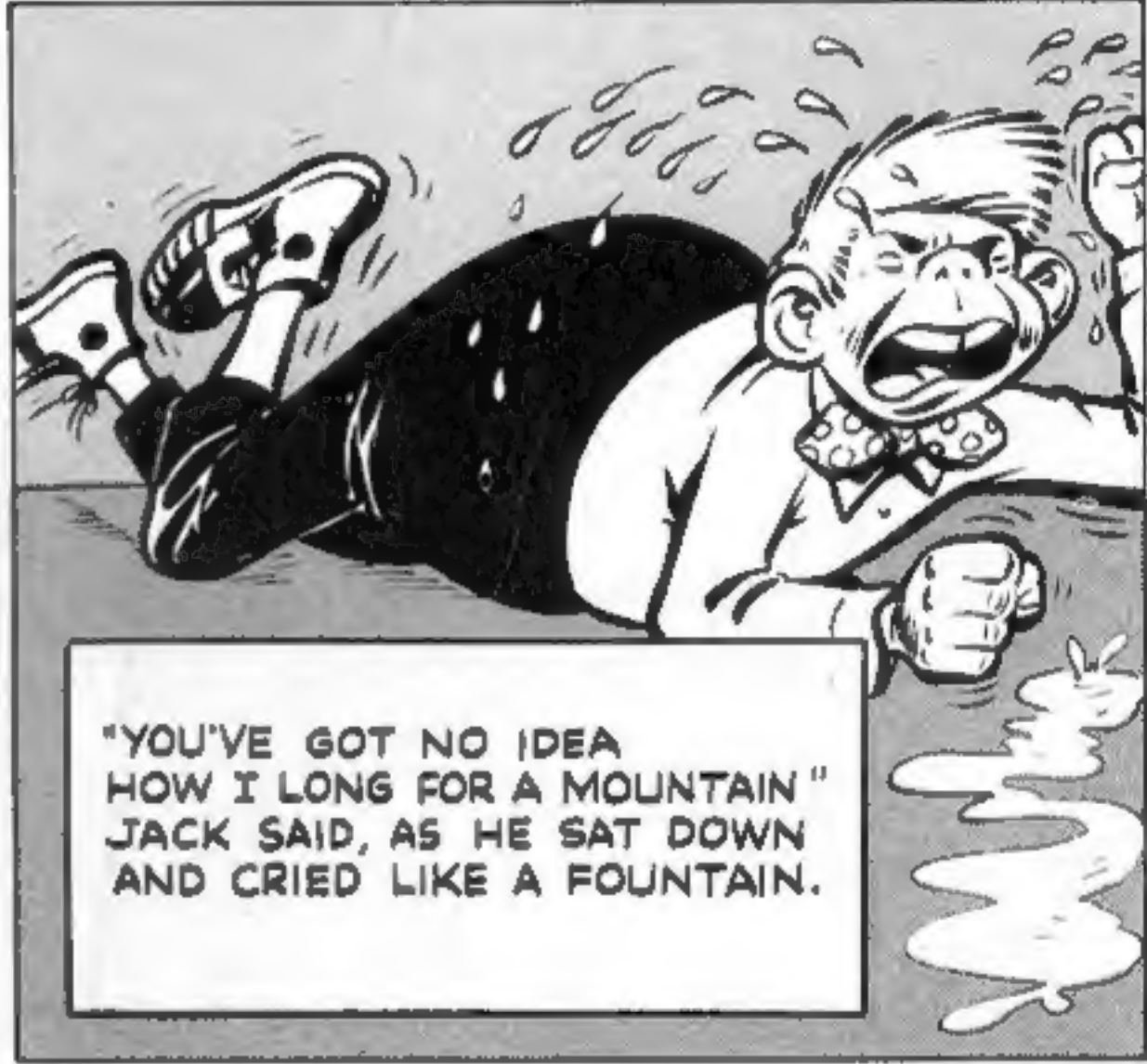
WHEN JACK WAS QUITE YOUNG  
--LONG BEFORE HE MET JILL--  
HE WAS RAISED ON THE TOP  
OF A VERY HIGH HILL.




THEN HIS FAMILY ONE DAY,  
WHEN THE SEASON WAS SLOW,  
PACKED THEIR THINGS AND MOVED,  
TO THE VALLEY BELOW.



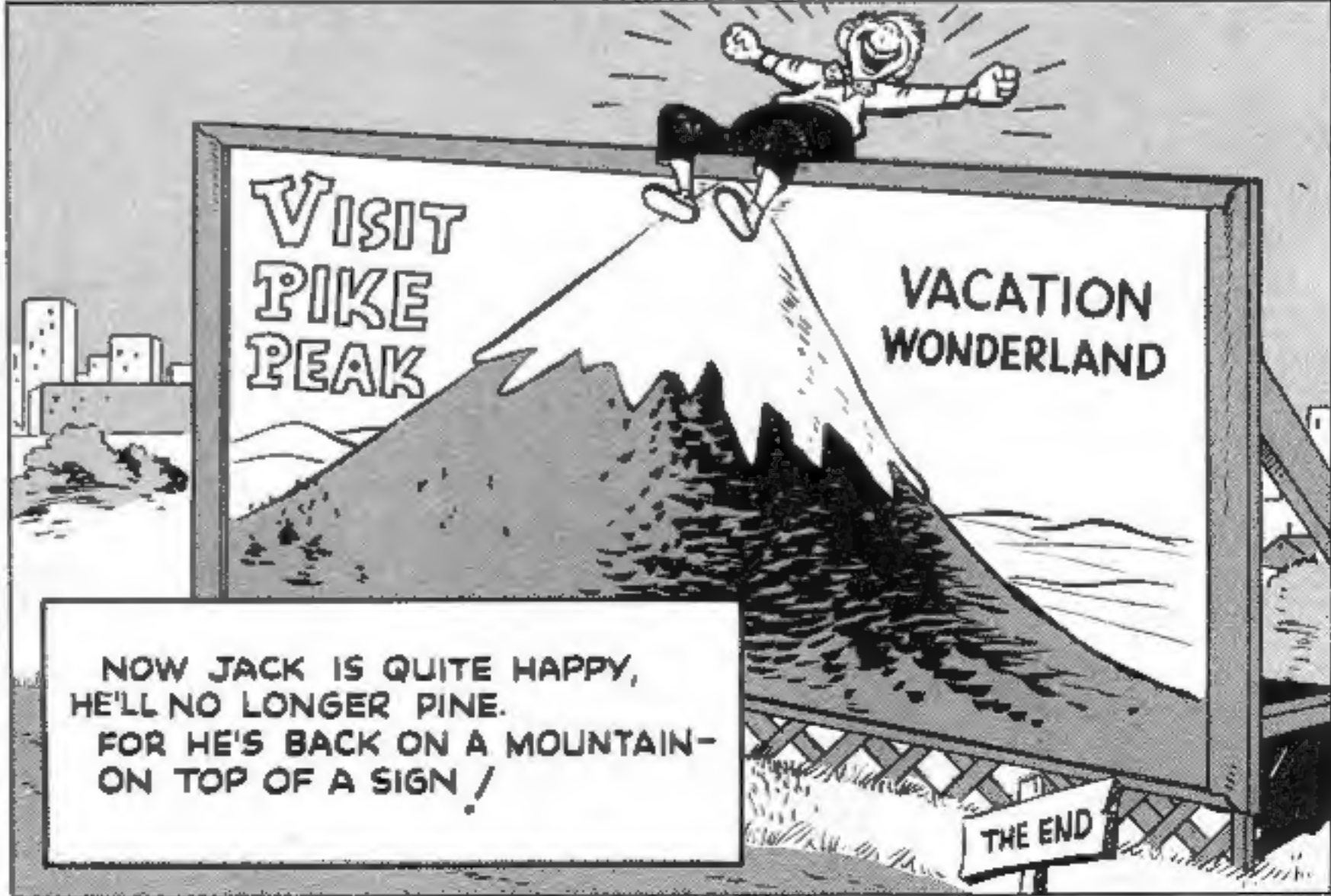
BUT JACK SIMPLY COULDN'T  
GET USED TO THE CITY;  
HE MISSED ALL THE PEAKS  
AND THE HILLTOPS SO PRETTY.



"YOU'VE GOT NO IDEA  
HOW I LONG FOR A MOUNTAIN"  
JACK SAID, AS HE SAT DOWN  
AND CRIED LIKE A FOUNTAIN.



THEN HE SUDDENLY SAW  
AT THE END OF THE  
LANE,  
A SIGHT THAT RESTORED  
HIS HIGH SPIRITS AGAIN.



NOW JACK IS QUITE HAPPY,  
HE'LL NO LONGER PINE.  
FOR HE'S BACK ON A MOUNTAIN--  
ON TOP OF A SIGN!





# Proclamation

Stranger, pause!  
linger awhile;  
Leave here your jokes,  
Smile here your last  
smile!  
Grouchville is near,  
Dark city of gloom,  
A smile within these  
walls  
Will mean your doom.